The County Histories of Scotland

FIFE AND KINROSS

"All the country between the Forth and the Tay grows narrow like a wedge eastward, even to the sea, and it is called Fife, a district provided within its own bounds with all things necessary for the use of life."—GEORGE BUCHANAN, 'History of Scotland,' 1582.

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A HISTORY

OF

FIFE AND KINROSS

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PREFACE.

THE aim of the writer has been to tell in brief compass and popular language the history of Scotland so far as transacted within the bounds of the old Kingdom, which includes the two modern counties of Fife and Kinross, or in a few cases by their natives, though beyond these bounds.

It will be readily seen that the book is only a sketch, and that there is no intention to compete with the learned and exhaustive form of County History which gives a complete survey of every part of a county. Mr A. H. Millar's comprehensive work of this nature on Fife was published after the present volume was in type; but the writer has taken advantage of all other sources of information known to him. He is greatly indebted to the earlier historians of Fife, and not less to many of the natives whose patriotic interest in its past as well as its present has led them generously to give

him the benefit of their valuable local knowledge. The attempt has been made, though the phrase is too ambitious, to catch the spirit rather than to follow the letter of the History of Fife. This will be found to include a good deal of the spirit of the history of Scotland. Special attention has been given to whatever portrays Character, to Biography when it contains illustrations of History, and to Proverbs and Songs, the prose and poetry of the life of the people.

A List of the chief contributions to the History of Fife, or of particular places in it, has been printed as an Appendix. The List will not satisfy the high requirements of the exact bibliographer, but may perhaps aid any reader who desires fuller and more special knowledge.

The Map by James Gordon, parson of Rothiemay, published in the Atlas of the World by John Blaeu of Amsterdam, and the modern Map by Mr J. G. Bartholomew of Edinburgh, may, it is hoped, be found useful guides to the geography of the district, which always forms, but in this case perhaps more than in some other districts, an element of its History. The former represents Fife as it was at the close of the first half of the seventeenth century, when the modern age had begun, but the medieval still left its reflex on the map, and some shadows of ancient Scotland are still visible. Its conception as well as its publication were due to Sir

John Scot of Scotstarvit, a country gentleman of Fife. The latter, taken from the Ordnance Survey, presents a picture of the advance which this portion of Scotland has made since the Union, and suggests the progress the future may have in store.

7 Albyn Place, Edinburgh,
Christmas Vacation, 1895.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Fife not within the Roman province in Scotland—An ancient Pictish kingdom—Old descriptions of Fife included Kinross—The old and new shires of Kinross—Present area and population of Fife and Kinross—Legends of the Saints the earliest history—St Serf's legend—The Culdees of Lochleven, Abernethy, St Andrews or Kilrymont, and Markinch—Legend of St Andrew—Legends of St Adrian, St Monan, and St Fillan—The Danish raids—Death of Constantine MacKenneth near Crail—Bishops of the Scots at Abernethy—Transfer of see to St Andrews—Dunfermline and Queen Margaret—Adoption of Roman ritual—Decline of Celtic Church—Fate of the relics of St Margaret, the last Scottish Saint 1

CHAPTER II.

The Saxon interlude in Scottish history, 1057-1093—The disuse of Gaelic in Fife—Norman feudalism introduced by David I. and his successors, 1093-1286—Macduff, descendant of the Celtic chief or king, becomes feudal Earl of Fife—Privileges of the clan Macduff—Macduff's cross near Newburgh—The early burghs of Fife—Death of Alexander III. at Kinghorn, 1286—War of Independence—Edward I. at Dunfermline, 1305—Robert Bruce at dedication of Cathedral of St Andrews, 1318—His tomb at Dunfermline—Exploits of Wallace in Fife—Parliament of Dairsie, 1335—Murder of Duke of Rothesay at Falkland, 1399—Foundation of University of St Andrews by Bishop Wardlaw, 1411 . . . 28

CHAPTER III.

Bishops of St Andrews prior to the Reformation—Kennedy, Graham first archbishop, Schevez, James Stewart Duke of Ross, Alex-

ander Stewart, son of James IV., Foreman, and the two Beatons —Their influence on the progress of Fife—The first three Jameses little in Fife—Sir Andrew Wood of Largo and the origin of the Scots navy—Defeat of Stephen Bull off the May, 1499—The Bartons in the reigns of James IV. and V.—Origin of linen manufacture in Fife—Castles of Fife—Dunbar and Blind Harry at Court of James IV.—Falkland, the pleasure palace of the kings—Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount Groom of the Chamber to James V. as a boy—His praise of Falkland—The comic vein of his short poems and the satiric vein of his dramas characteristic of Fife 43

CHAPTER IV.

Why Scotland has no native theatre—Beginnings of national drama checked after the Reformation—Sir D. Lyndsay a dramatist and reformer—Lyndsay's "Three Estates" acted in the play-field at Cupar, 1552—Its plot—Its effect on James V. and the commons —Prosecution of heretics—Martyrdom of George Wishart, 1st March 1546, at St Andrews—Tragedy of "The Cardinal," 28th May 1546—Description of it by John Knox—The Church in Scotland, which rejected the reforms of Lollards, Hussites, and Lutherans, reformed after the model of Calvin . . . 54

CHAPTER V.

John Knox and Mary Stuart in Fife—Knox preaches at St Andrews, June 8, 1547—Disputation between Knox and Wynram in St Leonard's yard—The pulpit becomes a power in Scotland—Knox in the French galleys off the coast of Fife, June 1548—Knox again preaches at St Andrews, June 1559—Encounter of the troops of Mary of Guise and of the reformers at Cupar Muir—Mary of Guise and Knox—Mary Stuart and Chastellard at Burntisland, 1563—Darnley and Mary at Wemyss Castle, 1565—Mary prisoner in Lochleven Castle, June 17, 1567—Interview with Knox—Her escape, May 2, 1568—Knox's last visit to St Andrews, July 1571 to August 17, 1572 65

CHAPTER VI.

James VI.—Residence at Falkland—Visit of Du Bartas—The king takes him to St Andrews, June 1587—Andrew Melville's lesson—Ships of the Spanish Armada at Anstruther, 1588—James Melville and the Spanish captains—Murder of the Bonnie Earl of Moray at Donibristle—Andrew Melville at Falkland calls the king "God's silly vassal," September 1596—Fife adventurers and the

Lewes, 1597—Failure of their attempt—Children of James VI. born at Dunfermline—The nurse's tale of the devil's cloak cast on Charles I.—James VI. revisits Fife in 1617—Dunfermline, Culross, Falkland, St Andrews—Charles II. in Fife, 1650—No royal visit for 200 years—Effect of absence of royalty—Contrast of medieval and modern history 94

CHAPTER VII.

Revolutions of seventeenth century—Alexander Henderson of Leuchars—His sermon at the Glasgow Assembly, 1638—Alexander Leslie the general and Alexander Henderson the minister, both men of Fife, leaders at Dunse Law, 1639—Gibson of Durie and Hope of Craighall command the lawyers' company—Henderson at Edinburgh Assembly, 1639—At St Antholins's in London, 1640—Moderator of Edinburgh Assembly, 1641—Chaplain to Charles I. at Holyrood—Drafts the Solemn League and Covenant, 1643—At St Margaret's, Westminster, when English sign the Covenant—Meets Charles at Uxbridge, 1645—Samuel Rutherford at St Andrews, 1639—His 'Lex Rex' burnt by the hangman at St Andrews after the Restoration—George Gillespie, "the thundering preacher" of Kirkcaldy—Patrick Gillespie supports Cromwell, and made Principal of Glasgow University—Battle of Pitreavie, Sunday, 20th July 1651, last battle in Fife—Cromwell at Burntisland—The protest of St Andrews—Rise of middle classes—Fife losses at Kilsyth—Castles no longer fortified—Learned Scottish gentry in Fife—Sir John Scot of Scotstarvit—Scotland in Blaeu's atlas—'Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum'—Sir James Balfour of Denmyln and his brother Sir Robert Balfour, M.D.—Sir Robert Sibbald of Gibliston 114

CHAPTER VIII.

Effect of the Union on Fife—Old Fife laird on new fashions—The Jacobite rebellions, 1715 and 1745—The West of Fife the native country of the Seceders—The Seceders claimed descent from the Protesters—Ebenezer Erskine of Portmoak, 1703—His doctrine and preaching—Open-air communions—Sermon at the Perth Synod, 1732—The act of secession at Gairney Bridge, November 11, 1733—Ralph Erskine of Dunfermline—Wilson's robbery of the custom-house, Pittenweem—Deposition of Ebenezer Erskine, 1740—Popularity of the Secession—Quarrel of Seceders with Whitfield—Burghers and Anti-burghers—Old and New Lights—Gillespie of Carnock and the Relief Kirk—Unions of Seceders between 1820 and 1852—Absence of political interest and predominance of ecclesiastical—Glas, son of minister of Auchtermuchty, and the Glassites—Edward Irving at Kirkcaldy . . 154

CHAPTER IX.

Travellers in Fife in eighteenth century—Daniel Defoe shortly before the Union visits Inverkeithing, Dunfermline, Aberdour, Kinross, Falkland, Burntisland, Kinghorn, Kirkcaldy, Dysart—Ascribes decay of Fife to removal of Court—Advises industry and manufactures—Visits towns of east coast, St Andrews, Cupar, and Balmerino—Pococke, Bishop of Meath, in 1760, at Abernethy, Newburgh, and Gairneybridge—Remarks on the Seceders—Visits Lindores, Cupar, St Andrews—The East Neuk to Largo Bay, Balgonie, Kelty, and Lundie, Leven coal-field, Leslie, Melville, Falkland and Kinross, Inverkeithing and Dunfermline—Dr Johnson, in 1773, at Inchkeith, Cupar, St Andrews—Observations on its decay—Thomas Carlyle schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy—His pictures of Kirkcaldy beach, the West Lomond, Falkland and Inchkeith—His character of Fife natives 173

CHAPTER X.

Fife revives by improved agriculture and progress of manufactures in eighteenth century—Beginnings of agriculture by the monks—Societies for improvement of agriculture after the Union—Thomson's survey of the agriculture of Fife—Castles and mansions in Fife—Moral from the ruins of old castles—A small farm in 1792—Small *versus* large farms—Rise of rents during French war—Improvement of farm implements—Rotation of crops—Introduction of potatoes and turnips—Cultivation of flax—Introduction of artificial grasses—Plantations—Drainage—Fife black cattle—Improvement in breeding stock—Rabbit-warrens, doocots, and beehives—Wages—Budget of a small farm—Obstacles to improvement 188

CHAPTER XI.

Progress of manufactures—Spinning, weaving, and waulking—Origin of linen trade—The Linen Corporation, 1693—System of bounties—New machinery for spinning and weaving—Present trade at Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy—Oil-cloth trade of Kirkcaldy introduced by Michael Nairn—Collieries—Coal-pit of the monks of Dunfermline—Coal-mine of Sir George Bruce near Culross—Serfdom of colliers abolished—Increase of miners' wages—The fishers of Fife—Their origin and customs—Shipbuilding—Salt, glass, and tile works—Breweries and Distilleries—Education—University of St Andrews—High and parish schools—The printing-press in Fife—Golf links 208

CHAPTER XII.

Biography more interesting than statistics—Five Fife characters—Adam Smith—Sir David Wilkie—Thomas Chalmers—Lord Campbell—Bishop Low—Smith born at Kirkcaldy 1723, died 1790—Sketch of his life—'The Wealth of Nations,' 1776—David Wilkie born at Cults 1785, died off Gibraltar 1841—Sketch of his life—Fife character in his pictures—Thomas Chalmers born at Anstruther 1780, died 1847—Sketch of his life and character—John Campbell, Lord Chancellor, born at Cupar 1779, died 1861—His life—Character as a lawyer, politician, and author—David Low, minister of Episcopal congregation at Pittenweem, 1790-1856—Bishop of Moray and Ross, Argyle and the Isles—His character . . . 234

CHAPTER XIII.

Proverbs of Fife—David Ferguson's collection the first made in Scotland—Bacon's advice followed in the selection—The making of proverbs—Fife a good soil for proverbs—The Kingdom—The natives—Cupar the capital—Auchtermuchty—Blebo—Springfield—The beadle of Cults—The Lang Toon—Pathhead—Dunfermline—Weavers' proverbs—Proverbs of Falkland—Dysart—Kinghorn—Buckhaven—Crail—Proverbs of the sea—Weather proverbs—Rhymes of places—Cracks or flams—Sir David Lyndsay's proverbs—Royal sayings—Queen Mary's mottoes or devices—Ploughmen's sayings—Family characteristics—Poets' proverbs—The best proverb of Fife and its reverse 259

CHAPTER XIV.

Distinct character of songs and ballads of Fife—Some of them amongst the best Scottish songs—Blind Harry the Minstrel at Falkland—William Dunbar in Fife—Oldest ballads, "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," "The Wowing of Jok and Jenny," "How the Dumb Wyf was taught to Speak," "Christ's Kirk on the Green," "Falkland on the Green"—Henryson of Dunfermline's moral ballads, "The Garniture of Gude Ladyis," "The Bluidy Serk,"—"Lammikin," a tragic ballad by unknown author—The Bannatyne, Maitland, and Asloan MSS. preserved the ballads during the Reformation period—The press of the Reformers printed satires, not ballads or songs, except 'The Gude and Godlie Ballates'—James Watson, 1706, followed by Allan Ramsay, 1724, first printed the older ballads—The "Rowstie" rhyme of Edinburgh Castle attributed to Kirkaldy of Grange—Sir R. Ayton of Kinaldy's version of "Auld Lang Syne"—"Sir Patrick Spens," "Hardyknute," "The last dying words of Bonny Heck," "Maggie

Lauder," "The Auld Man's Mare's Deid," "Jenny's Bawbee," "Auld Robin Gray"—Modern Fife ballads, romantic and pathetic, humorous and historical—Hymns and poems of the Secession Kirk 299

CHAPTER XV.

Illustrations of Fife character in the professions. Fife generals: Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange—Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, Earl of Leven—David Leslie of Pitcairlie, Lord Newark. Fife admirals: Sir Michael of Wemyss—Andrew Wood of Largo—Samuel Greig of Inverkeithing—Philip Durham Wood of Largo—Alexander Selkirk of Lower Largo, original of Robinson Crusoe. Fife doctors: John of Kinghorn—Sir Andrew Balfour—Sir Robert Sibbald—James Syme the surgeon—John Goodsir the anatomist, and his father the Anstruther doctor. Fife lawyers: Sir James Balfour—Henry Balnaves of Halhill—John Wood of Tilliedavy—Alexander Seton, Earl of Dunfermline—James Elphinstone, Lord Balmerino—Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie—Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall—Sir James Learmont of Balcarres—Sir John Wemyss of Wemyss—Boswell of Balmuto—Monypenny of Pitmilly—Moncreiff of Tullibole. Fife architecture: Celtic crosses—Churches and towers—Norman abbeys and cathedrals—Feudal castles. Modern architects: Sir William Bruce of Culross—The Brothers Adam—John Playfair—The cottages of Fife. Fife painters: David Martin—Sir David Wilkie—Charles Lees—Sir Noël Paton. The poets of Fife: Henryson—Lyndsay—Sir William Alexander, and Sir Robert Ayton—Michael Bruce of Kinnesswood—Hugh Haliburton, the poet of the Ochils. The songs of Fife, its best poems—Philosophy cultivated—Theology neglected—Men of science—Historians—Antiquaries—General character of natives of Kinross and of Fife 327

LIST OF BOOKS RELATING TO FIFE AND KINROSS . . . 361

THE CUPAR PRESS OF R. TULLIS, G. S. TULLIS, A. WESTWOOD, AND MESSRS A. WESTWOOD & SON 384

LIST OF MAPS OF FIFE AND KINROSS 389

INDEX 391

FIFE AND KINROSS.

CHAPTER I.

FIFE NOT WITHIN THE ROMAN PROVINCE IN SCOTLAND — AN ANCIENT PICTISH KINGDOM—OLD DESCRIPTIONS OF FIFE INCLUDED KINROSS—THE OLD AND NEW SHIRES OF KINROSS—PRESENT AREA AND POPULATION OF FIFE AND KINROSS—LEGENDS OF THE SAINTS THE EARLIEST HISTORY—ST SERF'S LEGEND—THE CULDEES OF LOCHLEVEN, ABERNETHY, ST ANDREWS OR KILRYMONT, AND MARKINCH—LEGEND OF ST ANDREW —LEGENDS OF ST ADRIAN, ST MONAN, AND ST FILLAN—THE DANISH RAIDS—DEATH OF CONSTANTINE MACKENNETH NEAR CRAIL—BISHOPS OF THE SCOTS AT ABERNETHY—TRANSFER OF SEE TO ST ANDREWS—DUNFERMLINE AND QUEEN MARGARET—ADOPTION OF ROMAN RITUAL—DECLINE OF CELTIC CHURCH—FATE OF THE RELICS OF ST MARGARET, THE LAST SCOTTISH SAINT.

THE History of Fife, a district of Scotland which formerly included and in this sketch includes Kinross, begins with the introduction of Christianity into Scotland as it is told in the Legends of the Saints. Prior to Christianity only its geography is known. This district embraced all the country between the estuaries of the Forth and Tay, and is treated as a distinct division in the earliest descriptions of Scotland. It formed along with Gowrie the most important portion of the kingdom, of which Scone became the capital when in the middle of the ninth century Kenneth Macalpine subdued the Picts. Its physical geography con-

firms the traditionary history that the wedge-shaped peninsula shut off by the sea and the two firths from the rest of Scotland, and from modern Perthshire by the Ochils, the highest mountain-range of southern Scotland, had been one of the many separate kingdoms of the Picts, who never formed a united monarchy. Several of its place-names still bear witness to the existence of an independent, or it may have been a dependent, king. Inchrye is the King's Inch, Strathendry the Strath of the King, Kilrymont the Church of the King's Mount, and Kingsbarns is perhaps a translation of an older Celtic name. These sites indicate that there were, as was natural, royal forts or strongholds both in the west and east of the Pictish kingdom.

An ancient division of the kingdom of Fife into Fife proper and Fothrif, a name whose origin is lost and which is now obsolete, dates from Celtic, and it may well be Pagan, times, and though originally political, was much longer maintained for ecclesiastical purposes in the names of two of the deaneries of the diocese of St Andrews. A list of the parishes within each, in the thirteenth century, which has been preserved, shows that it nearly answered to the eastern and western divisions of the county in modern times. The line of division was drawn from the mouth of the Leven to the east boundary of the parish of Cults, and from Cults by the west boundary of Collessie to the east boundary of Auchtermuchty. All to the west of this line was Fothrif, and all to the east Fife proper. In feudal times another division into quarters was introduced. An inquest in 1517, and the Exchequer Rolls of an earlier date, give the names of the quarters as Inverkeithing, Dunfermline, Leven, and Eden. The number of small shires within the district was remarkable, and included Coupre (Cupar), Dunfermline, Forgund (Forgan), Fothrif; Gaitmilk and Gelland (Gellat) — places now obscure in western Fife — Karel (Crail), Kellin or

Chellin (Kellie), Kennachin (Kennoway?), Kennocher (Kilconquhar), Kercaledinit (Kirkcaldy), Kinglassie, Portmoak or the Bishopshire, Lochore, Newburn, Rathully (Rathillet), Strathmigloch (Strathmiglo), and Wemyss. Most of these shires became parishes, and some of them baronies, and the word shire may have been used for any division. Still it is singular that the Saxon word was so generally adopted by a Celtic race, and it deserves inquiry whether it did not represent a partition of the land which descends from Celtic times. In several shires we find traces of the Thane or Baron and the Serjeant, the feudal equivalents of the Celtic Toshach and Mair or Maor. The shire may have been the Celtic "Tuath," as Mr Skene conjectures; but if so, it was the territory of a sept rather than a tribe in the ordinary sense of that word.

Markinch, or its neighbour Dalginch, in the middle of the county, was probably the central residence and court of the king, where he administered justice. It continued in the time of William the Lion to be the place where the warrantors of goods challenged as stolen had to appear. A cell of the Culdees was established there by one of the last Celtic bishops, and the ancient cross near Balgonie may mark its site. The terraces faintly visible on the north side of the hill may be traces, like those on Arthur's Seat, of a primitive form of spade husbandry long practised before the plough was known. The scoffing proverbs which the rest of the Kingdom still cast at Markinch, though their form is modern, may be reflections on its former greatness which departed when the old Celtic chiefs ceased to be kings, the Culdees were supplanted by monks of Roman orders, and the seat of justice was transferred to Cupar. To no period after the Celtic can the name of The Kingdom, still familiar by tradition to its natives, and preserved by Fife alone of the counties of Scotland, be reasonably ascribed.

The modern shire of Kinross was formed in 1685 by the addition to the older shire of the parishes of Portmoak, Cleish, and Tullibole, in a charter confirmed by Parliament in favour of Sir William Bruce of Kinross, its heritable sheriff. The older shire, which seems to have been limited to the parishes of Kinross and Orwell, existed at least as early as the middle of the thirteenth century, and had become a hereditary sheriffdom at the date of Edward I.'s ordinance in 1305 for the government of Scotland, in which John of Kinross is named as sheriff of fee or hereditary sheriff. Like Clackmannan, it returned a member to the Scottish Parliament after James I. introduced representation and dispensed with the attendance of the small barons in 1427. But it continued to muster, as of old, with the men of Fife at wapinschaws and royal levies. The parish of Portmoak, or at all events those lands in it which had belonged to the Church and of which the Bishop of St Andrews was superior, were identical with the Bishopshire, a name still in popular use and preserved in the Bishop's Hill and Bishop's Muir, which formed a lordship or regality under the bishop and his own officers. But one of the later bishops, George Martin conjectures Bishop Schevez, ceded the rights of the see in the Bishopshire to Douglas of Lochleven, as he did those in Muckartshire to Campbell of Argyle.

The union of Portmoak, Cleish, and Tullibole with Kinross, and the formation of Kinross into a modern county, was due to the favour and influence of Sir William Bruce, the royal architect of Charles II. He is said to have built the House of Kinross as a residence for the Duke of York in case the Exclusion Bill had debarred him from the English throne. "*Dis aliter visum est.*" The courtier's offering was never inhabited by royalty, and has long been without a tenant.

When George Buchanan declares that Kinross and other

small shires owed their origin to ambition, he must of course refer to the older shire. But it is not improbable that this was one of the cases in which an old shire represented an ancient Celtic division. In 1323 an inquest held at Kinross separated the lands of the Forest from the lands of the Thanage of that name. So the shire of Kelly (Chellin) appears from a charter of David I. to have been the district of a thane, and Mr Skene's research has detected traces of thanages of Kinneir, Dairsie, Falkland, and perhaps Fordell.

Robert the Bruce granted the church of Kinross and the chapel of Orwell to the monks of Dunfermline, in honour of his royal predecessors buried at Dunfermline Abbey, which he had specially chosen for his own sepulture; and this grant was confirmed by Bishop Lamberton. The separation of the ecclesiastical patronage from St Andrews may have been caused by, and would certainly confirm, the separation of the civil jurisdiction.

In the present century Kinross has been the subject of more than one change of jurisdiction by a vacillating Legislature, although its boundaries, subject to slight alterations by the Boundary Commission, have remained the same. In 1807 the shire of Kinross was disjoined from Fife and united to Clackmannan under one sheriff. By an Act passed in 1853 Clackmannan and Kinross were united with Linlithgow, but another in 1870 reunited it with Fife as regards the jurisdiction of the sheriff. The British Parliament had slowly learned the natural connection of the two counties which formed the ancient kingdom. In parliamentary representation Kinross is united not with Fife but Clackmannan.

The area of Fife is nearly 315,000 imperial acres. Its population in 1891 was 190,365, and the valuation of its lands and heritages in 1894 was £1,148,147. The area of

Kinross is 46,487 acres. Its population in 1891 was 6373, and its valuation in 1894 was £62,065, or, if effect is given to the alterations of the last Boundary Commission, £67,343. The total population of the two counties is now probably about 200,000, and the total valuation, which has fallen somewhat in consequence of agricultural depression, about £1,215,490. In spite of this depression Fife may still be deemed a prosperous and populous district, and the description of Pennant, the English traveller, in 1770, though exaggerated, is in the main true: "The peninsula of Fife is a county so populous that except the environs of London [and we must now add Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and a few other towns], scarce one in South Britain can vie with it, fertile in soil, abundant in cattle, happy in collieries, in ironstone, lime, and freestone, rich in manufactures; the property remarkably well divided, none insultingly powerful to distress and often depopulate a county, the most of the fortunes of a useful mediocrity."

It is the aim of the following pages to trace the origin and causes of this prosperity, to give an outline of the vicissitudes of the history of Fife, as well as of the part it has taken in the history of Scotland, and to discover the character of its natives. "Fife," remarks a recent writer, Mr Geddie, who has graphically illustrated the fringes or coast of the county, "contains the concentrated essence of Scottish history and character." Probably other parts of Scotland might dispute the claim. But I shall be well pleased if this sketch of the little ancient Kingdom from the dawn of history to the present time should be found to explain some points in the history of Scotland and some traits in the character of the Scottish people.

If we wish to know anything of Fife before the seventh century, we must have recourse to archæology, which pursues

different methods and arrives at a different kind of result from history. The Roman historians, and their inferior successors, the Byzantine and Latin writers of the early middle ages, enable us to catch glimpses of other parts of Scotland. Fife is a dark and unknown land.

The fleet of Agricola must have sailed round its coast on the way to Orkney, the Ultima Thule or North Pole of the Roman world. The Roman legions probably more than once crossed the Forth and passed the Ochils. But there is no record that they conquered the district between Kinross and Muckross, as its Celtic natives called, in their apt way of naming places, the head and snout of the well-defined promontory of Scotland which lies south of the Caledonian Forest, between the Tay and the Forth. Supposed remains of Roman roads and camps in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline and at Loch Or are doubtful, and similar discoveries farther east are imaginary antiquities. The zeal of a local minister, the Rev. Andrew Small, and a military antiquary, Colonel Millar, found one of the many sites of the battle of the Grampians in the parish of Strathmiglo, at a ford of the Eden called Merlsford, near Wellfield House. No one now defends this position. The very few Roman coins which have been found in Fife prove there can have been no permanent occupation of any part of the county. They may well have been collections made after the Romans left, or, like similar finds in Ireland, are independent of any conquest. The halting lines of the old Fife poet are nearer true though somewhat boastful history than the guesses of the old antiquaries :—

> "But thou didst scorn Rome's captive for to be,
> And kept thyself from Roman legions free."

Sir Robert Sibbald's conjecture, that "after-times may discover in this shire many Roman antiquities when curious persons shall search for them," has not been confirmed.

Before the Romans came in the first, and after they left in the fifth, century, this district was a part of the country then perhaps called Alban, and now Scotland. Its first known inhabitants belonged to the branch of Celts named Picts, perhaps the painted race, though some think it a tribal name. They were called in their own tongue Cruithne. Fibh (pronounced Fife) was, according to an early mythical genealogy, one of the seven sons of Cruithne, the father of the race from whom it took its name. No satisfactory etymology has been found either for Cruithne or Fibh. Neither name represented real persons. They are only the figures in a myth which contains some crushed and buried fragments of history.

It was after the earliest Celtic annals had faded into poetic myths, and the Roman historians had passed away with the Roman Empire, that the narratives of the lives of the first Christian missionaries shed a dim historic light on the shores and a few places in the interior of Fife.

The Legends of the Saints tell the stories of those who converted pagan races to Christianity, or who reformed the corruptions of the Christianity of their age. Written in general long after the events, the legends were read in the churches, especially in those dedicated to the saint where his relics rested, or were supposed to rest. They contain fictitious as well as historical matter. Miracles and prophecies, sometimes childish in naïveté, sometimes childlike in simplicity, mingle with the natural acts of the guides who led barbarians along the first steps of civilisation, and taught heathens the elements of Christian doctrine and morals. The earlier Saints are born, and live, and die, contrary to the ordinary course of nature. They subsist without food, walk the waves, lay the storms, kill the living, and cure the dying, by a sign or a word. They have not so much visions of, as actual conflicts with, Satan and his devils, and actual converse with good angels, with

Christ and God. But they also kill wild beasts, reclaim waste lands, plant fruit-trees, find and hallow wells, erect crosses, enclose cemeteries, and found churches. Whatever may be real and whatever invented, they were the preachers of the virtue of purity, the gospel of peace, the hope of eternal life.

Our ancestors in the middle ages believed the whole Legend. They testified to their belief by dedicating churches and putting up crosses and images in honour of the Saints. They venerated and enshrined what had been blessed by holy hands, the bells and books, the banners and crosiers. They celebrated the Saints' days by festivals, fairs, and pilgrimages. They called their children and their homes after the names of the Saints.

Our nearer kin of the Reformation denounced almost the whole Legend as superstitious. They demolished the churches, broke the images, destroyed the books which recorded the lives of the Saints, cast their relics to the winds, altered or forgot their days, and corrupted the names their forefathers deemed the holiest of the holy. It is the hard but needful task of history to sift the true from the false, and to try so far as possible to realise by what men, and by what means, the country we live in became Christian. As an artist would lovingly preserve the half-faded, half-repainted canvas of an old master, or a reverent architect the ruins of an abbey or cathedral, so should the historian interpret the Legends. They contain, mingled with the dust of antiquity and the incense of superstition, the true relics of noble lives.

Piecing together what we find in the lives of the Saints, and rejecting what is incredible, the probable story of the conversion of Fife may be briefly told.

The absence, with three exceptions, probably of a later date, of any dedication to St Ninian in Fife, is strong evi-

dence that its natives did not belong to the southern Picts, whom the British apostle of Galloway converted in the beginning of the fifth century. The isolated dedication to St Columba at Inchcolm, where a solitary hermit monk may have come from Iona at an earlier period, but whose monastery dates from Alexander I., is a similar proof that neither that saint, nor his immediate successors as Abbots of Iona, planted churches on the shores or islands of the Forth. But Adamnan, his biographer, the ninth Abbot of Iona, who lived in the end of the seventh century, and died in 704, may, as he certainly visited Northumbria, have landed at Inchkeith, where there was once a church or a cell dedicated to him.

It was to another saint of the early Celtic Church, St Serf, that the conversion of Fife was due. There is difficulty in fixing his exact date, but no reasonable doubt as to his existence. The Legends vary by several centuries. According to one, Serf was the companion and suffragan of Palladius, long believed to have been sent on a mission to the Scots by Pope Celestine early in the fifth century. But there were few, if any, Scots in Scotland at this date, and none in Fife, which was still peopled by Picts, and ruled by Pictish kings for three centuries later. So this legend, in which Palladius is perhaps confused with St Patrick, who converted the Scots of Ireland, must be dismissed. In another story, Serf was the adoptive father of Kentigern, the contemporary of Columba, the apostle of Cumbria and first Bishop of Glasgow, who, according to this legend, was born at Culross, where Serf then lived, and where Kentigern's mother, Thenew, had been driven by a storm.

Yet a third, and it is probably the truest, form of the legend makes Serf contemporary with Adamnan, by whose advice he undertook the conversion of Fife. This would correspond with the date of Brude, the son of Derili, one of

many Pictish kings of that name; and a Brude, the son of Dergart, is said to have given the isle of Lochleven to St Serf and the Culdees, as an earlier Brude had given Iona to St Columba. It was the tendency of medieval legend to antedate itself, through the natural fondness most men have for antiquity, and the desire to prove that the country to which the legend relates had a more ancient Christianity than other districts.

The parentage of Serf is not known. One legend makes him son of a Canaanite king and Arab princess, and relates that before he came to Scotland he was Pope for seven years, at a date in the sixth century when we know there was no such Pope. Another legend calls him an Israelite; and a third, in a tract on "The Mothers of the Saints," gives him an Irish mother, which is probably due to its author having been himself an Irish Celt. His name of Serf, in Latin *Servanus*, may indicate no more than that he was a servant of God like the Culdees, whose name has a similar meaning.

But while there is so much doubtful and uncertain about Serf, the places to which he brought the Gospel do not materially vary, and are confirmed by subsequent history. Most of them are connected with Fife, which was the centre of his ministry. He meets Adamnan at Inchkeith, and having asked Adamnan "How he should dispose of his followers," is told, "Let them inhabit the land of Fife from the hill of the Britons [Largo Law?] to the hill called Okhel [the Ochils]." The cave at Dysart still bears his name, and marks probably his first landing-place and home in Fife. Thence he proceeded north and west. He founds a church and cemetery at Culross, where for many centuries his day was kept on 1st July by a procession of the inhabitants carrying green boughs,—an example of the wise policy by which Pope Gregory, as Bede relates, directed that on the day of the dedication "the people

might be allowed to build themselves huts of the boughs of trees where heathen temples had been turned into churches, and no longer offer beasts to the devil, but to the praise of God, in their eating returning thanks to the giver of all things for their food." He visits Portmoak, on the banks of Lochleven, where an early church bore his name. The erection of the small monastery on the island called his Inch, in the same loch, may have been during his own life, or a later foundation in his honour. He preaches at Tillibothy, now Tullibody, at Tillicoultry, at Alva where a well still bears his name, and at Airthrie. He cannot have built the present narrow bridge over the Devon which leads to the old road through the Ochils to Strathearn; but its name of St Serf's bridge is probably a reminiscence that he passed that way in one of his missions. He died and was buried at Culross. The Gille-Serfs of Clackmannan mentioned in a charter of David I., who may be compared with the Brandanes or men of St Brendan, in Bute, show that grants had been made from the royal domain, which afterwards became the shire of that name, to St Serf himself, or more probably to his successors in the monastery of Lochleven. The island called St Serf's Inch was the gift of Brude, the last Pictish king. Macbeth and his queen added the lands of Kirkness, Portmoak, and Bolgyn (Bogie, near Kirkcaldy); Malcolm Canmore and Margaret added Balchristie in the parish of Newburn, and their son Ethelred, Auchmore; and Malduin, Tuathal, and Fothad II., the last Celtic Bishops of St Andrews, the patronage and lands of the churches of Markinch, Scoonie, and Auchterderran.

The parochial system had already to some extent begun in the time of the Celtic Church. When Bishop De Bernham made the visitations of his diocese between 1239 and 1249, and dedicated or rededicated about 140 parish churches, the

names of the Celtic saints, their original founders, were still preserved,—as St Adrian at Flisk and Lindores, St Serf at Parva Kingorn, afterwards Burntisland, Kinross and Clackmannan, St Memma at Scoonie, St Maelrubha at Crail, St Ethernan at Kilrenny and Lathrisk, St Monan at St Monans and Kilconquhar, St Cainnech at Kennoway; but in some cases, perhaps in all, for the record is imperfect, a Roman saint was conjoined with the Celtic, as St John with St Modrust at Markinch, St Stephen with St Moak or Mollock at Portmoak, St Andrew with St Fillan at Forgan.

The most northern point St Serf reached was Dunning, in Strathearn, where tradition said he slew a dragon in the den still called the "Dragon's Den." The mention of his name in other places in Perthshire and Aberdeenshire seems due to foundations after his death, but he is personally connected with several places in Fife, especially with Dysart and with Creich. At Dysart he had his famous argument with the "Devil," so quaintly told by Wyntoun, in which the Saint always has the better—

"Then saw the Dewyl that he cowthe noucht
With all the wylis that he sowcht
Ourecum Saynct Serf; he said than
He kend hym for a wys man,
For he wan at hym na profyte.
Saynct Serf sayd, "Thou wrech, ga
Fra this stede, and noy na ma
In-to this stede, I byd the.
Suddanly theyne passyd he:
Fra that stede he held hym away,
And never was sene thare till this day."

The Church during the time of St Serf was monastic. He was a monk, not a bishop. The rule he followed was framed chiefly for hermits who passed their days in solitary cells, not in communities like the monks of St Augustine's or St Benedict's rule. Whether it was identical with the earliest form

of the Culdee rule or not, the Culdees of Lochleven accepted St Serf as their patron.

It was a Pictish race that St Serf converted, and it was a Pictish king who gave the island to the Culdees. Nothing is more certain than the fact that the Picts in Fife, as elsewhere, became Christian. Nothing is more singular than the fact that, having become Christian, they have left so little record of their history, and such meagre vestiges even of their language.

There were at least two other foundations of Culdees in Fife which became more famous than Lochleven. These were Abernethy and St Andrews. Their origin is very obscure. If we could accept tradition they belonged even to an earlier date, but it is probable that in their case also true history has been perverted by the attempt to claim a greater antiquity than the facts warrant. Abernethy is said to have been founded by a Pictish King Nectan in honour of St Bridget, Abbess of Kildare in Ireland, at the request of the next abbess of the same convent, Darlugdach, who was present and chanted the Halleluia Hymn when the king's offering was made. St Bridget was a contemporary of St Patrick and died early in the sixth century, and Darlugdach was her immediate successor. But Nectan Morbet, called the son of Erip, is a very shadowy Pictish king. The Nectan best known to history did not reign till the seventh century; so here again we are perplexed by dates. Fortunately, chronology, though often the best, is only one, of the guides of history. It is probable that Abernethy was founded by a mission from the Irish Church, and dedicated to Bridget, the saint who has been called the Mary of Ireland. The Culdees must have been a later foundation if Abernethy was originally intended for religious women under the rule of St Bridget, for the introduction of women into the Culdees'

monasteries was a corruption of their primitive Rule. They did not belong to the first age of the saints, which, according to Irish hagiology, included women as well as men, and allowed the services of women even in monasteries. According to Fordoun, Abernethy became the see of the Bishop of the Celtic Church of Scotland after Dunkeld, and in its church three elections of bishops were made, while as yet there was only one bishop in Scotland.

The other Culdee monastery was at Kilrigmonaigh or Kilrymont, near St Andrews. The first preaching of Christianity in East Fife was attributed to Cainnech (Kenneth), patron saint of Kennoway, in the end of the sixth century; but his fame was eclipsed by that of St Regulus or St Rule, who is credited by the legend with having brought the relics of St Andrew from Patras in Achaia to St Andrews, where he received a gift of a district called the Boar's Chase from Hungus or Angus, a Pictish king. This name is still preserved in Boar's Hill, though some think the original name was Byre's Hill, which suggests a different derivation. A confusion not yet dispelled is found in the body of this legend, which makes Constantius, an emperor of the fourth century, in whose reign the relics are said to have been removed from Patras in Achaia, the contemporary of Angus, a Pictish king of the eighth century, who is said to have defeated Athelstan, the Saxon king of the end of the ninth century, through the aid of St Andrew. It is impossible not to suspect the hand of a patriotic but ignorant Scottish monk of the later time, when Scotland was fighting for its existence against the monarchs of England, in this manipulation of the legend. Yet there was a legend to manipulate, and a legend is not an invention, but a distortion of facts. That Scotland at a very early date accepted St Andrew as its patron is beyond doubt. He is the only Scottish Saint whose day has survived all ecclesiastical change

and is observed by Protestants as well as Romanists. There were twelve Celtic bishops, probably Culdees of St Andrews, from Cellach in the reign of Constantine, son of Aedh, down to the election of the Anglian Turgot in the reign of Malcolm Canmore.

Of the other saints connected with Fife, the most memorable was Adrian, called in his legend, perhaps by a later addition to flatter or honour the country from which Queen Margaret came, a Hungarian, who settled in the Isle of May, where he was martyred by the Danes about the middle of the ninth century, at a time when Hungary was not yet Christian. The ruins of a little church called after him, which was a favourite place of pilgrimage, may still be seen. The haven where the pilgrims, one of the most constant of whom was James IV., landed, is still called Pilgrim's Haven, and the Lady's, the Pilgrim's, St John's, and St Andrew's wells are still pointed out, though their brackish waters have lost the magic virtue they were credited with in early Christian, possibly in pagan times. To Adrian the churches of Lindores and Flisk were dedicated under the name of St Magridin, which perhaps appeared on the inscription of Macduff's Cross. In the caves of Caiplie, in the East Neuk of Fife, may still be seen rude crosses which may have been cut on the rock—

> "When Adrian with his company
> Together came to Caplauchy."

St Monan, in whose honour the church of Abercromby was named St Monans, was one of the companions of Adrian, and his relics were supposed to rest at Invery, until transferred by David II. to the church which afterwards bore his name; though Mr Skene prefers to identify him with Moinen, an Irish bishop of Clonfert, whose relics may have been brought over from the great monastery founded by St Brendan, the

navigator, on the banks of the Shannon, to save them from the Danish raiders. St Fillan, an Irish saint of the eighth century, whose name is chiefly associated with the parish on Lochearnside, where he left his crosier enclosed in the quigrach now in the Antiquarian Museum, and his bell, also left traces of his footsteps in the cave at Pittenweem called after him; and the parish of Forgan was originally dedicated to St Fillan.

Such figures flit past us like shades in the dark background of history. But some of the buildings associated with their names, though not founded in their time, keep alive their memory and attest the belief in their existence. We still gaze with wonder and admiration on the round tower of Abernethy, whose form demonstrates its Irish origin; the square tower of St Regulus, which recalls the Byzantine architecture of Ravenna; and the pointed spire of St Monans of comparatively recent date, replacing the earlier edifice which contained his shrine.

Impossible as it is to fix dates with any approach to precision, it may be safely concluded that these saints flourished while most of the population of Fife was still Pictish. A common Christianity facilitated the union of the two branches of the Celtic race in the north and east of Scotland. Had the one been heathen and the other Christian, there would have been records of a much longer and more desperate conflict. It is not improbable that the ecclesiastics may have been the main agents in effecting the union, although the Churches of the Picts and Scots for a time stood out for their peculiar privileges and special customs. Throughout the legends, which in this point at least reflect the true history, it was the heathen Danes, not the pagan Celts, who made martyrs of the Scottish saints.

In the middle of the ninth century, the Scots of the West

Highlands and Isles, and the Picts of the north and centre of Scotland, were united in one monarchy by Kenneth Macalpine. His chief seat was Scone. All traces of the early fort and abbey, and even of the Moot hill, are obliterated by Lord Mansfield's modern palace and policies. It requires a strong effort of imagination to recall the fact that this low-lying ground, guarded only by the swift-flowing Tay, was the central seat of the Scottish monarchy for many centuries. But a ford in the days before bridges was often one of the best natural defences. The site of Dublin was also due to a ford, from which it took its older name of Athcliath, the ford of the hurdles. A town often outlives the cause which determined its site.

Scone is not a far cry from Abernethy, nor even from Dunfermline or St Andrews. There seems no doubt that Fife was included at an early date in this kingdom, though on what terms its Pictish kings, of whom Brude, son of Dergard, is said to have been the last, submitted to the growing Scottish monarchy, we do not know.

The submission of the Picts was probably connected with the new organisation of the Celtic Church in the plan of Diocesan Episcopacy which took the place of the purely monastic system. In the reign of Kenneth Macalpine, some relics of Columba were transferred from Iona to Dunkeld; and Tuathal, son of Artgusa, Abbot of Dunkeld, is called in the middle of the ninth century chief Bishop of Fortren, a district whose bounds included the Picts of Forfar and Perth. After Tuathal's death in the reign of Constantine MacKenneth, there were three bishops who belonged, not to Dunkeld, but to Abernethy. Abernethy was then the ecclesiastical seat of the whole realm of the Picts. The names of the bishops of Abernethy are lost; their successor was Cellach, who lived half a century later in the reign of

Constantine MacAedh. This king, along with his bishop, swore at a conference on the little hill at Scone to preserve the laws and discipline of the faith, and the rights of the churches and the gospels, on an equality with the Scots. Such is the brief fragment of the Pictish chronicle which excites and baffles our curiosity. The Celtic bishop, who is called Bishop of the Scots, was the overseer or ecclesiastical superintendent of a district, and his district or diocese was the whole Scottish Pictish monarchy.

The earlier Celtic Church, both in Ireland and Scotland, had also bishops. The theory that there was a primitive Church with only presbyters has no place in history. But these early bishops differed greatly from the lordly prelates of the medieval Church. In Ireland, if we could accept implicitly the annalists' numbers, bishops were so numerous, sometimes hundreds connected with a single monastery, that they could not have held distinct territorial offices. In Scotland there is no trace of such a multiplicity of bishops, and there is reason to suppose that its earliest Church was neither Episcopal nor Presbyterian, but Monastic. The exact position of the earliest Scottish bishops is obscure, but they seem to have exercised the power of ordination, and to have been held in special honour, although not in such high honour as the abbots of the monasteries, the successors of St Columba or St Serf. The creation of a chief bishop for the whole kingdom was a step from the Monastic to the Episcopal Diocesan Church. Scotland was no longer pagan, with merely points of Gospel light shining from monastic cloisters, chiefly in islands, and hermit cells chiefly in unfrequented places called deserts, of which Dysart may have been one (though some prefer the Gaelic etymology of the Point of God, in remembrance of St Serf's landing), or in caves. All round the coast from Dysart to St Andrews,

wherever the sea has hollowed the sandstone strata, there may still be seen the chambers or cells in which the earliest missionaries lived and worshipped. In some the crosses by which they were hallowed may be dimly traced, as in the caves of Wemyss, though they have disappeared from the caves which bear the names of St Serf at Dysart and of St Rule at St Andrews. Such places retained long their old sanctity, but the Church had now gone out to leaven the heathen world. The diocese of the bishop with the chapter of his cathedral, originally taken from the Culdee monks, was divided into parishes with separate churches and priests, who permeated the whole country, and educated the whole people in a way the solitary hermit or the cloistered monk could not have done. The ministers of religion were no longer saints or hermits, virgins or martyrs; they became mitred bishops, abbots, and priors, the councillors, sometimes the rulers, of the king and of the nation.

Why was it that the chief pastor of this reorganised Church migrated from Iona to Dunkeld, from Dunkeld to Abernethy, from Abernethy to St Andrews? It was probably due to the political causes which directed the course of Scottish history from the close of the ninth to the middle of the eleventh century. The Celtic monarchy, after its union, pressed forward from the west and north to the east and south. The dreaded attacks of Danish and Norse Vikings, whose long dragon boats preyed on the coasts and sailed up the firths or fiords, forced the consolidation of the kingdom. Scone, an inland place, was now a safer political, and Dunkeld or Abernethy a safer ecclesiastical centre. The Danes' Dyke, between Balcomie and Fife Ness, in the East Neuk, was probably built to defend the coast of Fife from their depredations. Near it, in the black cave, or at Inverdovat in the parish of Forgan, Constantine I., the son of Kenneth Macalpine, was

slain in 881 by the Dubhgall, or Black Strangers, as the Irish called the Danes.

It is not so clear why St Andrews obtained and retained the primacy of the Church in preference to Dunkeld. It never was the royal seat of the united monarchy, though the names of Kilrymont (the Church of the King's Mount) and Kingsbarns confirm the tradition which made it one of the residences of the district Pictish king. It was situated at the corner of the Kingdom; it had no rich lands such as those which attracted later monks to Cupar, Pittenweem, Balmerino, Lindores, and Culross. Its rocky headland, where we still trace the outline of the little Culdee church on the Kirkheugh, is washed by the sea on which the northern pirates had their home, and from which they ravaged the coasts. Along the whole coast of Fife the spade or the plough now and again reveals the skeletons of those merciless invaders, and of those who died to defend their homes. Why should a spot so barren and exposed have been selected for the Scottish Canterbury? Probably it was because it alone claimed, of all the churches of Scotland, the possession of the relics of an apostle, the brother of St Peter, and because, like Kent, it was the first landing-place and settlement of Roman missionaries. The name of St Andrew, as the Church multiplied and became more closely connected with Rome, was deemed more venerable than that of St Columba or St Serf, or any local Celtic saint.

The decline and fall of the Celtic Church and the Culdee monasteries began when Malcolm and Margaret introduced the Roman ritual, and brought English canons from Durham to instruct the Scottish Church. It was concluded when David I. transferred their possessions to the Canons Regular, who elected English bishops to the See of St Andrews. Some traces, however, lingered till the end of the thirteenth century,

when the Culdees were finally excluded from voting in the election of the bishops. An outward sign of their extinction was lately brought to light, when it was found that the Celtic crosses on their tombs had been used for the foundations of the east wall and window of the Cathedral.

The subjection of the Irish and Scottish Churches was one of the first triumphs of Ultramontane Romanism, which, after so many centuries of conquest, interrupted by the Reformation, were followed by its victory over the Gallican and other national Churches, and were consummated by the decrees of the Vatican Council in spite of the protests of some of the most learned Catholics.

The first period of the history of Fife, the age of the Saints, closes with St Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore. Her life is indissolubly linked with another locality of Fife, Dunfermline. The Scottish monarchy had gone on increasing under a series of vigorous kings, who moved its boundaries farther and farther south during the decline of the Anglian monarchy of Northumbria. Lothian had been conquered. The Rock of Dunedin, originally perhaps a Pictish Dun, afterwards a Northumbrian Burgh of Edwin the Fair, was now one of the strongholds of the Scottish monarchs. Their raids had extended far beyond the present limits of the Tweed and Solway, and were the terror of Northern England, which they called Saxony, the land of the Sassenach. In the middle of the eleventh century Malcolm Canmore, the son of Duncan, a Celt by speech and paternity, but whose mother was an Anglo-Dane, daughter of Earl Siward of Northumbria, recovered his father's throne, which Macbeth, perhaps the representative of the Northern Celtic Kings, or Maormor, had usurped. Though educated at the Court of Edward the Confessor, and aided by Tostig, the Saxon Earl of Northumbria, Malcolm, true to his father's blood, was the enemy of the

Norman kings of England. A few years later the Norman Conquest brought as exiles to his Court three members of the dethroned Saxon royal house. Edgar the Atheling, and his sisters Margaret and Christina, were children of Edward, the son of Edmund Ironside, who had been driven from England by Canute, and had taken refuge in Hungary, where Edward married Agatha, a kinswoman of Gisela, wife of St Stephen, King of Hungary, and sister of the Emperor Henry II. Margaret had been educated in the school of adversity as well as in the school of Christianity. Her rare beauty and bright intelligence won and held the heart of the fierce king. Marriage and its duties did not make him cease fighting. His life was still spent in almost constant war with England, now ruled by its Norman conquerors. But his domestic, and especially his ecclesiastical policy, was directed by his wife. Her character more than his has left its mark on the civilisation of Scotland. They were married in 1070 at Dunfermline, where Malcolm had a tower on an isolated mound, surrounded on every side but one by the deep dell cut by the Linn burn from which Dunfermline takes its name. Its foundation may still be seen in the grounds of Pittencrieff, a little west of the later palace. At Dunfermline their children were born; and there, a few years later, in honour of the marriage, were laid the foundations of the Abbey Church, the little Scottish Durham. Its nave and west door are amongst the best specimens of Early Norman architecture in Scotland. With Durham Malcolm and his house were closely connected. He was present at the foundation of its new cathedral in 1093, and his son Alexander witnessed the translation of the relics of St Cuthbert from Lindisfarne in 1104. Beneath its altar lay the relics of the Celtic saint, Aidan, and the Lothian saint, Cuthbert. Its archives contain the earliest Scottish charters. It was

natural that the model of Durham should be followed in the choice of the site and in the architecture of Dunfermline, which may have been the work of the same masons. Only the commencement of the building was made during Margaret's life, but it was completed by her son, David I. It was enriched by gifts of lands from her husband. She herself gave it gold and silver ornaments for the sacred offices, and the crucifix or reliquary studded with gems which held the precious rood of black wood, carved out of a fragment, she believed, of the cross of Christ, with the figure of our Saviour sculptured in solid ivory. There, too, was held the memorable Council, when, at her instance, the Celtic Church was reformed. It was instructed by her, assisted by the monks of Durham, in the observance of the Lord's Day, the Roman ritual for the Mass, and the prohibition of incestuous marriage. Her Court was a model of purity. In it no wicked or scandalous word was spoken. More civilised customs were introduced in dress and for the table, and the use of linen more probably than tartan, though both have claimed her as their earliest patron. The Grace Cup became known in Scotland as Queen Margaret's Blessing. Charity was taught by example. The Queen fed the poor with food she herself prepared; at her cost were erected the first Scottish inns, resting-places on the roads and guest-houses on either side of the Forth for the pilgrims who came to Dunfermline by the ferry, called after her the Queensferry, as that near Elie was called the Earlsferry, after the Earl of Fife. The stone where she rested is still pointed out on the highroad from North Queensferry to Dunfermline.

Her prayers were constant; and the little cave on the Linn, just below the present Drill Hall of the Volunteers, enabled her to practise them in secret. Such are some of the traits in the life by her confessor Turgot. It is the portrait of a friendly

and courtly hand, but bears marks of truth. Only one miracle is recorded. Margaret's Book of the Gospels read during Mass, illuminated with miniatures of the Evangelists, having been allowed by a careless bearer to fall into the water, was recovered without stain save a mark of damp. Her biographer, declaring his own belief in this simplest of all miracles, which occurs in the life of more than one Celtic saint, expresses doubt whether others will credit it. How different from the spirit in which Adamnan describes the miracles that crowd his life of Columba, or Bede those he relates in the life of St Cuthbert! The tide of belief in present miracle had begun to ebb, and has never since flowed. Margaret died in 1093 in the Castle of Edinburgh, shortly after her son Edgar brought the news of her husband's death. Her last breath was spent in the prayer that this trial might purge her from sin. Under cover of a fog her body was taken out of the castle by the door in the western bastion recently restored, carried across the firth, and buried at Dunfermline. The limestone slabs which covered her tomb still stand a few feet beyond the east window of the modern church; but her relics were dispersed by an untoward fate. The head was carried during the Reformation to the Castle of Edinburgh, afterwards brought back to the manor-house of George Dury, Abbot of Dunfermline, delivered in 1597 to the Jesuits, who took it to Antwerp, and was ultimately placed in the chapel of the Scottish College at Douai, from which it disappeared during the troubles of the French Revolution. Some minor relics are said to have been acquired at Venice by Philip II. of Spain and deposited in the reliquary of the chapel of St Jerome in the church of St Lawrence at the Escurial, on the gates of which are, or were, full-length paintings of Margaret and Malcolm. On a search being recently made for the relics

at the instance of Dr Gillies, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Edinburgh, they could not be found. This is not surprising. Philip II. has been aptly called by Mr Ford a relicomaniac. He amassed the relics of more than five hundred separate saints, placed them in costly shrines, and housed them in the reliquary chamber or under the altars of the church of the Escurial. But the French general La Houssaye plundered the gold and silver of the shrines and scattered their contents. The doctrine that the same relics might be in different places at the same time, accepted by so little credulous a writer as John Major, gave ample room for their multiplication and little opportunity for their identification. A singular good fortune has preserved the Gospel Book of Queen Margaret. After nearly eight centuries it seems almost certain that it has been rediscovered, and is now safely deposited in the Bodleian Library. A book, at least, whose date is vouched by the best authorities to be not later than the eleventh century, was acquired at a recent sale of books belonging to the parish of Brent Ely in Suffolk, and some of which had belonged to Lord Howard of Naworth: in it, besides miniatures of the four evangelists and other features answering to the description of Queen Margaret's book, the Latin verses on a blank leaf, after describing its loss and recovery, conclude with the lines—

> "Salvati semper sint Rex *Reginaque sancta*
> Quorum codex erat nuper salvatus ab undis
> Gloria magna Deo librum qui salvat eundem."

Within Dunfermline Abbey or its precincts more royal dust has mingled with the soil than in any other spot of Scotland save Iona: Margaret, and by her side her husband, Canmore, brought from Tynemouth by the pious care of her son Alexander I.; her sons, Edgar, and Alexander I., with his queen; David I., with his two queens; Malcolm IV.; Alexander III.,

with his first wife Margaret, and their sons David and Alexander; Robert the Bruce, with his queen Elizabeth, and their daughter Matilda; and Annabella Drummond, wife of Robert III. and mother of James, the first of his name and the best of his race. Margaret Logy, the wife of David II., brought from London tombs of alabaster for herself and her husband, which were erected at Dunfermline; but as she was divorced, it is not likely she was buried there. David himself was buried at Holyrood.

No successor to Margaret has yet found a place in the Roman Calendar of Scottish Saints. Her son David received the title from his people, and was called by one of his successors a "sair saint for the Crown," so large were his gifts to the Church, but the Church never canonised its benefactor. At the urgent suit of Scottish Catholics Rome has for many years been considering the claim of Mary Stuart, but as yet hesitates. The decree in her favour, if it is given, will be based on different grounds from those which justify historians as well as divines in conferring it on Margaret. Mary may be deemed a martyr for the Catholic faith. Margaret was a confessor of the Christian life. In her the virtues of a woman were combined with those of a queen. Though she wrought no miracles like those of earlier saints, she exhibited the greater and rarer miracle of a life almost without fault. The age of pilgrimage is past. To organise one by railway trains is alien to the spirit which led, for several centuries, the barefoot pilgrims with staff and scrip to fast and pray at the shrine of Margaret. Man cannot turn back the hand of the dial. Yet the dweller in Dunfermline, or the stranger who passes its abbey, whatever creed he professes, may still recall with silent veneration how much the life of one good woman did for Scotland.

CHAPTER II.

THE SAXON INTERLUDE IN SCOTTISH HISTORY, 1057-1093—THE DISUSE OF GAELIC IN FIFE—NORMAN FEUDALISM INTRODUCED BY DAVID I. AND HIS SUCCESSORS, 1093-1286—MACDUFF, DESCENDANT OF THE CELTIC CHIEF OR KING, BECOMES FEUDAL EARL OF FIFE—PRIVILEGES OF THE CLAN MACDUFF—MACDUFF'S CROSS NEAR NEWBURGH—THE EARLY BURGHS OF FIFE—DEATH OF ALEXANDER III. AT KINGHORN, 1286—WAR OF INDEPENDENCE—EDWARD I. AT DUNFERMLINE, 1305—ROBERT BRUCE AT DEDICATION OF CATHEDRAL OF ST ANDREWS, 1318—HIS TOMB AT DUNFERMLINE—EXPLOITS OF WALLACE IN FIFE—PARLIAMENT OF DAIRSIE, 1335—MURDER OF DUKE OF ROTHESAY AT FALKLAND, 1399—FOUNDATION OF UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS BY BISHOP WARDLAW, 1411.

From the death of Margaret in 1093 to that of Alexander III. in 1286, a period of nearly two centuries, Scotland, and Fife as a part of it, grew in civilisation and prosperity. The Celtic period of the Scottish monarchy was at an end. It is not possible to date with precision the time when Gaelic ceased to be spoken in Fife. Canmore is the last of our kings who used Gaelic as his native language, but according to his wife's biography he knew English as well, and his mother was a Northumbrian. It is a proof of the long disuse of Gaelic in Fife, that while the place names are largely, the family names are now rarely, Celtic. There is no trace of a clan except the Macduffs and the Macbeths, and it is probable that both had their origin north of the Tay. None of those who are recorded as claiming the privilege of the Cross of Clan Macduff bore the name, which shows that the clan system

had broken down in Fife. But in the earliest charters there are many Celtic names which have now disappeared, chiefly amongst the clergy and the serfs. The Saxon had a brief existence, like the interlude between the acts of a drama, almost confined to the life of Malcolm and Margaret. Amongst the parties and witnesses to the charters, which are the best vouchers in such a matter, Anglo-Saxon or Danish names of landowners are rare in Fife. Merle Swain, who acquired lands at or near Kelly, and Orm, who acquired lands at Abernethy, are perhaps the only distinctly Saxon names of owners of land which can be traced by charter evidence to the date of Malcolm Canmore. Norman names come into immediate contact with Celtic. There are only two Anglo-Saxon Bishops of St Andrews. Yet it is probable that a considerable number of Anglo-Saxons, and perhaps some Danes, settled in Fife, although they did not become the possessors of the largest fiefs or richest benefices. We cannot otherwise account for the early adoption of an Anglo-Saxon dialect, which has in the 'Chronicle of Wyntoun' one of its earliest representatives in literature. But there may have been a still earlier Teutonic migration to the eastern coast of Scotland, as to which history is silent. The children of Malcolm and Margaret, especially David I., who was educated at the Court of Henry I. of England, the husband of his sister Maud, were Norman in character, though not in blood. The cadets of Norman families began in the reigns of David I. and his successors the northern migration, and acquisition of lands and honours, which greatly facilitated the adoption of feudal customs and principles, and formed the only true Norman Conquest of Scotland. This was carried out in Fife as far as, or further than, in any other part of Scotland. Nearly the whole land in the county passed into the hands of Norman proprietors, who in

some cases came direct from England, and in others settled first in other districts, and afterwards passed to Fife. The De Quinceys, the De Melvilles, the De Lundins, afterwards Lundies, the De Mowbrays, the De Mortimers, the De Wemyss, the De Candelles, from whom the Anstruthers trace their descent, the De Lascelles, the De Baliols, and the Oliphards or Oliphants, are early instances of Norman families some of whose members held lands in Fife. Norman feudalism, begun under David as Prince of Cumbria, continued when he became king, and under his grandsons Malcolm the Maiden and William the Lion, his son Alexander II., and his grandson Alexander III., gradually spread over the whole kingdom. The Court became feudal, with the regular machinery of government conducted by the great officers of the King's Court,—the Chancellor, Justiciar, Steward, and Chamberlain, and the local Earls and Barons, who succeeded the Celtic Maormors and the Saxon Thanes, as the Sheriffs, or more probably their officers the Serjeants, succeeded the Mairs. David de Wemyss, who claimed descent from the Macduffs and lived in the reign of William the Lion, is the first Sheriff of Fife upon record. The land became feudalised, and was held of the king by the subordinate chain of vassals and sub-vassals. The burghs under David I., William the Lion, and their successors, were organised as exceptions from, or rather as modifications of, feudal tenure when applied to corporate bodies, within whose bounds trade was nurtured by the privileges of merchants and craftsmen. The Church was feudalised under bishops and abbots, who, adding acre to acre, and acquiring crofts and tofts in the burghs, became the richest Estate in the kingdom. Robert, Friar of the Augustinian monastery at Scone, became Bishop of St Andrews in succession to the Saxon Eadmar, who had followed the Anglian Turgot, and founded the Priory of St Andrews in the reign of David I. His successor, Arnold,

began in 1160 to build the Cathedral, which was not completed till 1328, by Bishop Lamberton. Such edifices required several generations of architects and great revenues ungrudgingly applied to the service of the Church. The Royal Court or *Curia Regis*, to which the direct vassals of the king alone came, was the great Council or Parliament. Scotland, outside of the Highlands, became as perfect an example of the feudal state as any country in Europe. The old Celtic Kingdom of Fife was subjected to the assimilating influence of feudalism along with the rest of Scotland. Macduff, the descendant of its Celtic chief or king, became a feudal Earl. No Thane of Fife is known in history; but there were at least five thanages, one of which was Falkland, another Kinross. Macbeth is called Thane of Falkland in a record of 1129, and the head of the Clan Macduff is called Thane of Fife by Wyntoun, probably as the successor to the lands held by Macbeth as Thane of Falkland. The first Earl of Fife was Ethelred, son of Malcolm Canmore and Margaret, who united with the earldom the abbacy of Dunkeld; but Constantine appears in the same charter with the same title, and seems to have been the representative of the Macduffs. The chief of that family retained, not so much as a reward for aiding Malcolm Canmore to defeat Macbeth, as from the position of his ancestors as independent rulers, the privileges of leading the van in battle, of placing the king, when crowned at Scone, on the Stone of Destiny, brought from Dunstaffnage, perhaps from Ireland (for that it came from the Holy Land, where it had served as Jacob's pillow, is a modern superstition), and the right of sanctuary and composition for his kin who committed murder in hot blood, in accordance with Celtic usage. The last privilege was associated with the cross of Clan Macduff, which so long stood on the hill above Newburgh. The mysterious inscription unfortunately disappeared before the scholars were born who might have read its meaning.

It was a combination of the custom of compensation for slaughter, common to the Celts and other races, with the ecclesiastical right of sanctuary, and might have been granted to the kin of any powerful chief. But the two former privileges appear to indicate a compromise between the greater king of Scotland and the representative of the lesser king of Fife, who retained a shadow of his former dignity in a ceremonial flattering to his vanity, and a place in war flattering to the pride of the men of the Kingdom. The armorial bearings of the earls with the royal lions rampant may have had a similar origin.

The first burghs of Fife date from the feudal epoch. St Andrews and Inverkeithing received charters from David I.; Dunfermline became a burgh under the abbot as Lord of Regality in 1322; Kinghorn claims a charter from Alexander III.; Crail received its charter from Robert the Bruce, and Cupar from David II. Amongst the founders of these early burghs were some of the industrious Flemings who contributed a small but not unimportant quota to the mixed population of Scotland. One of these, Maynard, was the first Provost of St Andrews. The other burghs of Fife were later creations of the Stuart kings. The clergy, not the burgesses, were the chief favourites of the earlier monarchs. The charter of the Dunfermline abbots was renewed and its estates enlarged by successive kings. The old grant of the Boar Chase (*Cursus Apri*) by the Pictish kings to St Andrews was confirmed by Alexander I. when his Arab charger with his Turkish trappings was led to the high altar as a symbol of the gift and a memorial of the Crusade. The monastery of Inchcolm was founded by the same pious monarch to commemorate his escape from shipwreck. The Abbey of Lindores was built and endowed by David Earl of Huntingdon, the brother of William the Lion, in gratitude for his safe

return from the Holy Land, and Balmerino by Alexander II. and his mother Ermengarde, widow of William the Lion.

No prominent event occurred in Fife during this period of its history till the melancholy close of the reign of Alexander III. There are times when the annals of the past are as uneventful as the life of a prosperous man. There are others when calamity follows calamity with rapid strokes. The years immediately preceding the War of Independence were of the latter kind. In 1280, David, younger son of Alexander III., died. Three years later he lost his daughter Margaret, the wife of Eric of Norway, and within the same year his elder son, Alexander, died at Cupar. On 1st November 1285, hoping to secure a male heir, he married for a second time Ioleta, daughter of the Conte de Dreux. On 20th February, at a masque, in honour of the marriage at Jedburgh, a figure appeared like that which foretold Flodden to James IV. None could tell whether it was ghost or man, but imagination then or after the event deemed it the image or presage of death. On the 16th or 17th of March, at the Castle of Dunbar, Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune, who died in 1295, was heard to say a great wind would that day shake the kingdom. While those present mocked, a swift messenger of evil tidings came with news that Alexander had died by a fall from his horse as he rode, on a dark night, from Inverkeithing to Kinghorn. This is one of the memories of Fife preserved by tradition as well as history. A weird story tells how Michael Scot of Balwearie, near Kirkcaldy, having prophesied that a spirited and favourite charger of the king would cause his death, Alexander in a fit of passion stabbed it to death on the spot. Next year, as he rode another horse the same road, it saw the bleached bones of the earlier favourite, shied, and throwing the king, fulfilled the prophecy. Michael Scot, who died in 1290 or 1291,

was one of the early Scottish travellers, and became one of the celebrated schoolmen. Such, at least, was the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, though other writers think the identity of the magician with the laird of Balwearie is not proved. He passed from Fife to Oxford, from Oxford to Paris, from Paris to Toledo, where he learnt to read the Arabic translations of Aristotle, and acquiring the dubious character of a magician as well as a philosopher, was the hero of many stories. The exact spot of the king's death is disputed. The recent monument has been placed on the crag which overhangs the railway. The earlier chronicles seem to refer to the sands. No contemporary account has come down to our time, and the precise locality matters little. It was at all events near Kinghorn, then a royal seat, to which Alexander was hurrying to his new bride. Much more important is the controversy as to his character. Scottish chroniclers with one voice celebrate the prosperity of his reign in contrast with the dark times which followed, when the death of the Maiden of Norway opened the disputed succession and gave an opportunity for the fatal ambition of Edward I. But the chronicler of Lanercost casts vague hints against the morals of the king, and is followed by Knighton and other English writers. Fordoun refutes these with a common saying, "Let no man question the salvation of this king because of his violent death; he who has lived well cannot die ill." The most authentic records confirm the strain of the patriotic ballad—

"Quhen Alysander our King wes dede,
That Scotland led in luve and le,
Away wes sons of ale and brede,
Of wine and wax and gamyn and gle.
Our Gold was changyd in-to Lede.
Cryst, borne in-to Virgynytè,
Succour Scotland and remede,
That stad in his perplexytè."

This was the epoch when England was engaged in its struggle for liberty against the despotic power of the Plantagenets, and the Scottish kings, who held large fiefs in England, sided with the English barons against their own arbitrary monarchs. The War of Independence was in fact a continuation of the same contest transferred to a different scene. If the liberties of the people were first affirmed at Runnymede, they were confirmed by Bannockburn.

Fife played a small part in the War of Independence. It was again, as in the Roman period, outside the main current of Scottish history. The greatest battles of the war were fought in central or southern Scotland. The upper Forth, and not the Tay, was its classic river; the carse between Stirling and Falkirk was its sacred ground. But Arnold or John Blair, a monk of the Benedictine Abbey of Dunfermline, was the chaplain of Wallace. Macduff, the Earl of Fife, with the whole levy of the shire, fought and fell at the battle of Falkirk. One of the victories of Wallace was won at Black Ironside or Earnside, the forest of the alders near Newburgh. On his return from France, when Edward lay at Dunfermline, Wallace conducted his guerilla war from lurking-places in the same or some other forest of the west of Fife not yet stripped of its wood to found navies. If we may trust Blind Harry, and his credit has risen since documentary evidence has been found confirming parts of his poems formerly doubted, Wallace or his followers took Cupar, turned Edward's Bishop Fraser or perhaps Cumyn out of St Andrews, and recovered the forts of Kinghorn and on the castle island of Lochleven, so that

> "The Scottis at large through Fife they rang,
> Off Inglismen nayne left in that countrie."

Edward I. more than once visited Dunfermline, and received at its high altar the empty homage of the Sheriff and

other nobles of Fife, which he recorded in the Ragman Rolls. On one of these visits he rewarded John, the son of John the Bailiff, for playing the Boy Bishop in the King's Chapel, on the Eve of St Nicholas, 1303. In the following year, by his orders, the venerable monastery was burnt. The greatest of the Plantagenets held nothing sacred which was an obstacle to his ambition.

The crown was placed on the head of Bruce by Isabella, Countess of Buchan, asserting the hereditary privilege of the Macduffs, when her brother Duncan, Earl of Fife, declined the dangerous honour. Edward I. rewarded the more patriotic sister, for discharging this office, by confining her in a cage hung on the walls of Berwick. The first part of the life of Bruce was spent fighting chiefly in the centre or the west of Scotland. When peace was won and the freedom of Scotland gained, Cardross on the Clyde was his favourite residence. He did not live at Dunfermline or at Scone. He only once visited St Andrews, on the memorable day, the 5th of July 1318, when Bishop William of Lamberton, seven bishops, fifteen abbots, and many "other great gentlemen, of whom Bruce was the greatest," took part in the dedication of the cathedral. But as death drew near, he made preparations to lay his bones beside those of his royal predecessors. A marble tomb, surrounded with an iron gilt railing and surmounted by a canopy of painted Baltic timber, was ordered from Paris, and erected, perhaps while he yet lived, in Dunfermline Abbey. The abbot received an offering to provide masses for his soul. There the earthly remains of the patriot king were laid, near where the pulpit stands, not far from the first resting-place of the saintly queen. Robert Burns, when he visited Dunfermline in 1787, knelt and kissed the broad flagstone which then covered the grave of Robert Bruce, and heartily execrated the worse than Gothic neglect of the first of Scottish

heroes. The spot is now marked by a porphyry slab which once covered the tomb of an Eastern emperor. In 1818 the skeleton was found with the breast-bone sawn through to allow the removal of the heart, which, after being carried by the good Douglas to the Moorish war in Spain, now rests in Melrose, and at Dunfermline the bones of Bruce were reinterred. The skeleton, one who saw it told me, was that of a man not above the ordinary height. The skull was low and long-shaped, rather than high and broad. Some of the teeth were still in the sockets. The frayed fragments of the dress in which he was buried were carried off as relics. Even minutiæ have an interest when they relate to so great a man. However successful may be the endeavour to discover the laws of history, and its success is as yet limited, patriotism will continue to honour its heroes as religion reveres its saints.

When Edward Baliol and the disinherited barons, aided by Edward III., recovered Scotland in the reign of David II., one of the strongholds which escaped capture was the castle of Lochleven, commanded by a gallant captain, Alan de Vypont, who, by a brilliant sally and the protection of St Serf, says Fordoun, stormed the fort the English had erected in the kirkyard of Kinross. In 1335 one of the few Parliaments ever held in Fife sat in the castle of Dairsie, which, through the jealousy of the nobles and the want of wisdom of the young Steward then regent, afterwards Robert II., did nothing for the national defence.

A period of nearly a century passed before Fife was again the scene of an important event in Scottish history. It was another tragedy. The muse of history rarely wears the comic mask. The place was Falkland, so named either from the ruddiness of the soil, or more probably from the falcons used when hawking was the favourite sport. It had originally been a castle or hunting tower of the Earls of Fife, the foundations

of which, buried under the garden of the palace of the Jameses, have been recently excavated by Lord Bute. In 1371 it was transferred with the earldom to Robert Stewart, Earl of Monteith, second son of Robert II., afterwards created Duke of Albany. This ambitious and energetic man, owing to the weak health of his father and the weak character of his brother, Robert III., governed Scotland for the greater part of two reigns. There seems little doubt that he aimed at the crown. His conduct was glossed over by the clerical historians, in whose eyes his hatred of heretics atoned for crime, and has found modern apologists. But the facts are too strong for silence or special pleading. *Res ipsa loquitur.* The Duke of Rothesay, eldest son of Robert III., stood in his way. In 1399, Rothesay, on attaining majority, not unnaturally superseded Albany in the office of governor, and showed, like some other princes, signs of a vigorous manhood succeeding a dissipated youth. The ducal title, then first introduced in Scotland, and bestowed with specious equality both on Rothesay and Albany, was an insufficient bribe to satisfy one who had already exercised regal authority. Two years later, when Rothesay was on his road to St Andrews to take possession of its castle on the death of Bishop Trail, he was waylaid as he passed Strathtyrum, and taken to Falkland, where, after a brief captivity, he died, illustrating the saying that the distance is short between a royal prison and a royal tomb. Tradition has ascribed his death to starvation ; and while it names Sir William Lindsay of Rossie and Sir John of Ramornie as the authors of his arrest, and two inferior agents, Selkirk and Wright of Falkland, as the immediate perpetrators of the murder, his uncle Albany, and Archibald Tyneman, the son of the grim Earl of Douglas his father-in-law, and the husband of his sister, were believed to have been its instigators. The tale of the woman who kept him alive for a little with milk

from her breast, introduced by a reed into his dungeon, and of another who supplied him with a scanty meal of oats, his feeding on his own flesh, and the miracles performed by his corpse at Lindores, where his empty stone coffin may perhaps be still seen, were fictitious additions to heighten the gloom of the dark story. The Act of Parliament which declared in the official religious phraseology of the time that he migrated from the light by divine Providence, and not otherwise, yet, at the same time, absolving Albany and Douglas from being parties to the death, has been reasonably cited by historians, like the similar remission to Bothwell from any share in Darnley's murder, as a confirmation of guilt. The sudden despatch to France of his younger brother, afterwards James I., who was captured by the English on his way, is a further corroboration of the dread of his uncle. Albany at once resumed the office of Governor, and after the death of Robert III. did all he could to delay the ransom of the young king.

From these sad stories of the death of kings, we turn with pleasure to the next event in the history of Fife worthy of record in such a sketch as the present. This was the foundation of the University of St Andrews, the first University of Scotland. The substitution for the Monastery of the University is not the least of many instances of what may fairly be called historical development. An institution which had served its time, gave place to another, whose time had come. It was a moment of far-reaching consequence, when in country after country in Europe the doors of cloisters were opened, not to enclose monks, but to nurture and send forth scholars. This was a gift of the old Church, but it carried with it the seeds of the Reformation wherever, as in Scotland, they were cast on a congenial soil. The poverty of the early apostolic days of the Church had been succeeded by superabundant wealth. A pious Catholic, John Major, the Provost of St Salvator's,

laments the corruption of the religious orders both of men and women; the abuses of alien and absentee abbots; the plurality of benefices; the prodigality of prelates, which, outlasting their own lives, vainly aimed at an earthly immortality in their sumptuous tombs. It might have been expected, he says, that they would sooner have thought of founding a University. That of St Andrews, it is fair to remember, erected by Bishop Wardlaw, still lives, and still gives a sound education to students, and a modest endowment to learning, while the monuments of his predecessors and successors have crumbled into dust.

In the year 1411, marked in the history of Scotland by the battle of Harlaw, and of Europe by the summons of the Council of Constance, the *Studium Generale* or University of St Andrews was opened by Henry Wardlaw the Bishop, and James Bisset the Prior. Two years after, on Saturday, 3d February, the day after the Feast of the Purification of the Virgin, Henry of Ogilvie, a Master of Arts, landed at St Andrews from Spain. He brought the bulls by which the Spanish Anti-Pope, Benedict XIII., granted at Paniscola, in Aragon, its first privileges to the University at the request nominally of James I., still a prisoner in England, and really of Bishop Wardlaw. But the King after his return to his kingdom showed himself a steady friend of the University. He had spent a part of his boyhood in the Castle of St Andrews under the care of Bishop Wardlaw, who became one of his leading councillors. John Cameron, his secretary, afterwards Bishop of Glasgow, and several of his most trusted officers of State, had been amongst the early students of St Andrews. When Ogilvie entered the city gates the bells of all the churches rang in his honour. Next day, Sunday, 4th of February, at nine, there was a congregation of the clergy, when the bulls were presented and read to the Bishop as first

Chancellor. A procession followed to the high altar of the cathedral, where the Mass of the Holy Spirit was celebrated by the Prior, and a Te Deum chanted. The Bishop of Ross read the collect, "*Deus qui corda hominum gubernat*," preached the sermon, and pronounced the blessing. The beadle counted in the procession four hundred clerks in orders, besides deacons and novices, and a large host of people. St Andrews has never before or since seen a brighter sight or a happier day. The remainder of it, and the night which followed, were given up to popular rejoicings, bonfires, singing, dancing, feasting, and the ringing of bells.

For at least two centuries before this there had been schools in many monasteries in which poor as well as rich boys had been instructed, but there had been no provision for the higher learning, or for what is now called a liberal education. The Scot who wished to complete his studies and obtain a degree had at great cost and some risk, requiring a safe-conduct if he were rich, and begging for alms if he were poor, to resort to Oxford, Cambridge, Paris, or Bologna. It was to obviate these inconveniences by founding a university in Scotland that the six bulls of Benedict were granted. They provided for the study of theology, canon and civil law, arts, medicine, and other lawful faculties, power to grant degrees, exemption of the members of the University from taxes, and a licence of non-residence by the professors at the benefices from which they drew their salaries. The students were divided into the four nations of Fife, Angus, Albany, and Lothian.

Wardlaw, in anticipation of these privileges, had already drawn round him a group of learned men. Lawrence of Lindores, less favourably known as the inquisitor of heresy, had already taught the sentences of Peter Lombard, the text-book of divinity; and Richard Cornwall, Archdeacon of

Lothian, had lectured on the canon law. William Stephen, afterwards Bishop of Dunblane; John Litstar, Canon, and Doctor of the Canon Law; John Scheves, Official, and John Schevez, Archdeacon, of St Andrews, also taught in the same faculty, but probably not during the same period; John Gill, William Fowler, and William Croiser lectured in philosophy and logic. There were in all thirteen doctors of theology and eight doctors of law who either then or soon after took part in the studies. The University of St Andrews had now what a medieval proverb called its "soul," the privileges which no one but a pope was deemed competent to confer; but it lacked both endowments and a home. The latter was given by the same bishop in 1430, who conferred on it a tenement at first called the Pædagogium or St John's, and afterwards, when enlarged in 1537, the New College or St Mary's. St Salvator's was founded in 1451 by Bishop Kennedy, and St Leonard's in 1512 by Alexander Stuart, the Archbishop, and Prior Hepburn. Wardlaw, as might be expected from this example, was one of the liberal and zealous prelates who adorned the diocese. To him it owes the Guard Bridge, near the mouth of the Eden, as it does to a later bishop, James Beaton, more probably than Spottiswoode, the bridge at Dairsie. His hospitality was without stint. On one occasion his steward begged him at least to name his guests. The bishop replied, "The two first are Fife and Angus." The steward did not ask the name of the third. Though so liberal in spending his own means, he denounced the luxury beginning to spread with the increase of wealth. He died in 1440, and was buried by the wall beween the Choir and the Lady Chapel. His epitaph claimed as his chief praise that he was the founder of the university.

CHAPTER III.

BISHOPS OF ST ANDREWS PRIOR TO THE REFORMATION—KENNEDY, GRAHAM FIRST ARCHBISHOP, SCHEVEZ, JAMES STEWART DUKE OF ROSS, ALEXANDER STEWART, SON OF JAMES IV., FOREMAN, AND THE TWO BEATONS—THEIR INFLUENCE ON THE PROGRESS OF FIFE—THE FIRST THREE JAMESES LITTLE IN FIFE—SIR ANDREW WOOD OF LARGO AND THE ORIGIN OF THE SCOTS NAVY—DEFEAT OF STEPHEN BULL OFF THE MAY, 1499—THE BARTONS IN THE REIGNS OF JAMES IV. AND V.—ORIGIN OF LINEN MANUFACTURE IN FIFE—CASTLES OF FIFE—DUNBAR AND BLIND HARRY AT COURT OF JAMES IV.—FALKLAND, THE PLEASURE PALACE OF THE KINGS—SIR DAVID LYNDSAY OF THE MOUNT GROOM OF THE CHAMBER TO JAMES V. AS A BOY—HIS PRAISE OF FALKLAND—THE COMIC VEIN OF HIS SHORT POEMS AND THE SATIRIC VEIN OF HIS DRAMAS CHARACTERISTIC OF FIFE.

A SUCCESSION of vigorous bishops, who reigned at St Andrews like little kings, had a great influence on the progress of Fife. Its earliest patrons had been the kings, its second were the bishops. They endowed its churches, protected and enlarged its University, and confirmed St Andrews in the position of the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland. Here they can only be named with a word to indicate their character.

James Kennedy, the founder of St Salvator's College, who succeeded Wardlaw, was the wise councillor of two kings, and a regent during the minority of James III. But John Major the historian blames his extravagant expenditure on his barge and tomb, as economists nowadays deplore the cost of ironclads and the incomes of prelates and princes.

Patrick Graham gained for the see the coveted archi-episco-

pal pall; but quarrelling with the Pope, and envied by the other bishops, perhaps a Reformer before the Reformation, he was deposed, and died a prisoner in St Serf's Inch on Lochleven.

William Schevez, who supplanted him, was an ambitious and worldly Churchman of the type of Wolsey, a man of versatile talent and much learning, a lover of books and an expert in astrology. His books form the nucleus of the library of the University of St Andrews.

James Stewart, Duke of Ross, son of James III., succeeded. His graceful bearing, celebrated by Ariosto, disguised the fatal error of filling the see with a prince of the royal blood.

The error was followed and exceeded when James IV. made it a provision for his son Alexander. It was a strange form of union of Church and State that the highest office of the Church should be held by a royal bastard. When kings made and popes sanctioned appointments of this kind, what could be expected from those below them except imitation by bad and condemnation by good men? The foundation of St Leonard's by the youthful archbishop was a natural and graceful act of a favourite pupil of Erasmus. Yet there are signs in the correspondence and conduct of Alexander Stewart, with whom history has dealt gently, that it was perhaps well for his fame he fell at Flodden.

Andrew Foreman, formerly Bishop of Moray, who held the Priory of Cottingham in England and the See of Bourges in France, was another ambitious Churchman who obtained the primacy against powerful competitors by adroit policy, and administered its revenues with liberality; but his French interests made him an unfortunate adviser for James V.

The two Beatons of the family of Balfour, uncle and nephew, James the Archbishop, and David the Cardinal,

raised the see to a perilous and giddy height, the prelude of a fall.

The reigns of the five Jameses, which covered nearly a century and a half, do not, so far as Fife was concerned, apart from what might be called the almost domestic annals of the bishops at St Andrews and the kings at Falkland, afford matter illustrative of the greater events in Scottish history. But a few incidents may be glanced at to indicate the current which brought Fife, like the rest of Scotland, through the transition from the middle ages to the eve of the Reformation.

James I. received the crown of Scotland at Scone from the hands of his cousin Murdoch, Duke of Albany, as Earl of Fife. It was the last time this office was discharged. Within a year Albany was tried and beheaded for treason. The earldom was forfeited to the Crown, and Fife ceased to be represented by a great feudal lord. The king seized the Tower of Falkland, but, perhaps on account of the memory of his brother's death, did not make it his home.

When James I. was about to cross the Firth to Fife on his last journey to Perth he was warned by the weird prophecy of an old Highland spaewife that if he passed that way he would never return. Within a few weeks he met his tragic fate at Perth. Perth and Scone, and not any royal palace in Fife or Lothian, had been his favourite residences. The horror caused by his death is said to have combined with other circumstances in depriving Perth of its preference as a royal residence. Linlithgow, Stirling, Dunfermline, Falkland, and Holyrood were the favourite palaces of the succeeding kings, and Edinburgh grew rapidly into the position of a capital. Its vicinity to Edinburgh gave Fife a character it has since held as one of the most convenient retreats from business to the healthy pleasures of

the country and the seaside. The royal family went to Falkland and St Andrews, and courtiers and subjects followed the example, as in our day they have followed the Queen to Deeside.

The reigns of the second and the third James were chiefly occupied with the struggle between the Crown and the Border house of Douglas. Fife lay outside of the scene of this contest, and was reputed to be the most peaceful part of the kingdom. One of the Douglases, James, the ninth earl, died at the Abbey of Lindores in 1488, the same year his successful adversary James III. fell at Sauchie. When sent there as a prisoner, he is said to have muttered—"He who can no better be, must be a monk." Times had altered since Constantine, the Celtic king, had deemed the tonsure more honourable than the crown, and become a monk at St Andrews.

The little towns which girdle the shores of Fife from Queensferry to St Andrews, and from St Andrews to Newburgh, were during this period busy havens of foreign trade. The commerce of the Forth was chiefly with France and the Low Countries, but also with the ports of the North Sea and the Baltic. At these towns, or on the opposite coast of the Firth, most of the Scottish ships were built. Bruce had made the first experiment of a Scottish navy with the foresight which marked his character, anticipating the later day when the seas were to bring Scotland a more plentiful harvest than its soil. He had few imitators, till Bishop Kennedy built his barge, the St Salvator, which cost as much as his college of the same name and his too ostentatious tomb, and James IV. the St Michael. The woods of Fife were now largely used for shipbuilding. The men of Fife were amongst the hardiest sailors. Sir Michael of Wemyss was the first Scottish admiral.

Two sea-battles, which are the first on record illustrating

the infancy both of the Scottish and the English navies, were closely connected with Fife. In 1499, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, the best of the councillors of James III. and the trusted adviser of his son, with two ships, the Yellow Carvel and the Mayflower, captured Stephen Bull, the English admiral, and three ships at the back of the May—

> "The battle fiercely it was fought
> Near to the Craig of Bass;
> When we next fight the English loons,
> May nae waur come to pass."

Bull was sent home without ransom, but with the boastful message to the English king that James had as manful men by sea and land in Scotland as there were in England; and that if the English king disturbed Scottish waters, his ships and sailors would not be so well treated in future. Wood sided with James III., and a false rumour spread that the king took refuge in his ship after the battle of Sauchie. If we could credit Pitscottie, the young king mistook the admiral for his father, but Wood declared he was only a trusty servant, who would avenge the death of his master. The same writer gives a quaint account of the trial of Lord David Lindsay of the Byres, and his successful defence by Patrick Lindsay his brother, who cast the indictment by pointing out that the day for the trial was past, when "Lord David was so blythe at his brother's sayings that he burst forth, 'Verrilie, brother, ye have fyne pyatt wordis. I wold not have trowed, be St Amaric, that ye had sick wordis,' and said to him, for that dayes labour he should have the Mains of Kirkforthar." But the young king, who had been by another plea of the bold advocate excluded from the Court, was so displeased that he said he would send him "where he should not see his feet for a year," and imprisoned him in a dungeon of the royal castle in Bute.

Andrew, the eldest of three sons of John Barton, a merchant skipper of Leith, the commander of the Yellow Carvel, continuing Wood's exploits, cleared the Forth of pirates, made reprisals on the Flemish, the Portuguese, and the English for injuries to Scottish merchantmen, and was sent by James IV. to aid his uncle, Hans of Denmark, against the Swedes and Lubeck. Hans charged him, in a letter to Henry VIII., with making off with the vessel James intended as a present to Hans. It brought him no luck, for it appears to have been the Lyon, the ship in which the bold sailor, who was the terror of the seas from the Baltic and the Sound to the coasts of Brittany and the English Channel, and had sent James three barrels filled with the heads of Flemish pirates, at last met his own doom. A similar present was sent the other day to the Emperor of Morocco. The repetitions of history enable us to measure distances in the advance of civilisation. At the instance of some traders of Newcastle who had suffered from his piracy, Henry VIII. commissioned Edward Howard, son of the Earl of Surrey, who volunteered to put down Barton. He succeeded in taking his famous ship in an engagement off Northumberland, during which her commander was shot through the heart. The Lyon became the second man-of-war in the navy of England. The body of Barton was cast into the sea, though the head, according to the English ballad, was carried in triumph to London :—

"Then in came the queen and ladies fair
To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight;
They weened that he was brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadly face,
And eyes so hollow in his head,
'I would give,' quoth the king, 'a thousand marks,
This man were alive as he is dead.'"

Scottish historians, however, record a contemptuous answer of Henry that kings should not concern themselves with the fate of pirates, which does not accord with the more generous sentiment attributed to him by the ballad. Robert, another of the brothers, or Hob a Barton, as he was nicknamed by the English, became Controller of the Exchequer of Scotland in the reign of James V. Vengeance for the death of Andrew Barton was one of the causes which led to the campaign of Flodden. It had been intended to fight by sea as well as by land; and the great St Michael, which is called by the Scottish chronicler the largest ship ever yet seen, had been built for the purpose. She took so much timber as to waste all the woods of Fife except Falkland, besides pines imported from the forests of Norway. Her cost, apart from her artillery, was £30,000. She was two hundred and forty feet long, fifty-six broad, and carried thirty-five cannons, besides smaller guns; her crew was three hundred seamen besides officers, one thousand men-at-arms, and one hundred and twenty gunners. Wood was her master, and John Barton his skipper; but this vessel, like the Great Eastern of our day, was found too unwieldy, and after Flodden was sold to the King of France.

While the seaports were resounding with hammer and anvil, in the inland towns, Dunfermline, Cupar, Auchtermuchty, and Newburgh, as well as in the scattered cottages which then as now varied the grey landscape with red-tiled or thatched roofs overgrown with green and yellow moss, the spindle was busily plied by housewives and spinsters. The farmers of Fife commonly cultivated not only oats, bear, and some wheat, but lint. Linen for the table and the bed, as well as woollen cloth for clothes, were woven, chiefly for home use; but already the markets had opened for the future linen trade. Henryson, the poet-schoolmaster of

Dunfermline, describes the manufacture of flax nearly four hundred years ago as it continued till the factory and steam-engine superseded the spindle and the hand-loom :—

> "The lint ryipit, the carll pullit the lyne,
> Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set,
> It steipit in the burne, and dryit syne,
> And with ane betill knokkit it, and bett,
> Syne swingillit it weill, and hekillit in the flet,
> His wyfe it span, and twynit it in to threid."

The muster of Fife, led by Lindsay of the Byres, fought for James III. at Sauchieburn, and may be traced as a distinct contingent in Scottish armies in other battles; but it was the boast of the county, if somewhat exaggerated, yet in the main true, that, since the Danish raids, its soil had seldom been stained with blood. The castles in surprising variety, of all sizes and kinds, great houses such as St Andrews, Struthers, Wemyss, Earlshall, Collessie, Kellie, Balgonie, Balcomie, Ravenscraig, Craighall, down to little towers like Scotstarvit, Denmyln, Rumgally, and Tullibole, continued to be built during several centuries. These were signs of the continued existence of feudal lords and lairds; but, except the Bishop's Castle at St Andrews, they were not places of great strength like the Border keeps and peels, or the grand baronial castles of Lothian, Angus, Aberdeen, and the Highlands. No district of Scotland was probably so little disturbed by fighting before the wars of the sixteenth century, though there were occasional exceptions, as the siege of Reres.

James III. began, James IV. continued, and James V. completed the conversion of the Earl's Tower at Falkland into the palace. A new house exorcised old memories, and the scene of Rothesay's murder became a resort of the Court. Here, and at Dunfermline, James IV. and James V. diverted

themselves, their Commons as well as their Court, with amusements and with sport.

James V. lived in Fife more than his father or grandfather. It was from Falkland that he made his ride by night with Jockie Hart and another Privy-Chamber boy to Stirling, when he escaped from the custody of Angus. The butts at St Andrews were the scene of the archery match between six gentlemen and yeomen of Scotland and the same number of England, when the King won the bet with his mother of £100 and a tun of wine. Pitscottie gives the names of the victors, who were remembered, as the winners of a famous boat race or football match are now, for at least one generation. "David Wemyss of that ilk, David Arnot of that ilk, Mr John Wedderburn, Vicar of Dundee, were the gentlemen, and the yeomen John Thomson in Leith, Steven Taberner, and a piper Alexander Baillie." In his triumphal progress through the kingdom with his first wife, Madeline of France, he visited St Andrews and Cupar, and the fragile Lily of France was sent to Balmerino as the best air in Scotland. In the Cathedral of St Andrews he was wedded by David Beaton to Mary of Lorraine or Guise, who landed a few days before at Fife Ness. She entered the Abbey under a triumphal arch erected at the New Gate, where a Masque had been designed by Sir David Lyndsay. It represented a fair lady like an angel descending from a cloud, to whom the keys of the city were handed in token that all hearts in Scotland were open to her. Next morning she made a pretty speech to her husband that "she never saw in France so many good faces in so little room as she saw that day in Scotland." Before she died the Masques and Faces had changed, and there was, as we shall soon see, an end of her pretty speeches. After the news of the disaster at Solway Moss and of the birth of Mary Stuart, James gave up the ghost, his mind

wandering, and his lips muttering some of the saddest words ever spoken on a deathbed. "'The devil go with it! It will end as it began; it came from a woman, and it will end in a woman.' After that not many words that were sensible. But ever he harpt upon his old song. 'Fy! fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? All is lost!'" Oliver was a cadet of the Sinclairs of Dysart, Earls of Rosslyn, the unfortunate favourite and general of the dying king.

The green of Falkland, like that of Peebles or of Christ's Kirk, which some suppose to have been Leslie, was the frequent scene of dancing and revelry. Several of the comic poems of Dunbar relate to incidents in the life of the Court at Falkland, as the "Ballad of Kind Kittock" and "The King's Wooing." Blind Harry, there is little doubt, often recited his verses to the Court there, and it is an interesting fact that the two earliest manuscripts of Barbour's "Bruce" and the unique manuscript of Blind Harry's "Wallace" were copied by John Ramsay, a Chaplain at Lochmalony in Fife, at the request of Sir Symon, the vicar of that parish. Its woods and neighbouring hills were suitable ground for hawking and hunting:—

> "Fareweill Falkland, the fortalice of Fife—
> Thy polite park under the Lomond low—
> Sum tyme in thee I led ane lusty life,
> Thy fallow deer to see them rake in row."

Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, from whom these lines are quoted, who matriculated at St Andrews along with David Beaton the Cardinal in 1509, and who taught young James V. to lisp "Pa Da Lin" to the music of his lute, was the best known of the many authors from Wyntoun to Spottiswoode, whose names are associated with the county. The same pungent and popular comic vein which Lyndsay cultivated runs through the early ballads of Fife—"Symmie and his

Brodir," "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," "The Wowing of Jok and Jeny," by unknown writers, and "Ane Description of Peder Coffer" (the Pedlar), which has been ascribed to Lyndsay himself. It has been the peculiarity of the poets of Fife, with one or two exceptions, to seize the ludicrous rather than the pathetic aspect of life. Perhaps on this account its prose is superior to its verse. Good Scottish prose is rarer than Scottish verse, and no better prose is to be found than in the Chronicles of Lindsay of Pitscottie, Sir James Melville of Halhill, the courtier, and James Melville, the minister of Anstruther. Lyndsay himself mixes prose with verse, and may perhaps be not unjustly called the least imaginative of our Scottish poets. He is also the best representative of Fife amongst the early authors of Scotland. Two illustrations of the history of Fife find their record in Lyndsay's works, for he was one of the men of letters who was also a man of action. One of these was his acted play, the satire or drama of "The Three Estates." The "Murder of Cardinal Beaton" was a real tragedy, in which he played the part of an interested spectator, and on which he afterwards wrote the "Tragedy of the Cardinal." The scene of the former was at Cupar, that of the latter at St Andrews.

CHAPTER IV.

WHY SCOTLAND HAS NO NATIVE THEATRE — BEGINNINGS OF NATIONAL DRAMA CHECKED AFTER THE REFORMATION — SIR D. LYNDSAY A DRAMATIST AND REFORMER — LYNDSAY'S "THREE ESTATES" ACTED IN THE PLAY-FIELD AT CUPAR, 1552 — ITS PLOT — ITS EFFECT ON JAMES V. AND THE COMMONS — PROSECUTION OF HERETICS — MARTYRDOM OF GEORGE WISHART, 1ST MARCH 1546, AT ST ANDREWS — TRAGEDY OF "THE CARDINAL," 28TH MAY 1546 — DESCRIPTION OF IT BY JOHN KNOX — THE CHURCH IN SCOTLAND, WHICH REJECTED THE REFORMS OF LOLLARDS, HUSSITES, AND LUTHERANS, REFORMED AFTER THE MODEL OF CALVIN.

Scotland has no native Theatre, no national Drama. Its children have never been deficient in poetic gifts. It has even identified itself somewhat proudly with the north country, the country famed for song. Scotland, too, had, in common with all Europe during the middle ages, miracle and passion plays, moralities and interludes, school plays and plays of Robin Hood, even plays where we should least expect them, during the audit of the Exchequer, to amuse the Auditors of the Accounts. Dunbar's "Interlude of the Droichis Part of the Play" was composed for some lost comedy acted in Edinburgh when Margaret Tudor came to wed James IV. It had also the masques and pageants which, when touched by the enchanter's wand at the right moment, produced the Shakesperian drama. For Scotland that moment never came. Before it Sir David Lyndsay and several known and many forgotten poets had made rude essays to introduce the

drama. But the Reformation, its prelude, its acts, and its epilogue, filled the thoughts of Scotsmen with the graver business of life and death. When murders were being acted at St Andrews, Holyrood, and the Kirk-of-Field, and the stake and the gallows were familiar objects of everyday life, it was no time for the mimic tragedy, still less for the comedy of the stage. To the good as well as the evil side of the Calvinistic, Puritan, Covenanting spirit, the theatre became more hateful than the old poetry of Greece had been to the philosopher of the Republic. That it might perhaps have been otherwise is shown by the drama of Lyndsay. He lived in the interval between the Renaissance and the Reformation, near enough the age of the miracle-play and the masque to imitate them in a different class of subject, but too far before the age of dramatic poetry to be moved by its potent spirit. Later Reformers agreed to forget that one of the first of their number was a writer of plays. Nor was Lyndsay the only Scots Reformer who used the drama. The plays of George Buchanan were concealed in Latin and acted abroad. But a drama entitled "The Siege and Taking of the Castle of Edinburgh" was played in St Andrews in 1572. On the opposite shore of the Tay, at Dundee, James Wedderburn, a brother of the author of the 'Gude and Godlie Ballates,' had, before 1540, converted the histories of John the Baptist and Dionysius the Tyrant into plays, which were acted at Dundee, and in which he "carped roughlie the abuses and corruptions of the Papists, counterfeiting their lying impostures and miracles." He was denounced as a heretic, and fled to France, where he died at Dieppe or Rouen. That Lyndsay escaped a similar fate was probably due to the favour of his old pupil, James V.

Let us try to picture the scene which drew spectators from all parts of Fife to the little hill in the centre of Cupar where the schoolboys of to-day play their innocent and happy games,

on Whitsun Tuesday, the 7th of June, in the year 1552. The local allusions leave little doubt that one of the three known representations was, as was natural for the work of a Fife author, at the head burgh of the county: it had already been acted at Linlithgow before the king on the first day of the Epiphany in 1549, and it was afterwards performed in presence of the Queen Regent at Greenside, near Edinburgh, in 1554. Some days or weeks before the performance at Cupar it was advertised, probably on the market-day. There were then no newspapers or printed advertisements, but two or three of the actors strolled into the market and played an interlude to excite curiosity.

A messenger appeared, and addressing the crowd, said:—

"Richt famous Pepill, yé sall understand,
How that ane Prince, richt wyiss and vigilant,
Is shortly for to cum in to this land;
And purposis to hold ane Parliament,
His Thre Estaits thairto hes done consent,
In Cowpar Toun, in to thair best array,
With support of the Lord Omnipotent,
And thairto hes affixt ane certane day."

An old cottar next came on the scene and declared his wish to be present—

"And drink a quart at Cowpar Toun
Wi' my gossip Johne Williamson,"

but fears his "quick devil of a wife" will prevent him. That worthy herself arrives, and justifies his description by soundly rating her husband, whom she orders to stay at home and watch the kye while she attends the play. They are still squabbling when Fyndlaw of the Footband, an arrant coward who had fled from Pinkie Cleuch, appears and boasts of his exploits, ending with the prayer "The great God of his grace"—

"To send us weir and never peace,
. . . . .
That I may fecht my fill."

After this braggadocio speech, according to the stage direction he characteristically but inconsistently lies down. A fool then plays a trick on the old man at the suggestion of his wife, and puts Fyndlaw's courage to the proof with a sheep's head on a staff. Before this formidable weapon the fighting captain flies in terror for his life. The messenger ends the interlude by again announcing the date of the play:—

> "As for this day I haf nae mair to say you,
> On Whitsone Tysday cum see our play I pray you;
> That samine day is the Sevinth day of June,
> Thairfoir get up right airly and disjune" (*i.e.*, breakfast).

On the 7th June accordingly, at seven in the morning, for early rising was then the habit, every man, woman, and child who could get there gathered on the Castlehill, and the play, not quite punctually, began on the play-field. It consisted of seven parts or interludes loosely strung together. Lyndsay acted on Goethe's sage stage maxim that the manager who brings much brings something for everybody. The first part is the tale of the temptation of King Humanity by Dame Sensuality; the second is the cheating of a poor man by a Roman Pardonmonger selling indulgences and absolutions; the third is a sermon by Folly; in the fourth, King Humanity again appears, and is misled by Flattery, Deceit, and Falsehood, who in the fifth part overcome Verity and Chastity; the sixth is the Parliament of Correction, from which the drama takes its name of "The Satyre of the Thrie Estates," whose acts are drawn with a view to reform the abuses then prevalent both in Church and State; and the whole ends with the punishment of the Vices. Such is the briefest possible account of a play full of diverse and pregnant matter. It might seem incredible, if we had not the testimony of one who saw it acted at Greenside, that it took nine hours to perform. The audience having breakfasted well after the

Scotch fashion, were, however, as in the Wagner representations at Baireuth, allowed intervals for refreshment. Both collation or luncheon and dinner are included in the time of performance, and if they followed the advice of the messenger who announced the play,

> "With gude stark wyne your flacconis see ye fill,"

they probably did not limit one part of their refreshment to stated intervals.

The performance was in the open air, a better place than a heated theatre. Those who were tired could leave, but probably few left so rare an entertainment. Vulgar and coarse as much of it appears to us, it went straight home to the thoughts germinating in the breasts of the people. The satire is rude as a work of art, and not even the best actors could have made it a great drama. But it was like the masterpieces of the Greek theatre in one point, though so unlike them in its merits as poetry,—it was from the life, and it cut to the quick. It was a piece of history. It was an acted sermon. The pulpit was still all but dumb. Bishops and priests had ceased to preach, save on rare occasions. The voice of Knox had not yet been heard. Lyndsay, a layman, caught the ear both of the Court and people, and adapting the materials at his disposal—the masque with its allegory, the fool with his wise wit, the interlude with its moral characters—gave voice to the spirit of the new age. No truer lines were ever penned even by Scott than the familiar verses in which he describes

> "The flash of that satiric rage,
> Which, bursting on the early stage,
> Branded the vices of the age,
> And broke the keys of Rome."

The satire had some, but only a momentary, effect on those it was intended to reform. "After the said interlude finished," writes Sir William Eure, an English envoy who received an

account from Mr Bellendean, a Scot "inclined to our sort" (a paraphrase for an English partisan), who saw it performed at Linlithgow, "the King did call upon the Bishop of Glasgow, being chancellor, and diverse other bishops, exhorting them to reform their fashions and manners of living, saying that, unless they so did, he would send some of the proudest of them unto his uncle of England, and as those were ordered, so he would order all the rest who would not amend. And thereunto the chancellor should answer and say unto the King that one word of his Grace's mouth should suffice them to be at commandment. And the King hastily and angrily answered that he would gladly bestow any words of his mouth that could amend them."

But though willing to reform the Church, James was less willing to reform himself. His two French marriages were more powerful ties than his descent from an English mother. The politic and adroit Beaton conciliated him by a large grant from the overgrown revenues of the Church, the Pope legitimated his bastards, and the Stuart race irrevocably linked its fate with the fate of Rome. It was their natural tendency, which it would have required stronger and clearer heads than theirs to alter. It had been the astute and constant policy of successive popes to favour the smaller kings of Europe in preference to the emperors and greater monarchs who might be their rivals. The Scottish king was sedulously courted by embassies and gifts, the leading prelates were propitiated by honours and foreign benefices, and the people were complimented, as the Irish now are, by allusions to their constant devotion to the Holy See. One thing was required and given in return: heresy must be extinguished by fire and sword. The doctrines deemed heretical do not appear to have at first spread rapidly in Scotland. Yet each wave of reform, before the Reformation reached its far-off shore, and each attempt to drive it

back, as vain as that of Canute, only increased the volume till the waters burst in an overwhelming flood. The movement of Wycliffe, perhaps in consequence of the visit of John of Gaunt, produced Scottish Lollards in Kyle and Lothian. Resby, an English priest, was burnt at Perth in 1407. James I. passed a statute against them in 1425, and Lawrence of Lindores acted as inquisitor of heresy. Paul Crawar, a Bohemian, a representative of the opinions of Huss, was burnt at St Andrews in 1433. The Lollards of Kyle again appear in 1494, when they were prosecuted by Archbishop Blackadder. Patrick Hamilton, nephew of the Earl of Arran, and a cousin of the king, who had studied at Wittenberg, where he had learnt the doctrines of Luther, was burnt at St Andrews on the last of February 1528, having been condemned by Archbishop James Beaton. The saying that the "reek" of Patrick Hamilton infected all it touched, like the similar saying as to the ashes of Wycliffe, and the earlier proverb that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, proved true in Scotland. In 1534, Straton and Gourlay, and in 1539, Foret, a canon of Inchcolm, with other priests and friars—five in all—were burnt on the Castlehill of Edinburgh; another friar and a youth of eighteen, of marvellous ingyne (skill) in Scottish poetry, Kennedy, were burnt at Glasgow. In 1540, Sir John Borthwick, Sheriff of Linlithgow, son of Lord Borthwick who fell at Flodden, was condemned by Beaton the Cardinal, and only saved his life by flight. In January 1544, four men and a woman were put to death for heresy at Perth, again at the instance of the Cardinal. The martyrdom of George Wishart, a representative of the English Reformation, who had studied at Cambridge and preached at Bristol before his return to Scotland, at St Andrews on 28th March 1546, was the occasion, if not the cause, of the tragedy of the Cardinal. Whether or not he was directly involved in the plot of Henry VIII. for

the removal of Beaton, his political as well as ecclesiastical adversary, by any means, foul or fair, has been keenly debated. It seems now established that it was another Wishart; but it is certain that political as well as religious forces at this moment influenced the Scottish, as they did the English, Reformation. If, as Buchanan relates, Wishart, just before he was strangled at the stake, which was erected close by the Bishop's castle, prophesied the Cardinal's death, it was a prophecy soon fulfilled, and already so probable that it might have been anticipated even by one who had no direct participation in the plot. The Cardinal was hated for his arrogance and the aggrandisement of his family, as well as for his constant persecution of those who favoured reform. He had recently married his illegitimate daughter to a son of the Earl of Crawford, and had returned home to fortify the castle against an expected attack.

On 28th May 1546, Norman Leslie and his brother John, sons of the Earl of Rothes; William Kirkaldy, younger of Grange; James Melvin of Carnbee; and Peter Carmichael of Balmaddie, "a stout gentleman," Knox calls him, with a few others, at most sixteen persons, representing a band of thirty-five, mostly country gentlemen of Fife, but including several chaplains, and other members of the lower ranks of the clergy, met in the churchyard of the Cathedral of St Andrews. Early in the morning, the castle drawbridge having been let down to admit materials for the new buildings, Kirkaldy and six companions engaged the porter in conversation, while Norman Leslie, with so small a band as to escape notice, passed into the castle-yard. John Leslie followed with four others. The porter, at last alarmed, was thrown into the fosse before he could draw the bridge. The keys were taken from him, and Kirkaldy watched at the private postern or gate, while John Leslie went to the Cardinal's chamber. What followed

must be told in the language of Knox. A modern version might add a few details, but would lose the colour and the clearness of one of the best pictures ever drawn in words. It represents both the act and the spirit of the actors with a vivid and startling reality. The Cardinal, who had barred the door, asked, "'Who calls?' He answers, 'My name is Leslie.' The Cardinal re-demands, 'Is that Normand?' The other says, 'Nay; my name is John.' 'I will have Normand,' says the Cardinal, 'for he is my friend.' 'Content yourself with such as are here, for other ye shall get nane.' . . . At length he asked, 'Will ye save my life?' The said John answered, 'It may be that we will.' 'Nay,' says the Cardinal, 'swear to me by Goddis woundis, and I will open unto you.' Then answered the said John, 'It that was said is unsaid,' and so cried, 'Fire! fire!' and so was brought ane chymlay full of burning coallis. Which perceaved, the Cardinal or his chalmer child opened the door, and the Cardinal sat down in a chair and cryed, 'I am a preast! I am a preast! ye will not slay me.' The said John Leslie strook him first anes or twice, and so did the said Peter Carmichael of Balmaddie. But James Melvin, a man of nature most gentill, and most modest, perceaving thame boyth in cholore, withdrew thame, and said this worke and judgment of God, altho' it be secreit, aught to be done with greater gravitie, and, presenting to him the point of the sweard, said, 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especiallie of the schedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Maister George Wishart, which, allbeit the flame of fyre consume before men, yitt cryes it a vengence upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For heir before my God I protest that nether haterent [*i.e.*, hatred] of thy person, the luif of thy riches, nor the fear of any truble thow could have done to me in particulare, moved, nor moves me to stryk thee; but only becaus thow hast bein, and remanes

ane obstinat ennemye against Christ Jesus and His holy evangell.' And so he stroke him twyse or thrise throwgh with a slog sweard; and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth but 'I am a preast! I am a preast! fy, fy! all is gone.'"

To some, such words as Melvin's and Knox's marginal note describing the cold-blooded murder as "The Godly Act and Words of James Melvin," appear the height of blasphemy and cruelty, while to others they may seem the expression of a man who was, and believed himself, the hand of a righteous God. They were, in fact, the act and words of a time when the feelings of men had become like those of soldiers in a battle at the moment when not merely life and victory, but a cause they hold dearer than life and victory, is at stake. Fortunately soldiers act at such moments without words. It is difficult to combine the parts of judge and executioner. The lines ascribed to Lyndsay, though not to be found in his works, express the opinion of the most impartial spectator then possible—

> "Although the loon was weill away,
> The deed was foully done."

The echoes of that tempest continued to be heard in Scotland for more than a century. Are its waves even now still? Are we yet, after two more centuries have passed, sufficiently distant and calm to give Lyndsay's words a wider reference? May we say, although it was right that a Church corrupt in doctrine, discipline, and morals should be reformed, yet there was much in the mode of the revolution we call the Reformation which was not well done? It was not only the superstitious images but also the houses pious men had dedicated to God's service which were wrecked. That service was not merely changed to the vulgar tongue, but deprived of the aids which architecture, painting, and music lend to lift the human

spirit to the contemplation of the Almighty. A great gulf was made as if by one of the convulsions of nature between the Church of St Serf and St Margaret, and the Church of Knox and Melville. Or must we acknowledge that the sterner verdict of our forefathers was nearer the truth, that in this way, and in no other, was reformation possible.

There are mysteries in the course of history, as in the order of nature, which baffle the wit of men to interpret. The historian is bound to be a witness to the truth so far as he sees it. He is not bound, though he is ever ready, to pronounce judgment. Perhaps we may most safely adopt the words of one who lived within sight of a time when deeds of violence, and murders by fire and sword, were not occasional but constant:—"It is better for us to admonish the negligent that crimes may not abound, than to blame the things that have been done."

The world-famed tale of the Sibylline books received a new and altered application. For the Church which had rejected the reforms of the Lollards, the Hussites, and the Lutherans, there remained the narrower doctrine and stricter discipline of the Reformation of Calvin.

The political Calvinism of Scotland was partly a consequence and partly a cause of the growth of the democratic spirit, and of the devotion of the Royal House to the Roman Church. The nobles were divided. Some followed the King, others became Lords of the Congregation. This division weakened their power, though it still continued great. The people, with rare local exceptions, none of which were in Fife, went over to the Reformed Church, whose ministers became their leaders.

CHAPTER V.

JOHN KNOX AND MARY STUART IN FIFE — KNOX PREACHES AT ST ANDREWS, JUNE 8, 1547—DISPUTATION BETWEEN KNOX AND WYNRAM IN ST LEONARD'S YARD — THE PULPIT BECOMES A POWER IN SCOTLAND—KNOX IN THE FRENCH GALLEYS OFF THE COAST OF FIFE, JUNE 1548—KNOX AGAIN PREACHES AT ST ANDREWS, JUNE 1559—ENCOUNTER OF THE TROOPS OF MARY OF GUISE AND OF THE REFORMERS AT CUPAR MUIR—MARY OF GUISE AND KNOX—MARY STUART AND CHASTELLARD AT BURNTISLAND, 1563—DARNLEY AND MARY AT WEMYSS CASTLE, 1565—MARY PRISONER IN LOCHLEVEN CASTLE, JUNE 17, 1567—INTERVIEW WITH KNOX—HER ESCAPE, MAY 2, 1568—KNOX'S LAST VISIT TO ST ANDREWS, JULY 1571 TO AUGUST 17, 1572.

THE history of Fife before the Reformation closes with the martyrdom of Wishart and the murder of Beaton. The last trial for heresy was that of Walter Myln, the old priest of Lunan, who was taken at Dysart in 1558 when "warming himself in a poor wife's house and teaching her the commandments of God." He was burnt at St Andrews in the end of April 1558. The burgesses, who had shut their shops to prevent the sale of materials for his execution, erected a pile of stones to his memory. In 1560 the Council of Blackfriars ordered Sir David Lyndsay's books to be burnt; and John Knox was burnt in effigy. Fire consumed no more heretics, but another century had to pass before witches ceased to be burnt. Its next and most interesting chapter includes the preaching of John Knox, the chief author of the Scottish Reformation, and the first acts

in the tragedy of Mary Stuart, the heroine, though not yet the saint, of the Roman Church. Some of the most memorable passages in the lives of Mary and of Knox occurred in Fife. No contrast could be greater than that of the two actors, who so often confront each other in portrait-galleries as in life. The stern, bearded, middle-aged man of the commons met the beautiful young woman, in whose veins the blood of the Stuarts mingled with the blood of the Tudors and the Guises. The one had been bred in the school of adversity, the galleys and exile, and came within danger of the stake. The other had been delicately nurtured in the most brilliant Court of Europe, whose crown for a brief space she added to her own. Yet it was the man who, after a successful life, died honoured by most of his countrymen. The woman passed through blood and battle, baffled at every turn, into a captivity which ended on the scaffold. But by one of the revenges of time, Mary has now a wider, though not a higher, fame than Knox.

Differing in all other respects, in two points they were alike—the tenacity with which Mary with feminine suppleness, Knox with masculine boldness, pursued the objects each held sacred, and the courage which knew neither scruple nor fear. From the Scottish historical drama, in which they played leading parts, it is necessary to select the chief incidents illustrating the "History of Fife."

Knox first preached in public in the parish church of St Andrews. This church had been dedicated to the Trinity by Bishop De Bernham, and though more than once repaired almost rebuilt in 1798, it still occupies the same site in the centre of the town. It was a Sunday in the end of May or beginning of June 1547. He had come at Easter to the castle with his pupils, the sons of Douglas of Longniddrie and Cockburn of Ormiston. East Lothian was no longer

safe, and St Andrews, after its castle had passed from the dead hand of Beaton into the custody of the swords of the Reformers, was the refuge and rallying-point of the professors of the Reformed doctrine. Protected by these, Knox continued, in the chief citadel of the Roman Catholic Church, and the chapel of the castle of the Cardinal, quietly to instruct his pupils in the Gospel of St John, from the place where he had left off at Longniddrie, and also catechised them publicly in the parish church. His talent for instructing an elder class and wider audience could not be hid. John Rough, a friar turned preacher, Henry Balnavis, a theological lawyer, and Sir David Lyndsay, the Lyon King and poet, gave him a call to preach in public.

To fill his spirit with that of the prophet from whom he determined to take his text, Knox for many days after his call showed no mirth, and avoided company. Once in the pulpit, hesitation vanished. He spoke as no preacher in Scotland had spoken since the first missionaries of the Celtic Church denounced paganism and preached the Gospel. He took for his text part of the 24th and 25th verses of the 7th chapter of Daniel, "And ane other king shall rise after thame, and he shall be unlyik unto the first, and he shall subdew three kinges, and shall speak wordes against the Most Heigh, and shall consome the sanctes of the Most Heigh, and think that he may change tymes and lawes, and thei shal be gevin unto his handis, until a tyme, and tymes, and deviding of tymes." It was, and is, a favourite text for the preacher anxious to find in the figures of the Hebrew prophets poetical expression and divine sanction for his own convictions. But it has never been used by one more persuaded of its interpretation than Knox. His abridgment of the sermon in the 'History of the Reformation' may be condensed, though to the prejudice of its argument and its eloquence. His exhorta-

tion praised the love of God in foretelling the dangers the Church was to pass through. He then treated the Babylonish captivity of the Israelites, and passed by natural transition to the four empires, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, and Rome, from whose ruins sprang the Roman Church. All the marks of the fourth beast of Daniel's vision were manifest in that Church. He contrasted it with the true Kirk, which followed the voice of Christ, its pastor. The New Testament confirmed the prophecy of the Old. The Papacy was the Antichrist or Man of Sin spoken of by Paul in the Thessalonians, and the Babylonish Woman foretold by John in the Revelation. Then turning from prophet and apostle to recent history, he deciphered, or as we should say dissected, the lives of popes and friars. He compared their doctrine and laws with those of God and Christ, and asserted the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith in the blood of Christ, in opposition to the Roman doctrine of works, which included not only those prescribed by God's law, but others of man's invention, as "pilgrimages, pardons, and other sic baggage." The Pope showed the marks of the beast by his blasphemous claims to be vicar of Christ, "one that cannot err," the doctrine of infallibility; "that may make right of wrong," the doctrine of casuistry; and "of nothing somewhat," perhaps the doctrine of transubstantiation; who "trafficked in the bodies and souls of men" by the sale of indulgences and masses. He ended by challenging any doctor present to dispute his interpretation of the sacred writers. He was ready to prove they meant what he had said.

His audience had been a strange mixture. His friends from the Castle were there, and amongst them the daring men who had taken part in the murder of Beaton, the two Leslies, Kirkaldy of Grange, and Carmichael, as well as

others who, like Rough and Lyndsay, sympathised, as Knox himself did, with the deed when done. But there was also present John Major, provost of St Salvator's, the most learned scholastic theologian in Scotland, but now old and timid, along with the other reverend heads of the university; Wynram the sub-prior, vicar-general in the vacancy of the see, canons and friars of both colours, Franciscan and Dominican, the leading citizens, lairds from the county, women and children. The comments on this, as on other sermons, varied. Some said "he struck at the root, while other preachers only sned the branches;" others "that he would be burned like Wishart," which Forsyth, the Laird of Nydie, hearing, remarked, "Better try other defences than fire and sword, for men now have other eyes." Besides those favourable to the Reformed doctrine, and the priests and friars, most of whom were its determined opponents, the majority of his hearers were waverers, ready to be converted by the best argument or most persuasive speaker.

The challenge of Knox could scarcely be neglected, and a disputation followed in the yards of St Leonards, at the instance of Hamilton, the archbishop-designate, between Knox and Wynram. Wynram, a half-hearted champion, afterwards a convert to the Reformed doctrine, left the defence after a little to Friar Arbuckle, whom Knox overcame with logic and ridicule, as a master of fence might a bungler with the foil. Another mode of argument was tried. The friars every Sunday occupied the pulpit, to keep Knox out. He evaded this stratagem by preaching on week-days, till he was silenced by the arrival of the French galleys, under Strozzi, the prior of Capua, who, in breach of the terms of capitulation, carried off the bold Reformer and his companions as captives. It mattered little. The pulpit, so long silent, had found a voice which had a longer range

than any artillery then or since invented. For three centuries, from Knox to Chalmers, it became the chief popular power in Scotland.

Knox served in the galleys for nineteen months. During this time Knox's galley returned in June 1548 to the coast of Scotland. When it lay between Dundee and St Andrews, James Balfour, son of the laird of Montquhanie, then his fellow-prisoner, afterwards parson of Flisk and Lord Clerk Register, the draftsman of the bond for Darnley's murder, asked Knox if they should ever be delivered. Knox answered "that God would deliver them from that bondage to His glory even in this life." And when Balfour further inquired if he knew the land, Knox replied, "I know it well, for I see the steeple of that place where God in public first opened my mouth to His glory; and I am fully persuaded, how weak that ever I now appear, that I shall not depart this life till that my tongue shall glorify His godly name in the same place." Balfour afterwards denied that he had ever been in the galleys; but Knox, who denounced him as a liar and a renegade, avers that Balfour had repeated this prophecy many years before the return of Knox to Scotland.

In the same year the men of Fife, led by Lord James, the Commendator of St Andrews, Lords Lindsay and Rothes, and the lairds of Wemyss and Largo, watched the coast of Fife and prevented the landing of the English.

Ten years passed, and Knox, more favoured than most prophets, took the fulfilment of his prophecy into his own hands. On Friday, the 2d June 1559, he preached at Anstruther, on Saturday at Crail, when he announced his purpose to preach on Sunday at St Andrews. Archbishop Hamilton had collected there a force of two hundred spears. Mary of Guise, the Queen Regent, was at Falkland with her French troops. Lord James Stewart, the future Regent

Murray, and the Earl of Argyll, the two young lords who led the Reformers,—for they had the liking of their countrymen, even when most democratic, to be led by a lord,—had only a few retainers, and frightened by the threat of the Archbishop that if Knox preached he would be saluted with a dozen of culverins, "whereof the most part should light upon his nose," they counselled delay. But Knox, resolute always, declined to be stopped. He would preach, as he had foretold, in the town and church where God had called him to the dignity of a preacher. His life was in God's hands. He wished no defenders. He only craved an audience. As usual, the stronger will got its way. Knox mounted the pulpit, and the Archbishop fled to Falkland to obtain help from Mary.

The text of the sermon which Knox preached was from the description of the buyers and sellers Christ drove from the temple: "And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves, and said unto them, It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves" (Matt. xxi. 12, 13). The account he gives of the sermon is pregnant. The sermon was probably brief when fighting was deemed near. The corruption of the Papacy, he said, was the same as that of the Jews. Its priests dishonoured the house of God, making it a house of merchandise. The act of Christ in overthrowing the tables and the seats pointed the duty of those to whom God had given power and zeal. Although the town had not before openly professed sympathy with the Reformers, the magistrates and the greater part of the commonalty now acted on his suggestion, and "removed all monuments of idolatry with expedition."

There was little time for delay. Lodgings had been assigned to the Queen and her troops at Cupar, but on Monday night Lord James and Argyll, with one hundred horse and some foot from the coast, occupied the town. Before noon on Tuesday, their number had swelled to three thousand. From Lothian came Ormiston, Calder, Hatton, and other lairds whom Knox had confirmed by his teaching in the Reformed doctrine. Lord Ruthven came from Perth; the Earl of Rothes, as sheriff, brought the men of Fife, "an honest company." Dundee and St Andrews sent their quota; Cupar its whole force. "It appeared," says Knox, "as if men had rained from the clouds." The Queen's forces, led by the Duke of Chastelereau and D'Osell the French commander, had advanced during the night, keeping the south side of the Eden. Halliburton, the Provost of Dundee, chose the ground for the Reformers upon the muir about a mile and a half to the west of Cupar, on the same side of the river, with sufficient room for retreat in case of attack. Ruthven with the horse rode on in front to prevent the enemy from discovering their numbers, and protected the roads to Cupar and St Andrews. After several fruitless attempts to force an attack, and to discover the strength opposed to them, the mist which hung that day, as it often still hangs, over the Eden, cleared, and in the afternoon the scouts saw for the first time the men of Dundee and St Andrews drawn up in a separate array from the gentlemen of Fife, Angus, and Mearns. This discovery led to a mediation, for the Queen's forces had expected no resistance. Terms of truce were signed by Chastelereau and D'Osell at Garliebank, the western slope of the Owl or Tarvit Hill, on whose summit the Cupar cross now stands. It was agreed that the Queen's troops should retire to Falkland, and that no French or other soldiers, except the former

garrisons of Dysart, Kirkcaldy, and Kinghorn, should remain in Fife. There was to be a truce for eight days until further terms might be negotiated.

Chastelereau and D'Osell returned to Falkland, where the Queen expressed her indignation that they had missed so good an occasion for fighting. The troops of the Reformed party dispersed, but the two lords and the great part of the gentry went to St Andrews, where it was agreed that they should meet at Perth on the 24th of June to relieve that town from its French garrison. The Queen having shown no sign of negotiating further, a letter was written to her complaining that the assurance was not kept that French soldiers, or what was the same thing, soldiers in French pay, were kept in Perth contrary to a promise given by the Duke at Stirling some time before, and that a provost had been enforced upon the citizens. Perth was relieved on Sunday, the 25th June; but we must not pass beyond the bounds of Fife. A desultory war of sieges, skirmishes, and sallies went on as elsewhere, or perhaps more than elsewhere, in Fife, which abounded in fortified houses of all sizes. In this partisan war Kirkaldy of Grange, another of Knox's companions in the galleys, who had since served an apprenticeship in the wars in Picardy, greatly distinguished himself by making reprisals on the French, who destroyed his castle of Halyards, and spoiled his lands of Grange on the coast. For a time the French troops had the best of it, and Mary of Guise exultingly said, "Where is now John Knox his God? My God is stronger than his, even in Fife." It had come to this, that those who acknowledged the same Son and Saviour believed in different Gods. But the prophecy proved false. The French were soon after driven from Fife, and the contest centred in the siege of Leith, still held by a French garrison, as was also the Castle of Edinburgh, in which Mary of Guise had been forced to

take refuge. She saw the corpses of enemies stretched out on the ground, and delighted in it as "a bonny sight." By the Reformers the mother of Mary Stuart was naturally deemed another Jezebel. Her death in the Castle of Edinburgh, and the reduction of Leith with the aid of the English, led to the peace of Edinburgh and the Establishment of the Protestant religion by the Parliament of 1560.

The death of Francis II. before the close of the same year brought a new actor on the field, whose connection with Fife has given it a world-wide interest. It is only a small portion of mankind who give heed to the preacher. Every heart is touched by the charm and fate of Mary Stuart, and few minds resist the attempt to read the riddle of her life. In August 1561 she returned to Scotland, sad at quitting France with its bright sky, not sorry to leave Catherine de Medici, a mother-in-law with the feelings popularly attributed to a step-mother, and glad to exchange the position of a young dowager for that of a regnant queen. She knew the outward contrast between the polished courtiers and as yet submissive third estate of France, and the rough barons and rude commons of her own country. But she was not fully conscious of the inward and deep difference, political as well as religious, between the people she then left and those whom she was now to try to govern.

During the six years of her actual reign she was much in Fife, visiting Falkland, Lochleven, Cupar, Wemyss, and St Andrews, hunting and hawking, dancing and singing, escaping the restraint of Court at Holyrood and the mob of the Edinburgh streets, to play the bourgeois wife in the merchant's house still standing at the corner of South Street in St Andrews, or the country girl in the park and woods of Falkland. Our attention must be fixed on three places, each the scene of incidents notable even amongst the many

romantic scenes of her life. At Burntisland, then called Wester Kinghorn, Chastellard committed the fault or crime for which he paid the forfeit of his life. At Wemyss she met Darnley. In the Castle of Lochleven she found her first prison, and commenced, if guilty, her lifelong expiation; if innocent, her slow torture for his death.

When the Queen, only in her nineteenth year, returned to Scotland, amongst her brilliant suite was a young cavalier and poet, Chastellard, a gentleman in the service of M. d'Amville, the son of Anne de Montmorency, afterwards Constable of France. He came of good family in Dauphiné, and was grandnephew by his mother of Bayard, the chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, whom he resembled in the former quality. It was said he was also like Bayard in his good figure, his skill in arms, games, and dancing. He spoke and wrote both prose and verse in a pleasing style; but if the few specimens of his poetry preserved are fair samples, he was an indifferent poet. This accomplished gentleman, says his friend Brantome, made the Queen's acquaintance by his good qualities, and especially by his rhymes. In a sonnet translated from the Italian he put the dangerous question, "Of what use is it to possess kingdoms, cities, towns, provinces, and to command nations, to be respected, feared, and admired by every one, yet to live a lonely widow, cold as ice?" In another he paid a trite, perhaps still more hazardous, compliment to her beauty, "That her eyes lit the sea, and made torches needless for a lover." The Queen returned compliment for compliment and verse for verse. Like many royal ladies of the time, and some of her own ancestors, she practised poetry, an unsafe guide for life. Chastellard returned to France with M. d'Amville; but, unwilling to take part in the religious wars of France, and longing again to see the lady of his heart, like a moth unable to shun the flame, he came to Scotland in 1562

with a letter from M. d'Amville recommending him to the Queen. He was received in the beginning of November at Montrose, where Randolph, the English envoy, saw him deliver his letter, watching the Queen with spy's eyes as she read. He detected only smiles, in which Lethington, the astute secretary, assured him there were no politics. It was probably no more than a letter of recommendation and a smile of recognition. But Mary imprudently treated the young cavalier with more than her common graciousness, accepted a copy of his poems, and mounted him on a horse, the gift of Lord Robert Stuart. Knox insinuates further familiarities, that she chose him, and it is likely enough she did, for her partner in a dance called "The Purpose," leaned on his shoulder, and preferred his company to that of the nobles, which is a charge he repeats almost in the same words with regard to Rizzio. Her condescension turned a giddy brain. Brantome, in the light manner of his time and country which we can scarcely understand, boasts of the amour which cost his friend his life. Yet it must be remembered he knew Mary Stuart as well as Chastellard. "In old times," he says, "mortals loved goddesses and knights princesses. Men will continue to love those above them." Chastellard's conduct was an extravagance, not a crime. He was a Phaethon or a Pygmalion. Mary was the Sun that burnt, not a Galatea who rewarded her lover. This was the era in France of Ronsard and the Pleiad. The classic and heathen had mingled with and corrupted the medieval and religious idea of chivalric love. Royal ladies specially favoured poets, from the day when a daughter of James I. of Scotland, the wife of the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., kissed the lips of Alan Chartier, from which so many virtuous thoughts and wise sayings had come, to that on which Margaret of Savoy won the favour of Henry of Navarre for Ronsard by reading his verses with her royal lips. Mary Stuart's smiles were fatal

gifts. On the night of 12th February 1563, Chastellard hid himself in the Queen's room at Holyrood. Pardoned, whether by or against the wish of the Queen is not certain, he followed her in a few days to Burntisland, and was again found in a room still called the state bed-chamber, in the Castle of Rossend, on the rock forming the west side of the harbour of Burntisland, where Mary rested on her way to St Andrews. It was impossible to overlook a second offence. He was tried by an assize, of which the record along with that of others of this period is unfortunately lost, and executed at St Andrews on the 22d of February. According to Knox, he confessed his guilt. Randolph makes a similar statement in a letter to Cecil; but Brantome, with more probability, says that he refused the aid of minister or confessor, and died after reading on the scaffold a hymn to death by his master Ronsard. His last words were the passionate cry, an echo of "La belle Dame sans merci," "Adieu! most beautiful and most cruel princess of the world." "Such," remarks Knox, "was the reward of his dancing," which was in the eyes of the Reformer, as of some of his countrymen, almost a sin. Brantome, on the other hand, though he does not himself accept, reports the view of the Frenchmen of his class, that all the misfortunes of Mary were due to the one crime of Chastellard's death. Mary herself was at St Andrews on the day of the execution; and though she must have felt the scandal, within a week, according to Randolph's report, she was merry again, till the news of the murder of her uncle, the Duke of Guise, again saddened her young volatile spirits. But the fate of Chastellard, he adds, is a scar that will never be effaced.

The story of Chastellard is not a mere episode in the life of Mary. It was one of the causes which led to the marriage with Darnley. It convinced her, probably not unwilling to be convinced, that a young widowed queen could not live in

Scotland without risk of scandal or even of outrage, and that marriage was a personal as well as a political necessity. Every Court in Europe had wooers for the hand which held the dowry of France and the crown of Scotland in fee, with the crown of England in reversion. Queen Elizabeth had announced her intention not to marry. With an inscrutable insincerity or inconsistency, which baffles all historians to interpret, except Mr Froude, who applies his theory of self sacrifice to her as to Henry VIII., Elizabeth pressed Dudley, whom she loved herself, as the most suitable husband for her dear sister and cousin. Yet at the last moment the young Darnley, whom she thought the least desirable match, and who was known to aspire to his cousin's hand, was allowed to follow his father Lennox to Scotland. Did she wish to try or tempt both the man she loved and the woman she hated? Dudley, preferring the chance of the greater kingdom, professed himself unworthy of Mary, and did not take a single step to urge his suit. Darnley, with all his faults, possessed to perfection the qualities of an ardent lover. He was only nineteen, a little younger than Mary. The grandson of Margaret Tudor, he had the privilege of cousinhood, and he was on his father's side a Stuart, with some drops of the mysterious royal blood, which counted for so much in the theory of equality in marriage. He could write a good letter, and verses at least as good as Chastellard's. He was tall, well made, with a fair, smooth face, so much talked of, that when Sir James Melville came to Elizabeth's Court, and she started the subject of the marriage with Dudley without getting any favourable reply from the old diplomatist and match-maker, she said to him, "You like better of that long lad," pointing to Darnley, who carried the sword of honour as nearest prince of the blood. His mother, proud of her boy, had perhaps sent him to visit Mary in her widowhood in France, and certainly now prepared

the way for a youth no longer a boy with a woman's tact, by gifts of jewels to the Queen and her principal advisers. "She was," says Melville, with whom she had a secret understanding, and who was the bearer of her gifts, "a very discreet matron." "Cousinage," says the French proverb, "dangereuse voisinage." While other suitors wrote letters, talked about terms, and sent envoys, Darnley came, was seen, and conquered. He reached Berwick on the 12th of February 1565, and after staying a night with Maitland at Lethington, and two days in Edinburgh, crossed the Firth and found her at the Castle of Wemyss on the 16th.

This castle stands on one of the picturesque sites in Fife, a cliff some forty feet above the sea, about the centre of the finely curved bay between Kinghorn and the point of Elie. Its tower has a clear view across the Forth to the well-marked outline of the ridge on which Edinburgh then stretched its single line of buildings from Holyrood at the foot of Arthur Seat to the Castlehill, with the Braids and Pentlands in the background. Inchkeith, the May, the Bass, and the Law of North Berwick, give variety to the outlines of the landscape. On the east at a little distance are the fragments of the wall of one of Macduff's castles, and on the shore below, the sea has made the caves which gave Wemyss its name, inscribed with rude figures of mysterious Pagan symbols and the Christian cross of the early missionaries carved by unknown hands before history was written. The castle, encrusted with modern building, still contains the room magniloquently called a presence-chamber, now the housekeeper's parlour, in which Mary received Darnley. It was situated in the quadrangular court, then the centre of the building. It belonged, as it still does, to a family which claims descent from Macduff, the Celtic chief, perhaps King of Fife, one of whose ancestors had been sent with Sir Michael Scot of Balwearie to bring

home the Maid of Norway. But at this date it was in the possession of Lord James, the Queen's brother, with what object is not explained. It is said that Darnley, on being shown Murray's estates on a map of Scotland, imprudently growled, "He has too much land." No Scotch lord or laird before or since knew better the art of "birsing yont" than Murray. The season was inclement, and neither landscape, history, nor politics probably were thought of by a pair of lovers during the sweet swift hours of the dawn of love.

In January the French Ambassador De Foix wrote to Catherine de Medici that the Queen had begun to marry her Marys, and said she would be of the band and marry within six months. She was leading a merry life, hunting in the morning and dancing in the evening, with Lennox as her most frequent partner. The news had come that Darnley had at last got leave from Queen Elizabeth, and was about to start for Scotland. Mary knew as well as Elizabeth what Darnley's errand was. She received him graciously, though she coyly declined a ring too soon offered. But she had, for the first and last time in her life, fallen in love. Unless Bothwell is an exception, all her later matrimonial projects were directed by the head, not by the heart. It was her lot to be loved rather than to love. "Her Majestie," writes the courtier Melville, "tuk weill with Darnley, and said that he was the best-proportioned lang lad that she had seen, for he was of a heich stature, lang and small, even and brent up, weill instructed from his youth in all honest and comely exercises." The longer he was with her the better she liked him. Before he left Wemyss on the 19th of February, she had determined, though not consented, to marry. The public marriage at Holyrood did not take place till the end of July, but a private marriage or betrothal was celebrated, in a room fitted up by Rizzio as a chapel at Stirling, in April. "She

does everything to please him," wrote Randolph to Cecil shortly before the marriage (3d July 1566), "though he cannot be persuaded to yield the smallest thing to please her." But after a few months (13th Feb. 1567), "I know now for certain that the Queen repenteth her marriage, that she hateth him and all his kin." The hasty marriage had led to a quick repentance. It takes little time to dissolve the marriage of the eye. Before her son was born, Rizzio, the Italian adventurer, whose voice first gained her ear, and whose skill in languages had given him possession of her secrets,—cause enough for jealousy without the invention of a guilty attachment,—was murdered in her presence with Darnley's connivance, for which she never forgave him. His own murder by Bothwell followed within less than a year that of Rizzio. Her marriage to Bothwell was a little more than three months after Darnley's death, and her surrender and Bothwell's flight at Carberry were within two months from their fatal marriage.

A prisoner in the hands of the nobles of the Protestant party, Mary was sent to Lochleven on 17th June 1567, and remained there till her escape on the 2d of May in the following year. The castle on the island was the scene of her last and longest residence in Fife. It was not unknown to her, for she had more than once stopped there in riding to or from Perth. She had built on the west of its courtyard a new presence-chamber, and hung on its walls tapestry with scenes of hunting and hawking, her favourite sport. The choice of this castle for her imprisonment was perhaps due to the fact that Lady Douglas, the mother of its young owner, Sir James Douglas, was the mother also by James V. of Lord James, the Queen's illegitimate brother and future Regent. But it was used before as well as after as a State prison. It even became a saying that "those never got luck who came to Lochleven." Her fate and that of the Earl of Northumber-

land probably assisted in the making of this proverb. The curse is past. One who goes to Lochleven now, even if he has not luck in angling, finds a picturesque scene, and returns with his imagination full both of its past and present. It has not the wild beauty of Highland lochs, nor the rich foliage of English and Irish lakes, but when the sun shines on its broad sheet of water, or the moon rises over the Bishop's Hill, its quiet landscape has a peculiar charm.

In historical memories Lochleven has no rival among Scottish lochs. One of its islands was the cradle of Christianity in Fife, and the Priory of Portmoak had a cell there dedicated to St Serf. In this cell, or the home of the prior, Andrew of Wintoun probably wrote his 'Oryginal Chronicle of Scotland,' and Kinross-shire may be deemed the birthplace of Scottish History. The castle in which Mary was confined, which gives its name to the Castle Island, may have been built in the thirteenth century. It had been associated with a daring exploit of Wallace, who delivered it from the English. It stood a siege by Baliol, and later received as prisoners of state King Robert II., his lawless son the Wolf of Badenoch, and a Primate of Scotland, Patrick Graham, whose Royal blood and high office did not save him, in the reign of James III., from a captive's grave on St Serf's Island, where a skeleton, probably his, was not long ago disinterred.

Queen Mary herself had met Knox there on 13th April 1565, and a second time at Turfhills, in the immediate neighbourhood, in the least stormy of their interviews, when she was all smiles, and, according to tradition, gave a watch to the Reformer, whose good offices she sought to make up a quarrel between the Earl of Argyll and his wife. But Knox's stern verdict, then formed and never altered, was that her heart was closed, if any heart had ever been, against

God and His truth. Within three miles of the loch, at Barnhill, she and Darnley narrowly escaped capture when on the road to Edinburgh for their public marriage, outrunning the ambush concerted by Murray, Argyll, and other nobles, by one of the early and rapid rides in which she delighted. Every feature of the loch and its surroundings, the braes of the Ochils on the north, the Bishop's Hill on the east, Benarty on the south, the flat carse with Kinross, the head of the peninsula of Fife, on the west, and the neighbouring towers of Burleigh, Dowhill, Cleish, Aldie, and Tullibole, the monastery of Portmoak, and the hospital at Scotlandwell, must have been familiar to the Queen. Nature wears a different garb when seen from a prison; and though her hands were busy with the needle and the spindle, or if she got sufficient ink from coal with the pen, the one thought of the captive was how to escape.

The life of Mary at Lochleven has been minutely described in the memorial of Nau, her secretary, in 'The Abbot' of Scott, a romance which is not fiction, and in a careful memoir by Mr Burns Begg. Antiquaries, more fortunate than usual in all which concerns Queen Mary, have preserved the screen she and her maids worked with the scenes apparently of her own history, the sceptre she cast into the loch in her flight, the keys young Willie Douglas stole to enable her to escape, and possibly the cannon-ball Sir William Douglas shot at his brother George when hovering round the loch to communicate with her and aid her flight. Tradition marks the spot near the east of the grounds of the new house of Kinross where she stepped on shore, and gives a quaint turn to the praise of her fair skin that the red wine shone through her transparent neck. No passages of Scottish history are better known than those which record her extorted signature to the Deed of Abdication; Lindsay's savage answer to her

tears, "Better women weep than bearded men"; her interviews with Murray, when a Stuart met a Stuart; and the visit of Sir Robert Melville, from the scabbard of whose sword dropt the letter by which Lethington gave her the clue of a mouse gnawing the net which confined a lion. The mouse took the hint, and did a good deal of gnawing with her fine teeth.

She had recently recovered from a miscarriage, but at no period of her stirring life was her brain more busy, her body more alert. Her escape, first projected by a forcible seizure of the transport boat and an assault on the castle, was defeated by the vigilance of James Drysdale, captain of the guard. It was a second time attempted in the disguise of a laundress, and was finally effected by the ingenious series of ruses and mystifications by which Mary herself got Drysdale out of the way and young Willie Douglas hoodwinked the keeper of the castle, possibly his own father, with a boy's pleasure in a game, which grown people seldom have when the game is earnest. She spoke so openly of her determination to escape, that Douglas and his mother thought either she would not try or would certainly fail. She wrote letters to Catherine de Medici and to Queen Elizabeth, skilfully conceived in terms which, if they were intercepted, would make her keepers believe she thought escape impossible unless by foreign aid. She played pranks with Willie Douglas and her attendants, even rehearsing her escape, making experiments how the garden-wall should be leapt, and in the mock play of the "Abbot of Unreason," in which Willie acted the boy abbot, followed him in a romping race about the ground till every one laughed as if he were drunk or simple. But his simplicity enabled him to jam with pegs the chains of the boats, except of one in which Mary was to escape, and to lift the key with a napkin from the table where it lay by the side

of Sir William when at supper. Mary, after she had supped, went to the room above her own tower, usually occupied by her surgeon, she said to pray. Who will doubt that she prayed for deliverance? But she found time also to put on a hood and cape as a disguise, and to provide herself with a kerchief as a signal. As soon as Willie Douglas gave the sign that the key was stolen, she ran down the stairs, along the lobby, past the door of the room where Sir William still lingered over his wine, through the unlocked gate, relocked outside as soon as she passed into the unchained boat, over the short mile to the nearest shore. Lord Seton, with a troop of horse who lay concealed in a hollow of the Hill of Benarty, the rim of which gave an outlook on the Castle Island, galloped round to meet her. As arranged, she waved the kerchief. It was of a colour well chosen, red bordered with black, and on landing she was at once met by Seton and his men. Greeted with looks and words of sympathy from the villagers as she passed through Kinross, she rode without halt to Queensferry, where she passed the Forth to Niddrie, Seton's house, in the parish of Kirkliston, where she slept after her swift ride. Mary never again set foot in Fife or Kinross; but she never forgot, any more than history can forget, the weary months spent in her first prison. Years after, she dictated an account of her captivity and escape to Nau, to beguile the still wearier months of Fotheringay, when hope had become despair.

John Knox visited St Andrews for the third and last time the year before his death, residing there from the beginning of July 1571 to 17th August 1572. Although the cause of which he had been the champion had in the main triumphed, the religious war was not yet over. The events of the last few years had clouded the triumph of the Reformers. These might have made one less convinced that God governed the

world, and would guide Scotland in the way Knox believed alone right, dread the future. The Regent Murray, his chief political supporter, had been murdered; Lennox had met the same fate; Mar, who succeeded to the regency, and Morton, who looked forward to it, and already possessed the chief influence in political affairs, were Reformers of too moderate a type for Knox. The Castle of Edinburgh was held for the Queen by Kirkaldy of Grange, and Maitland of Lethington had transferred his versatile talents once more to her side. The loss of the most gallant sword and the coolest head in Scotland was deeply felt by Knox. Maitland he had always distrusted, and he now declared, in terrible words to be used by one of another mortal, that he could not answer for his fate in this world or the next. The loss of Grange was the loss of a friend, the greatest blow which can fall on an old man. Knox himself had just recovered from a stroke of apoplexy, which for a time tied his tongue, to the joy of his adversaries, and when he recovered speech left him physically weak, and keenly conscious of his own weakness. But the indomitable spirit knew no decay.

His lodging, in the new buildings near the abbey at St Andrews, was the centre of the life of the Protestant cause. With the eye of a general he surveyed the field, and directed his chief attack at the strongest point of the enemy's position without neglecting minor skirmishes where an advantage could be gained. The Castle of Edinburgh, personified by his vivid imagination, was the subject of the most vehement denunciations, both from the pulpit and in letters to his friends. "That Babylon, the Castle of Edinburgh," he wrote to the Laird of Drumlanrig, "sall ones bring Scotland in that miserie that we and our posteritie sall murne for a tyme. Bot yit, schir, be nocht ye nor the faythful afraid, for to destructione sall it come, and they that presently sufferis sall rejoice

in this life and eternallie." He signs, "Yours lying in Sanct Androis half deid, the 26 of May 1572"; and he calls out as if his pen spoke, "Dead Scotland waiken, who before wald nocht be admonished of trubles to cum. Bot now in middis of trubles it seikis a wronge remede; for it is neather England, France, nor Spain in whom God has placed any comfort to pure Scotland, but onlie it rests in Himself, and onlie of Him must we receave it."

In spite of weakness he preached every Sunday, again choosing Daniel for his texts, from the 1st to the middle of the 9th chapter. "He always applied his text," says his secretary Bannatyne, "to the time and state of the people: whereby the wicked and troublers of God's Kirk might be pointed out in their colours." How different were the cold sermons of Mr Robert Hamilton, the minister of the town, who spoke only generalities which might be applied to those that sustained the good cause, as well as to the troublers of the Kirk, and suppressed the doings of such troublers, content if he had an approved author for anything he said! In St Andrews Knox was far from having all his own way. He was opposed not only by Hamilton, but also by John Rutherford, the provost of St Salvator; by two other Hamiltons, Archibald and Robert; even by Mr Homer Blair, a young student of St Salvator's, who inveighed against him and the students of St Leonard's in a public oration. The hottest words were used. Mr Archibald Hamilton would not attend Knox's sermons, which was not wonderful, as one of Knox's particular applications had been that all Hamiltons were murderers. Hamilton retaliated, "Mr Knox was as great a murderer as any Hamilton in Scotland if all things were well tried, and therefore should not cry out so fast against murderers, for he had subscribed the slaughter of the Queen's husband along with Murray." Knox, to whom this charge was reported,

challenged Hamilton, in a letter sent by Richard Bannatyne, his secretary, to say whether he had affirmed that he had seen Knox's subscription. Hamilton returned a shifting answer, with the sneer at the too zealous and over-credulous Bannatyne, that if the smallest boy had been sent instead of Bannatyne, Hamilton would have come to Knox and satisfied him. A further attempt to prove that the libellous charge had been made by confronting Robert with James Hamilton, to whom he was said to have made the charge, ended, as libellous charges often do, in the smoke of controversy. James Hamilton, taunted by his kinsmen and fellow-students as "Knox's bird," was forced to leave St Salvator's. Minor, even trivial causes of dispute, clouded the chief issue. There was jealousy between the two colleges, and the old feud in a new form between the university authorities and the ministers. Scandal did what it could to blacken. Knox, it was said, preached against making Mr John Douglas a bishop, the first of Morton's tulchan bishops, because he did not get the bishopric himself; to which Knox replied in his next sermon, "that he had refused a greater bishopric which he might have had with the favour of greater men." The real contest was not for titles, but for power. The man who swayed the Scottish Presbyterian Church as absolutely as any Pope that of Rome, had little need of the name of bishop. One of his protests was characteristic of his determination that there should be no rival of his pulpit throne. "I protest," he said, "that neather the pulpit of Saint Androis, neather yit of ony congregatione within the realm, be subject to the censure of the schooles, universities, or faculties within the same, but only that it be reserved to God, the judge of all, and to the General Assemblie gatherit within the same realm lauchfullie. The reason of this my protestation is, that I luike for no better regiment in times to come than has been in ages passing

before us, in the quhilk it is evident that universities, orderis weal established, and men raised up to defend the Kirk of God have oppressed it, and the malice of Satan is always to be fearit." This is the utterance of the Scottish religious democracy, and of a leader satisfied that when he spoke it was the voice of God, when his opponents acted it was the malice of Satan.

But if one who used such language, and never concealed his opinion, had, as was natural, bitter enemies, both open and concealed, and betrayed the weaknesses which beset popular leaders of the Church as well as the State, Knox had also during his stay in St Andrews warm friends, and showed a nobler side of his character. Bannatyne, whose tedious and dry memorials are sincere even to the point of exhibiting his own and his master's failings, served him with a devotion like that of a Highland foster-brother to his foster-chief. The faithful in Edinburgh and throughout the country waited on his least words. The heads of St Leonard's came in to his grace after dinner to enjoy his conversation. The leading ministers crossed the ferries of the Forth and Tay to visit him. Lekprevick removed his press from Edinburgh to St Andrews when Mr Knox came there. David Ferguson, the minister of Dunfermline, sent to John Knox and his brethren his answer to Renard Benedict, a Roman controversialist, which Knox acknowledged, "with my dead hand but glad heart, praising God that of His mercy He leaves such light to the Kirk in its desolation." The students of St Leonard's were as strongly attached as those of St Salvator's were opposed to him.

A singular good fortune brought to this college in the very year of Knox's residence a lad of fifteen from Montrose, who had the qualities common in the best students—an eager desire for knowledge, a modest estimate of himself, a respect

for his parents and teachers, an inquiring mind, observant eyes, and a diligent pen. The Diary of James Melville contains the most lifelike picture of Knox ever drawn, for the painter has failed to catch in any portrait the mingled sternness and tenderness which could charm as well as terrify. It would be wrong to alter a word. "Bot because in all my course," he says, "the graittest benefit was the sight and heiring of that extraordinar man of God, Mr Jhone Knox, sa far as I then knew and herd of him, I man heir record. In the tyme of his being in St Androis ther was a General Assemblie hauldin in the scholles of St Leonard's, our Collage. Thair amangs uther things was motioned the making of Bischopes; to the quhilk Mr Knox opponit him selff directlie and zealuslie. . . . The Erle of Mortoun gat the Bischoprik of St Androis, efter the hanging of Jhone Hamiltone, and presented therunto that honorable father of the Universitie, as Rector thairof for the present, Mr Jhone Dowglass, a guid, upright-harted man, bot ambitius and simple, nocht knawing wha delt with him. I hard Mr Knox speak against it, bot sparinglie, because he lovit the man, and with regrat saying, 'Alas! for pitie to lay upone an auld weak man's back that quhilk twentie of the best gifts could nocht bear. It will wrak him and disgrace him!'" After mentioning Knox's bodily weakness, he describes his preaching. "I saw him everie day of his doctrine [preaching] go hulie [slowly] and fear [fairly] with a furring of martiks [martin-skins, which, by an Act of James I., only knights and lords of 200 merks at the least of yearly rent had been allowed to wear] about his neck, a staff in the an hand, and guid godlie Richart Ballanden [Bannatyne], his servand, halding upe the uther oxtar [armpit] from the Abbay to the Paroche Kirk, and be the said Richart and another servant, lifted upe to the pulpit, whar he behovit to lean at his first entrie; bot or he haid done

with his sermont, he was sa active and vigorus that he was lyk to ding that pulpit in blads and fly out of it. . . . There was twa in Saint Androis wha wer his aydant [diligent] heirars and wrot his sermonts, an my condisciple, Mr Andro Yowng, now minister of Dumblean, wha transleated some of tham in Latin, and read tham in the hall of the Collage in stead of his orations. That uther was servant to Mr Robert Hamilton, minister of the town, whom Mr Robert causit to wrait, for what end God knawes. The threatnings of his sermonts war verie soar; and sa particular, that sic as lyket nocht the cause tuk occasion to reprotche him as a rashe railer, without warrand. And Mr Robert Hamilton himselff being offendit, conferrit with Mr Knox, asking his warrand of that particular thretning against the Castel of Edinbruche, that it sould rin lyk a sand-glass; it sould spew out the Captain with schame; he sould nocht com out at the yet, bot doun ower the walles; and sick lyk. Mr Knox answerit, 'God is my warrant and yie sall sie it.' Whill as the uther was skarslie satisfeit, and tuk hardlie with it, the nixt sermont from pulpit he repeates the threatnings, and addes therto, 'Thow that will nocht beleive my warrand, sall sie it with thy eis that day, and sall say, what haif I to do heir?'"

These prophecies and prognostics which we should now deem not so wonderfully particular, were fulfilled to the letter when the castle was taken by storm, and Kirkaldy of Grange, its captain, made prisoner. Like many other of Knox's utterances, they proved his power of foresight, if not of prophecy, as his followers long believed. Melville also took notes of Knox's sermons on Daniel. "I had my pen and my little buik," he says, "and tuk away sic things as I could comprehend. In the opening up of his text he was moderate for the space of an half hour; but when entered into applica-

tion, he made me so to grew and tremble that I could not hold a pen to wrait."

But Knox had gentler moments, and would sometimes "come in and repose him in our college yeard, and call us schollars unto him, and blis us and exhort us to know God and His wark in our countrie, and stand by the guid cause, to use our time weel, and learn the guid instructions and follow the guid example of our maisters." He even took part in the amusements of the place, and was present at a play acted at the marriage of Mr Colvin. He may have been tempted to what some of his successors would have regarded as a sin, by the subject of the play, which was the siege and taking of the Castle of Edinburgh and the Captain "according to Mr Knox's doctrine." At last, as so many years before, there came a call, in which he recognised the voice of God, that he dare not resist, and he removed from St Andrews to Edinburgh to take charge of the congregation there at the earnest request of the Kirk and brethren. They referred his returning to his own judgment. He made it a condition that he should not be pressed in any sort to temper his tongue or cease to speak against the treasonable dealings of the Castle of Edinburgh, and received a humble assurance that "they never mean it nor thocht to put a bridle to his tongue." It was a tongue no man or woman then living could bridle, though political necessity had once forced him to soften its voice in explaining to Queen Elizabeth his discourse against the Regiment of Women. There was more than one text of Scripture which Knox and his brethren overlooked, but the times required the Scriptures to be searched, as they thought, in the prophecies of Daniel or the Book of the Revelation, not in the Psalms of David or the Epistle of James. "He left St Andrews to the grief," says Bannatyne, "of a few godlie that wer in that town, but to the gret joy and pleasure of the

rest, especially to the Balfours, Kirkcaldies, and Hamiltons, enemies of God and the King." This was a rigid estimate of the numbers of the godly even for the strictest Calvinist. The influence of Knox was great while and wherever he lived and taught, and did not pass with his death. He left behind him many disciples in St Andrews and the other burghs of the East Neuk. Fife became one of the parts of Scotland which adhered most numerously and firmly to the doctrines of the Reformation, as afterwards narrowed and adapted by the Covenanters and their successors, to suit their special testimonies against their own times.

The first print of Lekprevick at St Andrews, in 1572, had been a copy in Scots of Buchanan's 'Detection of the Douingis of Marie Quene of Scottis touching the Murther of her Husband'; the last, in 1573, was a poem on "Uprichtness," in single metre, by John Davidson, regent in St Leonard's, to which was added "Ane Schort Discurs of the Estaites, quha has cum to deplore the death of this excellent servant of God, John Knox." Each of these broadsheets, now mere bibliographical curiosities, was then a blow in the civil and religious war then waging, with a singular exception. 'The Taill of Rauf Coilzear, quha harbourit King Charles,' issued at this time by the same press, is a comic romance which can have been printed only to amuse. As during the siege of Paris the theatres remained open, so in the storm of the Scottish Reformation human nature craved the relaxation of tales and plays.

CHAPTER VI.

JAMES VI.—RESIDENCE AT FALKLAND—VISIT OF DU BARTAS—THE KING TAKES HIM TO ST ANDREWS, JUNE 1587—ANDREW MELVILLE'S LESSON — SHIPS OF THE SPANISH ARMADA AT ANSTRUTHER, 1588 — JAMES MELVILLE AND THE SPANISH CAPTAINS — MURDER OF THE BONNIE EARL OF MORAY AT DONIBRISTLE — ANDREW MELVILLE AT FALKLAND CALLS THE KING "GOD'S SILLY VASSAL," SEPTEMBER 1596—FIFE ADVENTURERS AND THE LEWES, 1597—FAILURE OF THEIR ATTEMPT—CHILDREN OF JAMES VI. BORN AT DUNFERMLINE—THE NURSE'S TALE OF THE DEVIL'S CLOAK CAST ON CHARLES I. —JAMES VI. REVISITS FIFE IN 1617—DUNFERMLINE, CULROSS, FALKLAND, ST ANDREWS—CHARLES II. IN FIFE, 1650 — NO ROYAL VISIT FOR 200 YEARS — EFFECT OF ABSENCE OF ROYALTY — CONTRAST OF MEDIEVAL AND MODERN HISTORY.

The commencement of the reign of James VI. in Scotland was marked by outrages and murders even more than other parts of its bloodstained annals. A violent death, with or without form of law, was the ordinary fate of a regent or an archbishop. Mary's life was for a time safer in an English prison than it would have been in a Scottish palace. If James exaggerated the attempts on his own life, it was a very natural exaggeration. There were feuds everywhere, harrying of lands, burning of castles, and slaying of men. With a curious mixture of legal forms and criminal intentions, leading nobles still bound themselves and their retainers amongst the landed gentry in bonds or covenants, duly written by notaries with witnesses and seals, to make common cause in offensive as well as defensive war. Before what court, save that of

Mars, these deadly bonds of Man-rent, as they were called, could be enforced, none of the signatories considered. The form of warranty in Scottish deeds, *contra omnes mortales*, or in the sterner vernacular *against all deadly*, is a curious survival of the old practice of private war adapted to a time when its battles were fought in the court instead of the field.

Fife, with its many castles and royal residences, was no exception from this chronic war. The King himself, like his mother and several of his ancestors, had more than once to run the risk of kidnapping. It was one of the modes by which the feudal nobles limited the Scottish monarchy. Another Bothwell attempted to seize his person at Holyrood and Falkland, as his predecessor had seized that of Mary. The most famous of these attempts was the Raid of Ruthven. The Gowrie Plot took place outside, though just outside, the borders of Fife. When he fled from Perth, James took refuge at Falkland. Fife was still one of the homes of the Scottish monarchs.

The relation of James with the Presbyterian clergy was as strained as with many of the nobles. If the latter tried to control his person, the former claimed to direct his conscience. The one represented an aristocracy unaccustomed to submit to royal authority, and the other a democracy to which the religious revolution had given a new power. Educated as a Presbyterian under George Buchanan, James, like a clever boy repelled rather than attracted by a domineering teacher, early showed personal inclination to Episcopacy, and a disposition to treat the Catholic nobles with toleration.

The Presbyterian Church had passed beyond the stage of the First Book of Discipline into that of the Second, of which Andrew Melville was the chief compiler. Melville was another, not a wiser, Knox. With more scholastic learning, a professor rather than a minister, with less knowledge of men, and less

political though perhaps as much ecclesiastical power, he had, though not all, some of the eloquence of his great predecessor, and the same unbending spirit. Like Knox, he led the Church, and was the chief antagonist of James, as Knox had been of Mary. To see Church and State confront each other in the persons of their chief rulers had become a common, almost a natural, sight in Scotland.

The conferences with a view to healing, but with the effect of widening, the breach between the King and the Presbyterians, which took place in Fife, have been described by the lively pen of his nephew, James Melville. Their first interview was for a different purpose. In June 1587 James came to St Andrews, where Andrew Melville was head of the college, then called New, afterwards St Mary's. Reformed by his masterly administration, it had gained a name far beyond Scotland. The King brought with him Du Bartas, a French poet, then famous, now little known. He declared his wish to hear Melville lecture for the entertainment of his guest. But Melville, instead of complying with the royal command, thought it necessary to assert his independence, and sent a rude message that he "had teached his ordinar that day in the forenoon"; to which the King, with the want of dignity and arbitrariness which marked his character, replied, "That is all ane, I mon hae a lesson, and be here within ane hour." Instead of further reluctance Melville came and gave a lesson of a kind James was to hear more often than he desired. "He treated," says his nephew, "maist clearly and mightily of the right government of Christ, and in effect refuted the haill Actes of Parliament made against the discipline thereof, to the great instruction and comfort of its auditory, except the King alane, wha was very angry all that night"—"crabbit," as his father had been after listening to a sermon of Knox. Next day, Adamson, the bishop, gave a lecture. Andrew

Melville, contrary to his custom, attended, and took notes. He then caused his bell to be rung at two o'clock, long after his ordinary hour, to let the students know that he would answer the Bishop. The King remonstrated, and even offered to take his four-hours or afternoon meal in the college with Melville to prevent the lecture. When Melville insisted on giving it, he came with the Bishop, who asked leave to answer on the spot. But Melville ingeniously denounced only the Papists and their works, ascribing to them, without naming Adamson, all the Bishop had said in the morning, and proving their contradiction of Scripture with such a "flood of eloquence," says his nephew, "that the Bishop was struck as dumb as the stock he sat on." The King tried to calm matters by a speech in Scotch, in which he enjoined the University to reverence his Bishop; while James Melville played the part of peacemaker in a fashion his strong language in the Diary would scarcely lead us to expect, by preparing a banquet of wet and dry sweetmeats, of which the King merrily partook before riding back to Falkland. Du Bartas remained behind to talk with Melville; and, according to James, expressed his opinion that Andrew Melville's spirit and courage was far above the Bishop's. Perhaps this was French politeness.

We owe to the same writer a sketch of an incident which brings the history of the East Neuk of Fife into contact with the history of Europe. In 1586, James Melville was presented to the parish, which then included Anstruther Wester and Easter, Pittenweem, Kilrenny, and Abercrombie. Two years later, about Lammas 1588, the coasts of Britain, Fife included, were trembling at the news, then abroad, and more alarming by its vagueness, that the Spanish Armada was on the seas. It was like the alarm in the beginning of this century which gave rise to the first volunteers through fear of Napoleon. "Terrible,"

writes Melville, "war the feir, persing war the pretchings, ernest, zealus, and fervent war the prayers; sounding war the siches and sobbes, and abounding war the teares at that last Generall Assemblie keepit at Edinbruche, when the newes war credibile tauld,—sum tymes of their landing at Dunbar, sum tymes at St Andrews, and in Tay, and now and then at Aberdein and Cromertie Firth." But "the Lord of Armies, wha ryddes upon the wings of the winds, the Keipar of his awin Israell, was in the mean tyme convoying that monstrous navie about our costes, and directing their hulkes and galiates to the ylands, rokkes, and sands, wharupon he had destinat thair wrak and destruction." From this general prelude Melville proceeds to the particular anecdote which interests the student of the history of Fife: "Within twa or thrie moneths thairefter," he says, "earlie in the murning, be brak of day, ane of our bailyies cam to my bedsyde," in the old, not the new manse of Anstruther we now see, which was built by Melville three years later, "saying (but nocht with fray), I haiff to tell you newes, sir. Ther is arryvit within our herbrie this murning a schipe full of Spainyarts, bot nocht to giff mercie bot to ask. And sa schawes me that the commanders haid landit, and he haid commandit them to thair schipe again till the Magistrates of the toun haid advysit, and the Spainyarts haid humblie obeyit: therfor desyrit me to ryse and heir thair petition with them. Up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of toun, cam to the Tolbuthe; and efter consultation taken to heir tham, and what answer to mak, ther presentes us a verie reverend man of big stature, and grave and stour countenance, grey-bearded, and verie humble lyk, wha, efter mikle and verie law courtessie, bowing down with his face neir the ground, and twitching my scho with his hand, began his harang in the Spanise toung, wharof I understud the substance" (for Melville was

a travelled Scot), "he haiffing onlie a young man with him to be his interpreter, began and tauld ower againe to us in guid Inglis. The sum was, that King Philipe, his maister, haid rigget out a navie and armie to land in England for just causes to be avengit of manie intolerable wrangs quhilk he had receavit of that nation; but God for ther sinnes haid bein against thame, and be storme of wather haid dryven the navie by the cost of England, and him with a certean of Capteanes, being the generall of twentie hulks, upon an yll of Scotland called the Fear Yll, wher they maid schipewrak, and whar sa monie as haid eschapit the merciless sies and rokes, haid mair nor sax or seven ouks [weeks] suffered grait hunger and cauld, till conducing that bark out of Orkney, they war com hither as to thair speciall frinds and confederates to kiss the King's Majestie's hands of Scotland (and thairwith bekkit even to the yeard), and to find relieff and comfort thairby to him selff, these gentilmen Capteanes, and the poor souldarts." Melville replied that their friendship could not be great, seeing "they war frinds to the graitest enemie of Chryst, the Pape of Rome," but that the bailies granted him licence to get refreshment, but not to land any of his men till the overlord of the town was advertised. Next day, the laird having come and received them in audience, leave was given to land to the number of twelve score, for the most part "young berdless men, sillie, trauchled, and houngered." The names of the commanders were "Jan Gomez de Medina, generall of twenty houlkes; Captain Patritio, Captain de Legoretto, Captain de Luffera, Captain Mauritio, and Senyour Serrano." They thought their comrades had escaped harm till Melville brought from St Andrews a print of the wreck of the Galleats in Ireland, the Highlands, Wales, and other parts of England, which he communicated to Jan Gomez, and when he heard the same, "O then he cryed out for grieff, bursted and grat.

But we thanked God with our hartes, that we haid seen them amang us in that forme."

Gomez, on his way home, with Spanish high-bred courtesy treated kindly an Anstruther crew detained at Calais, and sent his compliments to the Laird of Anstruther, James Melville the minister, and the host in whose house he had lived. It is refreshing, at a time when men's passions and religious rancour ran higher than the sea which wrecked the Armada, to find an exchange of good offices between the Catholic Spaniard and the Protestant Scot. Nor need we, as the event happened otherwise, too curiously speculate what might have been if the Armada had conquered, if Philip of Spain had become monarch of Scotland in virtue of the will of Mary Stuart, and the Inquisitors of the holy office had tried the Reformers in Scotland as in Spain. A tradition lingers in the East Neuk, as in the Fair Isle, the Hebrides, and the Solway Firth, that Spanish blood may be traced in the dark complexion of some of the modern inhabitants, derived from the shipwrecked seamen of the Armada too disabled or too poor to return home. It is difficult to test this persistent rumour, which has perhaps nothing but a pair of black eyes or the bright red dyes of a bonnet or a shawl to support it; but when we are told that the Gosmans of Anstruther are descendants of Gomez, the Spanish admiral, or Guzman, a Spanish grandee, incredulity becomes at least pardonable.

It was not necessary, at the close of the sixteenth century, for Scotchmen to look abroad for examples of cruelty. One of the most treacherous murders in Scottish history was perpetrated in the county of Fife in 1592 by a Scottish noble—many thought, probably unjustly, at the instigation of the King. The hamesucken and slaughter of the Bonnie Earl of Moray has made the place of Donibristle celebrated, though the house has been twice burned since that fatal night.

The young Earl of Moray was son-in-law of the Regent, and on that account not pleasing to King James. Scandal soon after, if not before, reported that the Queen had, in the King's hearing, praised him "with too many epithets as a proper and gallant man." He was suspected of connivance in Bothwell's daring attempt on the King's person. But a feud between him and the Earl of Huntly, which had grown out of the grant of the lands, as well as the earldom of Moray, to his father-in-law by Queen Mary, an earldom the ancestor of Huntly once held, was the direct cause of his murder. It was interwoven with another feud in the West against the Earl of Argyll and the Campbells. Lord Thirlestane, the chancellor and favourite of the King, was certainly involved in the dispute. James himself probably did no more than give his signature to a legal warrant, but, like that of William of Orange in the affair of Glencoe, his subsequent conduct did not show much zeal to punish those who exceeded his orders. A mandate was issued to Huntly to apprehend Moray on a charge of complicity in Bothwell's plot, and on the 7th of February 1592 Huntly left Holyrood on the pretence of going to a horse-race at Leith. Instead, he crossed Queensferry, stopping the passage of all other boats. He had with him some seven score friends, and surprised Moray at Donibristle, his castle in the parish of Dalgety, between Aberdour and Inverkeithing. Moray had come from Darnaway with Dunbar, the Sheriff of Moray, and a few followers, in the false belief that the King had forgiven him. Huntly's men set fire to the house. Moray, who knew his sworn enemy was at his gate, hesitated, says the contemporary narrator, "whether to come out and be slain, or remain and be burnt." His faithful friend, Dunbar the Sheriff, went out first, that in the dark night he might be taken for the Earl, who himself was to escape in the confusion. It happened in part as Dunbar, who died for his friend, anticipated; but the

Earl, after escaping to the rocks on the seaside, was discovered by the silk string of his hood (knapskull tippet) taking fire without his knowledge, which betrayed him. Gordon of Buckie struck the first blow, and forced his chief, Huntly, to repeat it with his own dagger, as Ruthven had forced Darnley when Rizzio was murdered. In such deeds no man could trust another. Even thieves' honour is unknown amongst assassins. Their dastardly cruelty brings into relief the heroic sacrifice of Dunbar.

Moray's last words had been to taunt his enemy with spoiling a fairer face than his own. His youthful beauty, of which he was vain, was celebrated in the diaries of the time before it was embodied in the ballad which now is the best known version of the story. "He was," says Moysie in his Memoirs, "the lustiest youth, the first nobleman of the king's blood, and one of the peers of the country, who was thus slain to the great regret of the hale people." "A comlie personage, strong of body as a kemp or champion," says another chronicler. The best form of the ballad probably does not swerve much from the facts:—

"Now wae to thee, Huntly!
And whairfor did you sae?
I bad you bring him wi' ye,
But forbade you him to slae.

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring,
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh, he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he played at the glove,
And the bonnie Earl of Murray,
Oh, he was the queen's love."

Gordon of Buckie, sent to tell James the news, was detained at the gate of Holyrood, and denied audience. The corpses

of the Sheriff and the Earl were, two days later, brought over by Lady Doune, the Earl's mother, to present them to the King, but James escaped the ghastly spectacle by going out hunting. He failed to take steps to punish Huntly, and the body of Moray lay uninterred in the kirk of Leith for several months, "but by common rhymes and songs," says James Melville, "kept in fresh memory," until it was probably consigned to the vault in St Giles's beside that of his murdered father-in-law; but the place of its interment is not certain.

At the time of his marriage James showed a little more disposition than at any other time to accept Presbyterianism. He had been accompanied to Denmark by David Lindsay, a Presbyterian minister, who performed the ceremony, and Andrew Melville was called on to make an oration in honour of it on his return. In 1592 he consented to the Act which has been called the charter of the Presbyterian Establishment. But the leniency shown by the King to the Papist lords, Huntly, Errol, and Angus, as well as his scarcely concealed favour for Episcopacy, again led to a rupture between him and the ministers. One of them, Mr David Black, a *protégé* of Andrew Melville, and minister of St Andrews, made himself conspicuous by preaching a sharp and plain form of doctrine, sparing neither the King nor his ministers.

The most dramatic of the interviews between the King and the Presbyterian clergy was at Falkland in September 1596, when a deputation from the Commission of the General Assembly at Cupar was sent to remonstrate with him for allowing the Papist lords to return to Scotland. It had been arranged that James Melville, as most conciliatory, should be the spokesman, and he began a speech, which was often interrupted by the King, who at last declared that the Assembly was seditious. The bolder Andrew then broke in and uttered "his commission as from the mighty God," calling the King,

as he took him by the sleeve, "God's silly vassal"; and in spite of continued interruptions, declaring the theory, often repeated, though not often in the presence of royalty, and never so confidently nor with such firm belief: "And therefor, Sir, as divers times before, so now again I maun tell you their is twa kings in Scotland. Thair is Christ Jesus the King, and His kingdom the Kirk, whas subject King James the Saxt is, and of whas kingdom nocht a king, nor a lord, nor a heid, but a member. And they whom Christ has callit to watch over His Kirk, and given His spiritual kingdom, has sufficient power and authority sae to do, baith together and severally, the quhilk nae Christian king nor prince should control or discharge." The King is represented by James Melville as overborne by this argument. When his passion cooled, he dismissed them pleasantly, asserting that the return of the Papist lords was without his knowledge. But James never forgot or forgave the language of the ministers, nor the doctrine it conveyed, which he regarded as treason.

No two words could express better than "silly vassal" the change that had passed over Scotland, which was once the model of a feudal State, with a sovereign from whom all honour flowed and all land was held. The earthly monarch was rudely reminded that he had an Invisible Superior, which he might, perhaps, have brooked; but, what was less easy to bear, that he was a man whom any minister of his subjects might call "silly." Rudeness is an example easily followed, and it is not surprising to find Jane Guthrie, the daughter of an Aberdeen saddler, described as a "poor simple servant of God," publicly admonishing the King at Falkland. Such language could not be agreeable to royal ears after they became accustomed to the address of "Most sacred Majesty," and the reverence of the bended knee, which English courtiers and prelates used. Adulation completed the corruption of the

Stuarts. But the use of such language corrupted also the Presbyterians, some of whose ministers were apt to confound the invisible Church, of which Christ was the Head, with the visible, of which they were the leaders.

One of the most notable incidents in connection of James VI. with Fife, was a result of the long period during which the Scottish kings had made Dunfermline and Falkland their favourite home. This was the attempt to colonise the Lewes by a settlement of the gentlemen of Fife. While its immediate object ended in a failure as disastrous as the Darien expedition, it afforded a precedent for the successful plantation of Ulster, and the colonisation of Nova Scotia. It showed that Scotland was becoming too small for the increase and energy of its inhabitants. It was a shadow cast before of the events which were to make Scotchmen amongst the leading colonists of the New World, and amongst the foremost adventurers in American and Australian settlement, in Arctic or African exploration. About the same time, several Fife families sent colonists to Orkney and Shetland, where they acquired estates, as the Trails of Holland, descendants of Trail of Blebo, the Bruces of Symbister, and others.

The origin of the expedition to the Lewes is obscure. But Lindsay of Menmuir, afterwards Lord Balcarres, seems to have been one of the chief advisers of the project, and it may be fairly conjectured that he found in the county which was afterwards to produce Alexander Selkirk of Largo, the original of "Robinson Crusoe," a large share of the adventurous spirit. His object, one of several in which James showed a premature and half-wise statesmanship, was to civilise the wild Scots of the west by a graft from the more cultivated and better blended stock of the east. His grandfather, in the celebrated voyage, conducted by "that excellent pilot," whose name indicates a Fife mariner, Alexander Lindsay, which first showed a Scottish

king the full extent of his dominions, had taken with him to the Lewes and Skye some gentlemen of Fife, and so introduced them to that distant part of Scotland. But it required more than an occasional royal visit to curb the lawlessness of the Celtic chiefs, the absolute monarchs of their clans. The Macleods of Lewes, a race fertile in bastards, not content with internal feuds, preyed upon all ships that came to their island waters, and according to a Highland chronicle, "They hanged so many of the inhabitants of the coast side of Fife that they used diligence of law against Roy Macleod and his clan." The adventurous fishers of Fife already knew the wealth and the danger of the western seas.

Ordinary law was quite inadequate for the case, and James determined to try a more stringent policy. In 1597 an Act was passed requiring the chiefs to produce their titles before the Lords of the Exchequer on Whitsunday 1598, and to find security for payment of the rents due to the Crown which they had long ceased to pay, as well as for the peaceful conduct of their followers. Another Act provided for the erection of three burghs in Kintyre, Lochaber, and the Lewes. A council was organised to advise the king upon the affairs of the West Highlands. Its leading members were Lindsay of Balcarres, Lord Menmuir, the secretary, and Sir William Stewart, commendator of Pittenweem. It was natural to choose men of Fife, the land of many burghs, seaports, and fishing villages, for such a business. When the Lords of Exchequer met at Whitsunday, the chiefs, as had been expected, failed to produce titles, and the Isles of Harris and Lewes, and the lands of Dunvegan in Skye, as well as of Glenelg on the opposite coast, were declared forfeited. Lewes was granted to a company of Adventurers, of which the chairman, to use nineteenth-century language, was the Duke of Lennox. But the directors and shareholders were almost all gentlemen

of Fife: Sir Patrick Leslie, commendator of Lindores; Sir William Stewart, commendator of Pittenweem; Sir James Anstruther, younger of that Ilk; James Learmont, younger of Balcomie; and James Spens of Wormiston. They were to pay no rent for seven years, in consideration of the cost to which they were put, the hazard of their own lives, as well as the lives of their kinsmen and friends; but after that date a grain rent of 140 chalders bear was to be paid for Lewes. Similar terms were also agreed to with reference to the lands of Harris, Skye, Dunvegan, and Glenelg. A member of the family of Bethune or Beton of Balfour settled in Skye and left descendants. Four parish churches were to be erected in the Lewes, and two in Skye, as the King (here some of the councillors spoke in his name) was "most careful that these gentlemen and their successors should not be destitute of the comfort of spiritual pastors for preaching and administrating the sacrament."

A commission was issued to Lennox, as Lieutenant of the Isles, which was again renewed in 1599, when the Earl of Huntly was joined with him, and both were charged to assist the gentlemen venturers and enterprisers of the conquest of Lewes. The expedition did not start till October. It included five or six hundred men under wages, besides volunteers. The ill-chosen season, and the lack of lodgings such as the gentlemen of Fife were accustomed to, induced disease which weakened the force. They commenced building "a pretty town," or, as the Highland chroniclers call it, "a bonny village." The future Stornoway was then begun, and consisted of a few fortified houses or stances, for the burgh was never completed. The Macleods rose under Neil and Murdoch, two bastards of their last chief. The Fife men, under Learmont, were surprised at sea by Murdoch, who slew most of the crew, and kept Learmont captive in Lewes

for six months, when he was released on ransom, but died in Orkney on his way home. Bannatyne deemed his death a fulfilment of a prediction of Knox, but the Highlanders regretted it, because Macleod lost the ransom of his prisoner. A dispute between the two brothers led Neil to side for a time with the Adventurers, on condition of his own pardon to betray his brother, who was executed at St Andrews, and to return as an ally of the Adventurers to Lewes.

In the following year a new commission was issued to Lennox and Huntly, with larger powers and still larger promises, but neither took an active part in the enterprise. The leaders who returned with Neil Macleod were the three Fife lairds, Pittenweem, Wormiston, and the heir of Balcomie, the lairds of Fingask in Perth and of Airdrie in Lanark. A quarrel between Wormiston and Macleod, abetted by Mackenzie of Kintail, and Tormood, an illegitimate son of the old chief of Lewes, led to an attack upon the camp of the Adventurers, who capitulated. The terms were ignominious. They were to procure a full pardon for the Macleods, never to return to the Lewes, to surrender their title to Tormood, and to leave Spens of Wormiston, and his son-in-law, Moneypenny of Pitmilly, as hostages. In 1602 the hostages were released, and a remission granted to the Macleods; but a proclamation for a new expedition was issued in July for September 1602. Warned perhaps by the mishap of attempting it at such a season, it was delayed till the following spring. The further attempts for the settlement of the Lewes belong more to the history of the West Highlands than to the history of Fife, and must be briefly told.

In 1605 the Adventurers, armed with letters of fire and sword—such at times have been the stern, but not always successful, methods of coercion — temporarily reduced the Lewes by securing the submission of Tormood Macleod;

but his brother Neil held out, and, aided by Macneill of Barra, Macdonald of Clanranald, and Macleod of Harris, prevented anything like a permanent conquest. Other competitors, Huntly, Argyll, and Mackenzie, chief of Kintail, began to contend for a share in barren islands, coveted for the extent and not the riches of their soil. In 1607 the remnant of the original partners of the Fife Company, many of whom had died or spent all their means, returned to Fife. Kintail, through the favour of the Chancellor, Lord Dunfermline, got a surreptitious gift of the Lewes; but this was revoked, and, with the consent of the original Adventurers, a new grant was made to three gentlemen, two of whom were Fife lairds — James Elphinstone, Lord Balmerino; Sir James Spens of Wormiston; and Sir George Hay of Nethercliff, afterwards Lord Kinnoul: but Hay and Spens, who, after the conviction of Balmerino for treason in 1609, once more tried to conquer the Lewes, were thwarted by the intrigues of Kintail. They disbanded their forces, and a small garrison left in the fort at Stornoway was surprised by Neil Macleod, who burnt the fort and sent the garrison back to Fife, receiving, besides a money payment, the lands of Lettercurry, which were given him as compensation.

This was the last attempt of the Lowlanders to colonise the Lewes. Hay and Spens sold what they could not conquer to Mackenzie of Kintail, afterwards created a baron. This wily chief also got a gift of Balcomie's forfeited share of the Lewes adventure. With better knowledge of the character of the country and its natives, Kintail, who had used the Macleods against the Adventurers, now used the Adventurers' title to oust the Macleods. He substituted the rule of a Highland chief, who at least acknowledged the authority of the king, for one who recognised no law, and despised a sheepskin title. The civilisation, in the modern

sense, of this part of the West Highlands, was delayed for more than a century.

Before his accession to the English crown, Falkland and Dunfermline were the favourite residences of James. The one was resorted to chiefly in summer, for the sake of its sport; the other in winter, as a palace preferable to Linlithgow or Holyrood, with their gloomy memories. In Dunfermline were born his daughter Elizabeth, afterwards the Electress Palatine, through whom the house of Hanover came to the British throne; his second son, Charles, afterwards king; and his third son, Robert, who died young. "The greatest honour," writes Sir Robert Sibbald, "this shire ever had, was that it gave birth to King Charles, the royal martyr, who was born in the Abbey of Dunfermline, and baptised by Mr David Lindsay, Bishop of Ross, on December 23, 1600,—

> "Whose heavenly virtues angels should rehearse;
> It is a theme too high for human verse."

A traditional story, true to the character at least of King James, presents a different view of the infancy of King Charles. One night his nurse broke James's slumber with the tale—"There was like an auld man coming into the room, who threw his cloak owre the prince's cradle, and syne drew it till him again as if he had ta'en cradle, bairn, and a' away wi' him. I feared it was the thing that's no' canny;" to which the King exclaimed, "Fiend! would he had ta'en the girnin' brat clean awa! Gin he air be king there'll be na gude a' his ring [reign]; the deil has cussin [cast] his cloak ower him already." The last words became, perhaps still are, a byword in the town for an unlucky child.

James, after his accession to the English throne, returned only once to Scotland, in 1617, although he had promised to return every third year. It was a paternal example in the

Royal Stuart art of breaking promises. The situation was something like that which now exists between Sweden and Norway, and had similar effects. Courtiers preferred the pleasures and the profits of the Court and capital. The people, left to themselves, began to take an independent course, which led in a democratic direction. During his visit to Scotland, James naturally went to Dunfermline and Falkland. He also visited St Andrews, where, no longer awed by the presence of Andrew Melville, he made jokes on the names of the professors, and presided at disputations of the students on the harmless question whether sheriffships and other inferior offices should be hereditary. He little foresaw how soon the same question was to be put as to the royal office. He was greeted with panegyrical verses in a very different strain from Melville's lectures. Yet the murmurs of the Presbyterians at the forcible restoration of Episcopacy and of ritual services might have reached the royal ears, although the sturdiest maintainers of the principles of the Second Book of Discipline had been silenced or banished.

His visit to Dunfermline, either on this or an earlier occasion, was marked by an incident illustrative of the progress of one of the great industries of Fife. Sir George Bruce of Culross took the King to see his coal-mines, which were worked at some distance under the sea; and when the party were being drawn up a shaft whose mouth was on an island, James, alarmed at finding himself surrounded by water, called out "Treason!" as he had done some years before at Gowrie House. His timid and suspicious nature was alarmed at any unexpected situation, and happy only when surrounded by admiring courtiers or jovial boon companions. Scotland was not a home for such a faint-hearted prince.

Charles I. had not accompanied his father, but he came to Scotland for his coronation in 1633; and once again in 1641,

vainly hoping to raise the Scots against the English Parliament in support of the royal prerogative. The coronation was at Edinburgh, but he paid a short visit to his birthplace. Charles II., when he accepted the Covenant to gain the crown in 1650, made a brief tour round Fife, but, alarmed at the arrival of Cromwell, fled to England, and never returned to Scotland. No king visited Scotland for nearly 200 years, and Fife, which had owed to the residence of the kings the charters of its royal burghs, the titles and honours of its land-owners, and the careers opened to enterprising merchants and younger sons of lairds, suffered at first probably more than the rest of Scotland from the absence of royalty.

The troubles of the civil religious war, which lasted, with scarcely an interval, for half a century, from 1638 to 1688, also told severely upon the population and prosperity of Fife. How it emerged along with the rest of Scotland from this crisis, and grew after it stronger, more prosperous, more intelligent than in the days when it numbered kings amongst its inhabitants, belongs to a later chapter of its history.

No portion of its annals is so full of romantic incidents as the half-century the outline of which has been traced from the Reformation to the Union of the Crowns. But history, like life, is not all or chiefly romance. Truth is stronger as well as stranger than fiction. Even when history affords fewer motives for poetry, it supplies matter for moral and examples for political philosophy. The modern history of Fife includes only one battle and only one historic murder. Individual character, perhaps still as strongly marked there as anywhere in Scotland, has no longer so many opportunities to display its good and evil on a conspicuous stage.

Now other and wider interests succeed. We must try to follow the improvement of agriculture, the growth of manufactures, the adventures by sea and land which led to

the discovery of more than one new world, the planting of Scottish colonies, the triumphs of engineering, the reform of government and law which has given to all citizens a participation in public affairs, the advance of learning in schools and universities, the religious movements, too often sectarian in character but deeply influencing many lives. All these have left their reflection on the history of Fife during the last two centuries. That history, more complex, perhaps more difficult to narrate, affords matter more varied than, and as instructive as, the history of the times when kings lived and princes were born at Dunfermline, when archbishops held their courts and heretics were burned at St Andrews.

Ancient and medieval history have the enchantment of the distant view and the halo of time. Modern history comes nearer home. Its atmosphere is clearer, its colours less dim. We are no longer spectators merely, for the plot, though part of it is past or passing, is not yet over, and concerns our own and our country's future destiny. So much the more necessary is it that truth, the genius of history, should teach us neither to exaggerate nor to diminish the value of what is most worthy of record. Fife now became part of Great Britain. But it had to pass through a period of revolution before it received the franchise of the English constitution, and the opportunity of aiding in making the larger but not yet, as it has been wrongly called, the greater Britain beyond the seas.

CHAPTER VII.

REVOLUTIONS OF SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—ALEXANDER HENDERSON OF LEUCHARS—HIS SERMON AT THE GLASGOW ASSEMBLY, 1638—ALEXANDER LESLIE THE GENERAL AND ALEXANDER HENDERSON THE MINISTER, BOTH MEN OF FIFE, LEADERS AT DUNSE LAW, 1639—GIBSON OF DURIE AND HOPE OF CRAIGHALL COMMAND THE LAWYERS' COMPANY—HENDERSON AT EDINBURGH ASSEMBLY, 1639—AT ST ANTHOLINS'S IN LONDON, 1640—MODERATOR OF EDINBURGH ASSEMBLY, 1641—CHAPLAIN TO CHARLES I. AT HOLYROOD—DRAFTS THE SOLEMN LEAGUE AND COVENANT, 1643—AT ST MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, WHEN ENGLISH SIGN THE COVENANT—MEETS CHARLES AT UXBRIDGE, 1645—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD AT ST ANDREWS, 1639—HIS 'LEX REX' BURNT BY THE HANGMAN AT ST ANDREWS AFTER THE RESTORATION—GEORGE GILLESPIE, "THE THUNDERING PREACHER" OF KIRKCALDY—PATRICK GILLESPIE SUPPORTS CROMWELL, AND MADE PRINCIPAL OF GLASGOW UNIVERSITY—BATTLE OF PITREAVIE, SUNDAY, 20TH JULY 1651, LAST BATTLE IN FIFE—CROMWELL AT BURNTISLAND—THE PROTEST OF ST ANDREWS—RISE OF MIDDLE CLASSES—FIFE LOSSES AT KILSYTH—CASTLES NO LONGER FORTIFIED—LEARNED SCOTTISH GENTRY IN FIFE—SIR JOHN SCOT OF SCOTSTARVIT—SCOTLAND IN BLAEU'S ATLAS—'DELITIÆ POETARUM SCOTORUM'—SIR JAMES BALFOUR OF DENMYLN AND HIS BROTHER SIR ROBERT BALFOUR, M.D.—SIR ROBERT SIBBALD OF GIBLISTON.

Two ministers closely connected with Fife represent the best aspects of the character of the Covenanters, their strong intellect and their fervent piety. The cause which converted the head of Alexander Henderson, minister of Leuchars, and inspired the heart of Samuel Rutherford, Principal of the University of St Andrews, must command the respect of impartial judges. It will be necessary to record some of its fanatical excesses which were closely connected with the history of Fife; but it is only fair to

notice also the basis on which it rested, and which gave it so firm a hold on men of all classes.

The Covenant was the work of a Fife author, and its importance justifies a fuller account of the life of Henderson than might be otherwise proper in these outlines. His parentage is unknown, but it is probable that he belonged to the family of the Henrysons of Fordel, between Queensferry and Aberdour, which just misses also the certainty of having a right to claim the Dunfermline poet, and has for its only proved worthy the King's Advocate of James IV. One account says he was a native of Creich, a parish in the north of Fife, and this is supported by his gift to its school. Still it may be hoped that the portrait of the great Covenanter which hangs on the castle walls of Fordel does not represent an imaginary kinsman. His burial in the Fordel lair of the kirkyard of Greyfriars confirms the claim of relationship, which is not inconsistent with his birth in another part of Fife, or the variation in the spelling of his surname. Born about 1583, he was educated at, and became a regent in, the University of St Andrews. In 1618 he was presented to the church of Leuchars by Archbishop Gledstanes, possibly in return for the dedication of his graduation thesis to the Archbishop. His settlement was so unpopular that when he came to take possession he found the doors of the church barred by the parishioners, and had to effect an entrance by a window. One of the earliest recorded instances of a disputed settlement was that of the future leader of the Covenanters. That it should have been so, marks the rapid change, within a generation after the Reformation, from the submissive attitude of the people under the Roman to their independent attitude under the Presbyterian Church. Before the Reformation there had been many disputed elections to Episcopal sees. But no

one thought it worth while to dispute a presentation to a parochial cure. The Reformation in Scotland diminished the height of the Episcopal and raised that of the Pastoral office. The Congregation of the Church, and on a minor scale of the parish, became an independent power.

The conversion of Henderson the Episcopal presentee into Henderson the Covenanting minister was due to a sermon preached at Leuchars by Robert Bruce, the minister of Edinburgh, who had been banished beyond the Tay by James VI. for refusing to accept the royal account of the Gowrie plot. His text had the appropriateness which catches the popular ear: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." It was natural that this text should please the sheep, but not so natural that it should touch, as in this case it did, the heart of the robber. When Henderson preached in 1638 to the Glasgow Assembly, he made, though in general terms, a personal confession. "Alas! how many of us have rather sought the Kirk, than the Kirk sought us! How many have rather got the Kirk given them, than they have been given to the Kirk for the good thereof!" but he pleaded in excuse: "If there were any faults or wrong steps in our entry (as who of us are free?), let us acknowledge the Lord's calling of us, if we have since got a seal from heaven of our ministry, and let us labour with diligence and faithfulness in our office." He could then look back on a ministry of twenty years, during which he had never faltered, through evil or good report, in the hour of danger and the hour of hope, to preach the principles which culminated in the Covenant. Like Knox, he paid special attention to education, endowed a school in Leuchars with a schoolmaster's glebe and small stipend, the school of Creich with 2000 merks, and gave £100 Scots to the St Andrews University Library.

In 1618 he denounced the Five Articles of Perth, and was cited before the Court of High Commissioners at St Andrews for a book published by him and two other ministers, in which they declared the Perth Assembly a nullity. The proceedings against him were, however, dropped. The last years of James VI. and the first of Charles were a period of more pacific policy. It was the lull before the storm. Though sanctioned by a statute in 1621, the Five Articles were not rigidly enforced. Henderson, and most of the ministers who opposed them, were allowed to conduct services in their own way, and to take part in the exercises by which they strengthened and prepared themselves for the coming struggle. It came when the attempt was made to impose the Service-Book in 1637. The Archbishop of St Andrews gave a charge by letters of horning, which was the Scottish process of executing decrees, adapted from an old feudal form, ordaining Henderson, Hamilton the minister of Newbarns, and Bruce the minister of Kingsbarns in Fife, to purchase and use the obnoxious book. They suspended the charge, and succeeded in obtaining a judgment from the Privy Council, declaring that the letters extended only "to the buying of the said books, and no further." The supplication to the Council, drawn by Henderson, stated more clearly than any other of many similar protests from all parts of Scotland, why the ministers refused to conform. The book was not warranted, it contended, by the authority of the General Assembly, "the representative of the Church of this kingdom." The liberties of the true Kirk and form of worship received at the Reformation were warranted both by Acts of Assembly and of Parliament, and "the Kirk of Scotland is ane free and independent Kirk, and their pastors should be most able to discuss and direct what doth best beseem our measure of Reformation, and what may seem most for the good of the people." From the day it was pre-

sented, Henderson was marked out as the leader of the movement. When the supplicants met at the tables in the Parliament House, he drew the obligatory part of the renewed Covenant on the model of the earlier Covenant of the Lords of the Congregation; he received a call to the church in Edinburgh, though he did not then accept it; he was sent along with the Marquis of Montrose and David Dickson to Aberdeen to procure the signature of the Covenant and overcome the opposition of the Doctors of the University; and when the Glasgow Assembly met in November 1638, he was unanimously elected Moderator. Archbishop Laud called him "a Moderator without moderation!" nor can this be wondered at when the chief acts of the Assembly were the deposition of the bishops and the restoration of Presbyterian Church government.

The short Glasgow Assembly was the Scottish counterpart of the English Long Parliament. Scotland remodelled the government of the Church, while England remodelled the government of the State. Both can be judged only by a revolutionary standard. The conduct of Henderson was that of an able party leader, not of an impartial chairman. The alleged grounds of the deposition of the bishops were,—contumacy in not appearing, participation in the Acts relative to Church government and ritual, and charges of immorality declared proved on none or the slenderest evidence. That such charges should have been sustained is discreditable to the Assembly and to Henderson. The real ground of deposition was the determination of the nation, so far as represented in the Assembly, to revert to Presbyterian government. At every point in its proceedings — the resolution to continue sitting when Hamilton, the Commissioner, dissolved it; the examination of the registers; the denunciation of Arminianism; the mock trial of the bishops; the solemn sermon he preached

announcing their excommunication; the abrogation of all Acts contrary to Presbyterianism; the votes of thanks to the nobles and the magistrates who supported the Assembly—we hear the voice of Henderson. The rest do little more than echo his opinions or applaud his speeches, which they no doubt felt were the best expression of their own opinions. In his closing speech, while asserting there was no inconsistency between monarchy and Presbytery, he declared, "We are like a man that has lain long in irons, who after they are off and he redeemed, feel not his liberty for some time, but the smart of them makes him apprehend that they are on him still. So it is with us: we do not yet feel our liberty. Take heed of a second defection, and rather endure the greatest extremity than be entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

The Assembly was the proclamation of civil war, and within a few months the troops of the Covenanters confronted those of Charles at Dunse Law. Their leader was another man of Fife, Alexander Leslie, "the old little crooked soldier," born at Balgonie, and bred in the campaigns of Gustavus Adolphus. He disciplined and led the troops with the same power of command which Henderson exercised in the Assembly. The laymen who had kept their arms by their sides when at Glasgow, now had them in their hands. The ministers, Baillie, Henderson, Rutherford, Gillespie, and others, were present to watch and counsel, to exhort and pray. The blue banner of the army was inscribed "For Christ's Crown and Covenant," in golden letters. Amongst the forces specially noted in Baillie's lively description were "Rothes, Lindesay, Sinclair, with two full regiments at least, from Fife," Balcarres, a nobleman of Fife, with a horse troop, and "the constant guard of the General," some hundreds of "our lawyers, musqueteers," under two Fife lairds, Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie and Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall, "standing in good arms, with

cocked matches and well apparelled." This demonstration of strength forced Charles to conclude the Pacification of Berwick, and reluctantly to allow an Assembly to meet in Edinburgh.

Bold as was the language and still bolder as were the acts of the Glasgow Assembly, in the Edinburgh Assembly of 1639 Traquair, the King's Commissioner, proposed that Henderson should again occupy the Moderator's chair. It was felt that he alone could control the fiercer spirits. He pleaded age; and the suspicion of an insidious design to introduce constant moderators, which would have been a violation of the Presbyterian parity, led to the election of David Dickson, Minister of Irvine. Henderson, as outgoing Moderator, preached the opening sermon, in which he exhorted Traquair "to see that Cæsar should have his own, but let not Cæsar have what belongs to God." Addressing the members of the Assembly, in a tone somewhat moderated from that of Glasgow, he said: "After all these troubles, with a holy moderation go on; for zeal is a good servant, but an ill master; like a ship that has a full sail and wants a rudder. We have need of Christian prudence; for ye know what ill speeches our adversaries have made upon us. Let it be shown to his majesty that this presbyterial government can very well stand with a monarchical government, and we shall gain his majesty's favour, and God shall get the glory, to whom be praise, for ever and ever, amen." Henderson was as far removed from the fanatics as from the bishops, and he has been claimed as the precursor of the Presbyterian Establishment, as well as of the constitutional Dissenters. In 1640 he was chosen by the Town Council Rector of the University of Edinburgh, and proved himself a wise administrator of the higher education, as at Leuchars of the parish schools.

When the army of the Covenant, finding Charles unwilling to keep his engagements except at the sword's point, invaded England, Henderson, along with Blair, Gillespie, and Baillie, went as the representatives of the ministers to London to negotiate with the King. They remained seven months, the opening months of the Long Parliament, and of Strafford's trial and death. Henderson was active in the negotiations which the Scottish Commissioners carried on at once with the King and the Parliament. He lived in lodgings near the London Stone, which had been assigned to the Scottish Commissioners by the Corporation, and took his turn in preaching at St Antholins's Church. "From the first appearance of day," writes Clarendon in his 'History of the Rebellion,' "in the morning on every Sunday, to the shutting in of the light, the church was never empty." It was the first, but not the last, occasion when the robust and plain Scottish preacher reached the hearts of the London middle class better than the refined and learned orators of Oxford and Cambridge. It was by such sermons that Presbyterianism was propagated in England, and the vision of a united Presbyterian Church for both kingdoms was made to appear possible. The last form of "The Charge of the Scottish Commissioners against Laud and Strafford" was the work of Henderson, though the first draft was by Baillie, who modestly assigns "the polishing of all writs" to his colleague, and he prepared a paper in support of "a proposal for unity in religion and uniformity in church, as a special means for conserving of peace between the two kingdoms;" to which the King and Parliament replied that, as "the Parliament had taken into consideration the reformation of Church government, so they will proceed therein in due time.

Henderson did not neglect the interest of the universities, and Baillie reports: "Mr Henderson had a very sweet con-

ference with the King, then alone, for the helping of our universities from the bishop's rents. I hope it shall be obtained. A pitie bot that sweet Prince had good companie about him." All the demands of the Scottish Commissioners having been agreed to except one for the immediate abolition of Episcopacy in England, they returned home in July 1641. At this time the Presbyterian leaders, and especially Baillie, hoped that as they had gained so many of the Scottish nobles and the English Commons, they might even gain the King himself. This would have suited their monarchical principles and diminished their ecclesiastical dread of the Independents, now beginning to show their heads.

In the Assembly which the Commissioners found sitting in Edinburgh, Henderson was chosen Moderator against his own inclination and the opposition of David Calderwood the historian, one of the more stubborn Presbyterians, who thought the re-election even of the ablest man contrary to the principle of equality. His chief work during it, besides presiding, was the 'Overture against Impiety and Schism.' It was directed against the meetings of the Independents, whose principles threatened to spread in Scotland, and were deemed fatal to Church unity by High Church Presbyterians. He also carried a motion for drawing up a confession, catechism, directory for worship, and platform for government, in the hope that these might afterwards be accepted in England. The task of preparing these was reluctantly accepted by him. At the close of the Assembly he petitioned, and with difficulty obtained permission, to demit his charge in Edinburgh, but did not avail himself of it. The King having come to Edinburgh, Henderson acted as his chaplain, reproved him for not attending the afternoon service, and conducted family prayers at Holyrood morning and evening. That Charles relished this discipline any more than his father or his son is not

likely, but he dissembled his dislike better, and Henderson probably made his preaching as palatable as possible consistently with his principles. An immediate and urgent common object unites on friendly terms men with different ulterior views.

He was appointed by the Commission of Assembly in 1642 to go again to England, but for a time was prevented by the outbreak of the Civil War. When the King had established himself at Oxford, he went there along with other Commissioners to attempt to mediate between Charles and the Parliament. This attempt miscarried, for the King was now over-confident in his strength, and unwilling to make concessions. Nor did Henderson succeed better in an interview after his return at the Bridge of Stirling with his former comrade, Montrose, who now sided with the King against the Covenanters. In the Assembly of 1643, Henderson, as Moderator, drafted the Solemn League and Covenant, which was revised by Committees of the Parliament of England, the Scottish Convention of Estates, and General Assembly, and transmitted to the Parliament of England for approval. To procure this he was sent to London as one of the Commissioners to the Westminster Assembly, and immediately after his arrival on 25th September, the Covenant was sworn and subscribed by the English at St Margaret's, Westminster. England was now, so far as the Westminster Assembly by words and oaths could make it, Presbyterian.

In this Assembly Henderson proved his conciliatory yet firm management, even more than in the Assembly of Glasgow, where his word had been law. At Westminster he had to deal with politicians inclined to subordinate the Church to the State, with theologians who deemed Presbytery as devoid as Episcopacy either of divine right or human reason, and with Englishmen jealous of Scottish interfer-

ence. He had the majority on his side, but he was an assessor rather than a member of a body which contained many elements of division. He spoke seldom, always with weight, sometimes, though rarely, with fire. He yielded minor points, but upheld without a moment's wavering the Presbyterian standard. The compromise with the Independents, which allowed a doctor as well as a pastor in congregations, was his suggestion; and he cut by a similar compromise the knotty point of whether the ordination referred to in the draft of the Articles of the Assembly was exclusive or inclusive of popular election. But when Nye, an English Independent, attacked Presbytery, and argued that a Presbyterian union of the kingdoms would be dangerous to the State, he denounced Nye as an incendiary, comparing him to Sanballat who stirred up heathen rulers against the Jews, or Lucian who incited the Roman Emperor against the Christians.

In 1645 he was one of the Commissioners sent to Charles, at Uxbridge, but failed, as might have been expected, to induce him to surrender Episcopacy. When next year the King was forced by defeat to throw himself upon the support of the Scottish troops at Newcastle, Henderson was sent for by the King, and an argument was conducted in written papers on both sides, with a moderation rare in such times, between the King and his chaplain. It was again ineffectual, for Charles, whatever his faults, was as attached to the Church of England as his grandmother had been to that of Rome. They parted, however, with mutual respect, Henderson warning the King of the consequence of allowing controversy to turn upon the Royal Prerogative. He was already in failing health, and died a few days after his arrival in Edinburgh, on 19th August 1646.

Baillie, who remained in London, thought Henderson was

wasting time in arguing with Charles, and two years after his death the report was spread by an anonymous pamphlet that he had yielded too much to the Royal arguments; but the Assembly recorded its opinion that this was a calumny. The erasure of the inscription on his monument in Greyfriars' churchyard after the Restoration, was an acknowledgment by his opponents that he died as he had lived, a firm Presbyterian. His friend Baillie pronounced in the Assembly of 1647 a eulogium often repeated: "If the thoughts of others be conform to my inmost sense, he ought to be accounted by us and posterity the fairest ornament, after John Knox, of incomparable memory, that ever the Church of Scotland did enjoy." His textual sermons and argumentative speeches are not fitted to raise the enthusiasm of posterity to this pitch. Neither the Covenant nor the Confession, nor the Catechisms, Larger or Shorter, now hold a place second to the Scriptures. There are many zealous Presbyterians who consider the Covenant no longer suited to the times, and are ready even to revise the Confession.

But the high aim of Henderson will not be overlooked by the historian, to whatever Church he may belong. That aim was the unity of the Church and nation in Protestant doctrine and under Presbyterian government. He pursued it with statesmanlike perseverance and prudence. He failed to secure it, because the human spirit had burst its ecclesiastical fetters more effectually than he was aware of, and could no longer be bound by Calvinistic Presbyterian any more than by Roman Catholic uniformity; nor did he allow for the sense of independence, which was as strong in England as in Scotland. That such an attempt should have been made, even with partial and transient success, by the minister of the small parish of Leuchars, was almost as striking a phenomenon as the transient Commonwealth estab-

lished by his successful rival Oliver Cromwell, the representative of the Independents.

The connection of Samuel Rutherford with Fife began shortly before that of Henderson closed. His early life was spent in the south of Scotland, but his mature years in Fife. His settlement at St Andrews is one of many examples of the care with which the rulers of the Presbyterian Church selected the posts they deemed fittest for the best talents. Henderson was the politician, Baillie the historian, and Rutherford the divine of the Covenant. Born in Crailing, near Jedburgh, in 1600, educated at Edinburgh, and minister of Anwoth in Kirkcudbright from 1627 to 1636, he was deposed for preaching against the Articles of Perth, and banished to Aberdeen during the King's pleasure. He called himself Christ's prisoner, and his prison Christ's palace; but his confinement, though it prevented him from preaching, does not appear to have been strict. On the Ecclesiastical Revolution in 1638 he returned to Anwoth, and was present at the Glasgow Assembly. The Commission next year appointed him Professor of Divinity at St Andrews, and soon after colleague of Robert Blair in the City Church, which enabled him to make up for his "dumb Sabbaths" at Aberdeen. In spite of the wishes of the congregation, who desired to associate with him another minister, he was maintained in the sole pastoral charge by the Assembly. He was sent as a colleague of Henderson to the Westminster Assembly, and remained in London nearly four years. On his return to Scotland, he was appointed Principal of St Mary's College at St Andrews, and, declining two calls to chairs of Divinity in Holland, continued in St Andrews till his death on 19th March 1661. Shortly before it he was deprived of his offices both in the University and the Church, and one of the first Acts of the Restoration was the burning of his

treatise 'Lex Rex' by the common hangman at the market-place of St Andrews. In spite of Milton's saying, it was better to burn a book than a man; but though death released him from an impending prosecution, and it is possible, but scarcely probable, he might have met the fate of Guthrie, who was hanged in Edinburgh, there is no reason to suppose he would have run the risk of that of Wishart. After a time even bigots get tired or ashamed of killing their adversaries, and have recourse to other methods of silencing thought.

Rutherford was an indefatigable writer in the two departments of controversial and of devotional theology, not often or easily united. He took little part in the debates of the Westminster Assembly, and laboured for the common cause chiefly in the pulpit or with the pen. He defended Calvinism against the Arminians, and Presbytery against both the Independents and the Erastians. His controversial works are now little known, except 'Lex Rex,' in which he continued and applied the argument of Buchanan's 'De Jure Regni' against the Royal Prerogative. Though burnt by the hangman, the doctrine of this work has lived and become part of the constitutional doctrine of Great Britain. Yet in England this merit is forgotten, and Rutherford is probably only remembered by Milton's lines:—

> "Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
> To force our consciences that Christ set free,
> And ride us with a classic hierarchy,
> Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?"

The most celebrated of his writings are his Letters, published at Rotterdam in 1664, under the title of 'Joshua Redivivus,' and since in at least fifteen editions, several of London, down to 1857, and one quite recently by the Rev. Dr Whyte of Edinburgh. It is difficult to form an impartial opinion of a work some have regarded as the most perfect

fruit of piety, others as the ravings of religious ecstasy. Intended for the private eye, these letters are sometimes expressed in language drawn from the Song of Solomon rather than from the other books of the Bible, and pass the bounds of propriety in describing divine in terms of human love. They will be judged according to the different degrees of the emotional religious temperament in different persons, or the same person at different times. They are in tone nearer the devotional works of some Roman Catholic writers than the usual strain of Protestant authors of similar works. They recall St Francis de Sales rather than John Bunyan. They have consoled many good men and women in hours of suffering and trial, and faults of taste and style weigh little against such a claim to respect. Perhaps their exuberance may be most fairly considered a relief from the sterner dogmas of the Calvinistic creed. They are evidently the genuine utterance of the heart of "the little fair man," of whom one of his hearers said "he showed him in his preaching not the love but the loveliness of Christ."

Yet a third minister connected with Fife was the associate of Henderson and Rutherford in the Westminster Assembly, the pious and acute George Gillespie, son of John Gillespie, the "thundering preacher" of Kirkcaldy. Educated at St Andrews, he was presented to the church of Wemyss early in 1638, and ordained by the Presbytery "maugre St Andrew's beard," without the concurrence of the Archbishop, but transferred towards the end of the same year to Methil, near Wemyss, where he remained till his translation to Edinburgh in 1642. Having made his name known by a pamphlet, "A Dispute against the English Popish Ceremonies obtruded on the Church of Scotland," he was chosen to preach before the Glasgow Assembly, and, like other ministers, followed the troops of the Covenant to Dunse Law.

In the Westminster Assembly he was the youngest member, yet he broke a lance against, and according to the Covenanting tradition overcame, the veteran scholar John Selden. He took part in the composition of the draft of the Confession, and obtained its ratification by the Scottish Assembly of 1647, and next year was Moderator of the Assembly. The definition of God in the Shorter Catechism is said to have been taken from one of his prayers. He died before the close of the year at Kirkcaldy. A touching letter to him as he lay on his deathbed is one of the best of Rutherford's letters. Of his controversial works, that once most widely known is 'Aaron's Rod Blossoming, or the Divine Ordinance of Church Government,' which he dedicated to the Westminster Assembly in 1646. There is a somewhat milder tone in Gillespie's writings than in those of other Covenanters, which seems to correspond with the fine classic features of his portrait, not unlike the later portraits of Milton.

The inscription on his tomb at Kirkcaldy, like that of Henderson in the Greyfriars', was erased at the Restoration, but, like it, has been since restored, and Gillespie, partly because of his premature death, has been held in specially affectionate remembrance. Many of the stories about him and Rutherford belong to the legendary history of the Covenanters.

His younger brother, Patrick, abandoned the cause of the Covenant, became the chief supporter of Cromwell amongst the Scottish clergy, and received in return from the Protector the Principalship of the University of Glasgow. Though deprived of office and for a short time imprisoned after the Restoration, he threw himself on the Royal mercy, and was pardoned though never reinstated. It is in lives such as his, and that of Baillie, who accepted Charles II. as a covenanted King, that we see the weakness of the Covenant in the house of its friends.

The modern Ecclesiastical History of Scotland dates from Knox. The modern Political History dates from Cromwell. It is to his influence and action that the separation of the interests of the State from those of the Church may be traced. He carried Disestablishment, though in a different sense from the modern use of that term. His appearance in Scotland was only a flash, but it was the flash of lightning which illumines even when it destroys. A single year, from the end of July 1650 to the beginning of August 1651, was the whole time of his presence in Scotland, and of this scarcely a week, from 28th July to 3d August 1651, was spent in Fife. It was enough to reveal the weak points both of Church and State in Scotland, and for a time to subdue almost all open opposition by either.

His quarrel with the Presbyterians was on account of their acknowledgment as King of Charles II., who accepted their Covenant with his lips, hating it in his heart. Nor would Cromwell tolerate the assumption by the ministers of temporal power. No adversary in that age could have been so fatal as one who quoted Scripture as well as any of them, was as deeply convinced of his own interpretation of it as they were of theirs, and commanded troops better able to carry out the practical application of his speeches. He addressed the Scottish ministers in memorable words: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." Like other users of strong language, he never dreamt that he might be mistaken also himself. It was his sword and not his texts which triumphed at Dunbar, gave him possession of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and laid the south of Scotland at his feet.

It required a minor victory to reduce Fife, and force Charles II., whose strength lay in the Highlands, with Perth and Stirling as outposts, to fly to England. It was always difficult to get the Royalist troops to engage, for there was

division in a camp partly commanded by Charles and his generals, and partly by the Ministers. There were even deserters to Cromwell. The chief force of the King lay at Stirling, but Cromwell's generalship succeeded in provoking an engagement by threatening Dunfermline. On 17th July he sent Colonel Overton with 1600 foot and some horse across the Forth at Queensferry, and Major-General Lambert followed on the 18th and 19th with two regiments of horse and two of foot, to secure the northern landing, and to attempt upon the enemy as occasion should serve. The occasion came on Sunday the 20th, when the King's forces under General Holborn and Sir John Brown, with five regiments of foot and four or five of horse, were sent to intercept Lambert. Neither Presbyterians nor Independents kept that Sabbath as a day of rest. Lambert met the Royal forces between Inverkeithing and Dunfermline, and notwithstanding inferior numbers, put them to total rout, killed nearly 2000, took 500 prisoners, amongst them Brown the Major-General, and forty colours which were carried after Worcester to London to grace Cromwell's triumph. Holborn, suspected of treachery, fled, and the whole force being dispersed, Fife was at the mercy of Cromwell.

Two anecdotes of the battle of Inverkeithing or Pitreavie rest on tradition, but answer to the character of the time. The Highlanders were led by Hector MacLean of Duart, and as seven of his sons came to his rescue and met the same fate, he saluted them with the cry, "Another for Hector." Nearly the whole clan present perished. A few who escaped to the castle of Pitreavie were killed by stones thrown from its roof while begging shelter. The Wardlaws, the family who owned that castle, were said to have gone off like snow from a dike as a punishment for their inhospitality, which showed the Fife lairds were not all Royalists. But this may

have referred to the laird who died suddenly on 2d March 1653, it was said with an oath on his lips. The family afterwards redeemed its fame, and one of its heads was husband of the authoress of the ballad of "Hardyknute." The Pinkerton burn ran blood for three days after the battle, and the fields through which it flows were "as thick with corpses as with sheaves at harvest." Cromwell describes it as an "unspeakable mercy," and trusts "the Lord will follow it until He hath perfected peace and truth." It was soon followed by the bloody victory he called his "crowning mercy" at Worcester, which made him master of England and Charles again an exile.

Cromwell had not been at the battle of Pitreavie, which he is said to have watched from the woods of Barnbougle, on the other side of the Forth, but he can only have seen the smoke of the firearms, for the battlefield is hidden by the Ferryhills from the Lothian coast. Overton's troops crossed to North Queensferry and forced a landing in spite of showers of great and small shot. The defenders of the Fife coast found Cromwell's Ironsides more disciplined and determined foes than the marauding troops of the Tudor kings. A few days after he crossed to Burntisland. Inchgarvie, then a fort used as a prison, now a rock on which one of the piers of the Forth Bridge stands, had meantime surrendered, and the possession of Burntisland and Queensferry gave him control of the Firth. Perth also was taken, so that the passage on that side to the Highlands was secured. The King still lay at Stirling. The main body of Cromwell's forces, some 14,000 horse and foot, were now in Fife, waiting, as he expressed it, "what way God will lead us." He was greatly gratified by the capture of Burntisland, and gave in a few lines a clear description of its military importance: "The town is well seated, pretty strong, but capable of further improvement in

that respect without great charge. The harbour at a high spring-tide is near a fathom deeper than Leith, and doth not lie commanded by any ground without the town." One of his generals, Whalley, marched along the coast of Fife attended by a fleet, and took a great store of the guns, as well as ships, of the Royalists. The enemy's affairs, he writes on 29th July, "are in great discomposure, as we hear. Surely the Lord will blow upon them." The tradition that he visited the castle of Rosyth, which had belonged to the Stuarts, cadets of the Royal race, from whom his mother is said to have been descended, does not appear to be historically vouched any more than this step in his genealogy.

Fife reduced, Cromwell was recalled in the first days of August across the Firth by the sudden news that the King had abandoned Scotland, and was on his march to England. The small force left in Fife, stationed chiefly at Queensferry, Falkland, and Struthers, was sufficient to levy the cess, to support the English judges, and to sow the seeds of one form of dissent through the influence of Cromwell's officers and chaplains, who made a few converts, and rebaptised them by immersion in the Eden. The tradition that Cromwell causewayed the streets of Burntisland and improved its harbour is not accurate, for this was done two years after he left Scotland; but the suggestion and impulse was, without doubt, due to him. So, too, the story that the burning of Falkland Palace, and the cutting down of the woods James IV. spared when sorely pressed for timber for his ships, was the work of Cromwell's soldiers is not literally exact; but a wing of the palace was in fact burnt when some of his troops were quartered in it. Both Royalists and Cromwellians have to answer for the fall of the fine trees, of which only one or two stragglers survive near Strathmiglo.

The destructive as well as the constructive statesmanship

of this period originated with Cromwell. His influence precipitated the disruptions of the Presbyterian Church. The Assembly was sitting at St Andrews on the Sunday of the battle of Pitreavie, and as soon as it heard of the defeat, adjourned to Dundee. Before it left St Andrews, a protest was given in by Samuel Rutherford, then minister of St Andrews and Principal of St Mary's, subscribed by twenty-two ministers, against the lawfulness of the Assembly as corrupt, ill-constituted, and not free. The names of some of the Protesters, besides Rutherford himself, were Andrew Cant, minister of Aberdeen; James Guthrie, minister of Stirling; Patrick Gillespie, afterwards Cromwell's Principal of the College of Glasgow; and James Simpson, minister of Airth, near Alloa. They were the leaders in the east of Scotland of the party of Protesters, which opposed the Resolutioners who were led by Robert Douglas, Moderator of the Assembly, and formed the party that recognised Charles II. as King. The adjourned Assembly at Dundee promptly deposed Guthrie, Gillespie, and Simpson, because they had preached against the proceedings both of Church and State, and remitted to the Commission to deal with the other Protesters, "and if they could not be convinced, to process them." This was the germ from which grew all subsequent secessions, and the standing precedent of the mode in which the Conservative party in the Church dealt with them. The divisive forces of Scottish sectarianism had their source in this revolutionary epoch, but they were supported by a natural inclination of the Scottish intellect not only to independence, but also to doctrinal disputes and logical argument, which was greater perhaps than in any nation since the Eastern Church fought over the words and letters of the Nicene Creed. The strong hand of Cromwell, and of Monk as his lieutenant, maintained peace, silenced the ecclesiastics, and

enforced law in Fife as in the rest of the south of Scotland. Almost for the first time Scotland knew what it was to live under a firm Government, though a Government of coercion. Sir Walter Scott, an impartial judge, recognises the era of Cromwell as the commencement of the prosperity of Scotland. The bulk of the people, the smaller gentry, traders, and commons, while grumbling at the heavy taxation, which made the name of Cess odious to the landowners and farmers, as that of Excise was to the merchants and traders, profited by the stern discipline. Their former rulers, both the nobles and the leading ministers, were stripped of their exorbitant power. There is some exaggeration, but much truth, in the claim Cromwell made in his last public speech: "And hath Scotland been long settled? I speak plainly. In good truth I do think the Scots nation have been under as great suffering in point of livelihood and subsistence as any people I have yet named to you. I do think truly they are a very ruined nation. And yet in a way (I have spoken with some gentlemen come from thence) hopeful enough—it hath pleased God to give that plentiful encouragement to the meaner sort in Scotland. The meaner sort in Scotland live as well, and are likely to come into as thriving a condition under your Government, as when they were under these great Lords, who made them work for their living no better than the peasants of France. I am loath to speak anything which may reflect upon that nation; but the middle sort of people do grow up there into such a substance comfortable if not better than they were before."

The Reformers had freed this middle and meaner sort from the tyranny of the Roman Church. Cromwell freed them from the tyranny of the Nobles, and for a time of the Presbyters. The Restoration threw things back, but the revolution thus effected could not be reversed. The middle classes

in Scotland began to prosper, and gradually but surely acquired political power at the expense both of the nobility and the clergy, neither of whom reacquired all they lost. The participation of the meaner sort in politics was not due to Cromwell, but to reformers of a later date and different character. Cromwell, though he appealed to the lower, was the leader of the middle classes.

War south of the Highland border now ceased. Pitreavie was the last battle on the soil of Fife. We hear little more of bonds for private war, of spuilzies, hamesucken, and murders. In Fife property was more subdivided than elsewhere, and there were fewer places of natural strength. Many country gentlemen began to follow the peaceful pursuits of learning, or exchanged the combats of the field for those of the courts. The merchants grew rich, and the dwellers in the towns and villages disciplined their memory and reasoning by the study of Calvinistic theology. Those of the natives inclined to fight, sought occupation chiefly in other countries or in other parts of Scotland, as the gallant regiments which had marched with Alexander Leslie to Dunse Law, or which perished almost to a man against Montrose at Kilsyth. In Kirkcaldy alone it was reported Kilsyth made two hundred widows, and in Pittenweem forty-nine. Ninety of its choicest men did not return to Crail. The younger Leslie, David, afterwards Lord Newark, who was born at Pitcairlie, near Newburgh, revenged the death of his countrymen at Philiphaugh. Many Fife natives now exchanged the love of war for that of adventure by sea or land. Castles continued to be built till late in the seventeenth century. But their turrets and battlements presented only a mimicry of war, with loopholes from which no shot was fired, iron gates no longer barred, turrets from which no enemy was descried, drawbridges no longer drawn, and

moats which were drained and became fertile fields. The armour and the arms of the sixteenth century, if not beaten into ploughshares, were nailed to the walls of the hall, whose owner regarded with wonder the two-handed sword his forefathers wielded, or the coat of mail which had clad their stalwart frames.

In one of the later castles of Fife, whose single unpretending but striking tower stands on the depression between the hill where the generals of Mary of Guise met the generals of the Congregation and the ridge of higher ground to the west, one of the smaller barons of Fife led a life divided between the practice of politics and the pursuit of knowledge, from the latter part of the reign of James VI. till his death in that of Charles II. One side of the character of Sir John Scot of Scotstarvit exhibits a disappointed office-seeker, the author of the 'Staggering State of Scots Statesmen'—a "busy man in troubled times," as he is called by Sir James Balfour. But in spite of his unconcealed and natural chagrin at the loss of the hereditary office of Director of Chancery to Jaffray the Quaker, during the Commonwealth, and to one of the Kers of Ancrum, who "danced him out of it" after the Restoration, Scot deserved well of his country. No one of his class and time did more for learning. He founded the Humanity or Latin Chair at St Andrews and scholarships for poor boys at Glasgow. He encouraged Arthur Johnston in the compilation of the 'Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum,' the last fruit of the old tree of Scottish Latinity. The sixth volume of Blaeu's Atlas was published largely at his cost.

It marked a step of progress when Scotland was given a distinct place in the Atlas of Europe. "At length," wrote Gordon of Straloch to Sir John Scot on 24th January 1648, "our Scotland presents itself to the world. It will now hold an honourable place among the other countries of the earth

in the grand and celebrated Atlas of Monsieur John Blaeu, to which the world has seen nothing comparable." To effect this object Scot had enlisted the services of Timothy Pont, the son of Robert Pont, minister of St Cuthbert's, but born at the hamlet of Shiresmill, in the parish of Culross, and Gordon of Straloch, in Aberdeenshire, the most competent draughtsman of the time, and spared no effort to get contributors and patrons. Pont had been educated at St Leonard's College, St Andrews, where he graduated in 1584. He was afterwards minister of Dunnet in Caithness, and he received a grant of 2000 acres in the plantation of Ulster, which may have been a reward for his map-making. The map of Fife in this Atlas, of which a facsimile is given, is more than usually well filled with names, no doubt from the personal knowledge of Sir John Scot and Pont. There are detailed plans both of Cupar and St Andrews. A separate map of the little shire of Kinross, made by Gordon in 1642, though not published, is one of the drafts fortunately preserved in the Advocates' Library. His proposal to obtain from the ministers of each parish statistics of its condition miscarried, though Baillie wrote to his friend Spang, "Sir John Scot's petition to have a description of our shyredom by some in everie Presbytery to be set before the map you have in hand is granted." This project gave the hint for the 'Statistical Account of Scotland' which Sir John Sinclair carried out more than a century and a half later. Imperfect though it is, the work surpasses anything of the kind yet done for England or Ireland. Scot kept up an active correspondence with the learned men of the Continent, especially of Holland, which he twice visited, and where he dictated the descriptions attached to some of the maps of Scotland, to the admiration of his publisher Blaeu, whose epigram on Scot deserves to be recorded—

"Quod Patriæ Tabulas, sollers quas *Pontius* olim
Descripsit, densis eruis e tenebris,
Vel tibi grata suum tradebat *Scotia* nomen,
Sumebat nomen vel sibi *Scote* tuum."

The alliance between Scotland and Holland, which succeeded the old alliance with France, was nowhere closer than in Fife. It was cemented by ecclesiastical and political sympathies, by mercantile and literary commerce. Dysart got the name of Little Holland. A Scottish Church was founded at Rotterdam and other towns, and a church in the Dutch style was built at Burntisland. There was a curious interchange of learning. The Dutch sent books to Scotland and the Scots professors and students to Holland, who learnt in the hospitable republic the virtue of toleration and the sciences of Theology, Medicine, and Law.

The hospitable house of Scotstarvit was a centre for the literary circle of his countrymen. One of Scot's visitors—his brother-in-law, Drummond of Hawthornden—was induced to write the 'History of the Jameses' by his suggestion, and has left a memorial more intimately associated with Fife in the "Polemo-Middinia." This poem celebrates in mock heroics and rollicking macaronic hexameters the contest between the people of Vitarva (Scotstarvit) and those of the neighbour laird, the father of Drummond's first love, Cunningham of Barns (Nebarna), about a road to a midden :—

"Nymphæ quæ colitis highissima monta Fifæa,
Seu vos Pittenwema tenent, seu Crelia crofta,
Sive Anstræa domus, ubi nat haddocus in undis.
. . . . . .
Et vos, Skipperii, soliti qui per mare breddum
Valde procul lanchare foras iterumque redire,
Linquite skellatas botas, shippasque picatas
Whistlantesque simul fechtam memorate blodæam
Fechtam terribilem, quam marvellaverat omnis
Banda Deûm, et Nympharum Cockelshelearum
Maia ubi sheepifeda et solgoosifera Bassa
Swellant in pelago;"

The combatants were well-known characters, whether the combat was real or imaginary :—

> "Hic aderant Geordie Akenhedius et little Johnus
> Et Jamie Richæus, et stout Michel Hendersonus
> Qui jolly tryppas ante alios dansare solebat
> Et bobbare bene, et lassas kissare bonæas ;"

with too many more to name at length, though a word may be spared for the village fool, Jockie Robinson, "the Norland-bornus homo, valde valde Anti-Covenanter nomine Gordonus," and another local character, the "slavery-beardius homo qui pottas dightavit."

The whole piece is of the soil and air of Fife. Its coarse rustic humour continued the vein of Lyndsay's 'Interludes,' and was carried on in the "Anster Fair" of Tennant. But the different genius of the authors, and the change of fashion, give each poem a distinct form and flavour.

Arthur Johnston, another of Scotstarvit's friends, also merits a passing notice for the graceful Latin verses he turned on the chief towns of the county.

Nor was Scotstarvit a solitary tower of light. Alexander Cunningham of Barns deserves grateful recognition for having maintained the beacon of coals on the May in 1636, the first of the Northern Lights which have guided the Scottish sailor on so many voyages, and welcome the ships of all nations, who now seek its shores not for plunder but for trade. Mr Geddie, a scholar of St Andrews, made two Latin lines to commemorate it and its date. Sibbald is responsible both for their Latinity and numerals :—

> "Flamina ne noceant neu flumina lumina Maia
> Præb*VI*t et Me*DII*s Ins*V*la L*VX* it Aq*VI*s."

From 1816 to 1888 the oil light shone nightly on the same spot from which now the electric flash gladdens the eyes of the mariner before he enters the Firth. This little island

of Fife in the Forth contains the history of two centuries and a half of progress in the beneficent art which illumines the path of all who traverse the sea.

At Denmyln, another small and frugal castle by the roadside, about a mile from Lindores, Sir James Balfour, one of ten Lyon Kings who were Fife lairds from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries, united the study of heraldry with the study of history, and collected the manuscripts from which much of the authentic annals of Scotland have been written. One of his brothers, David, became a Judge of the Court of Session, like other Fife gentlemen, from Balfour of Montquhanie to Boswell of Balmuto. The youngest, Andrew, a traveller, naturalist, and physician in London, was deemed worthy of a place beside the illustrious Harvey, and returning to his own country reflected credit on a name distinguished by other men of note as the founder of the Botanic Garden of Edinburgh. He was the father of Scottish botany as well as of modern Scottish gardening, and left a successor in another gentleman of Fife, Sir Robert Sibbald of Gibliston, who was educated in Leyden and returning home spared time from the arduous profession of surgery to continue the work of both the Balfours. Sibbald was a diligent, somewhat whimsical and eccentric, observer of nature, as well as collector of antiquities. His surveys of his own as well as a few other shires are the basis from which subsequent Scottish county historians start.

In these days learning was neither despised nor rare amongst the Scottish gentry. They not only bought but read and wrote books; the library was at least as favourite a part of the castle as the stables or the kennels are now. The fashion of London was not yet a successful rival to the purer pleasure of a country home. One of the Lindsays, after trying a courtier's life a little, retired and spent the rest

of his life happily at Balcarres, to the disappointment and wonder of Charles II. and his courtiers. Another Fife laird of somewhat later date entailed his library, prohibited his heir from lending books, but bound him to allow free access to the neighbouring gentlemen, and a basin with water and a towel for the use of the readers—one of the humorous touches in which writers of their own wills sometimes indulge.

It is painful to leave such honourable and honest employments to notice what is fortunately the last historic murder that stained the soil of Fife. But history cannot choose events. The assassination of Archbishop Sharp is too memorable and significant to be overlooked. Though not born or educated in the county, Sharp, from the time when he became minister of Crail till his death, was intimately connected with it. The Judas of the stern sons of the Covenant, the most Holy Martyr of his monument, which looks now somewhat strange on the wall of the Presbyterian Town Kirk of St Andrews, Cromwell probably hit the mark with his usual shrewdness when he called him Mr Sharp of that Ilk, after the conference in which his plausible tongue persuaded the Protector that it was for his interest to favour the Resolutioners or Moderate Royalist party amongst the Scottish clergy against the irreconcilable Protesters, who would be as ready if necessary to protest against Oliver as against Charles. When the tide began to turn at Cromwell's death, he went to Breda, and made himself still more agreeable to Charles II. He had the courtly manners found then in a section, though a small section, of the Presbyterian ministers, and seemed predestined to a bishopric. Charles and his political advisers soon gauged and knew their man. But one of his early friends, James Douglas, a chaplain in the army of Gustavus Adolphus, whose air of greatness gave rise to the story of his descent from George Douglas of Lochleven and Mary Stuart, refused to call him brother, and after-

wards taunted him with the easy conscience which allowed him to accept the archbishopric.

After the Restoration, he was sent to London by the Presbyterians to protect the interests of their Church, which trusted him and Lauderdale (as they afterwards trusted, with better results, Carstares and Melville) to secure the Presbyterian Establishment and prevent the King from breaking the covenant which he had sworn. No one knew better than Sharp how to use words to conceal thoughts. It is difficult to put the finger, in his voluminous, and, in spite of his clear handwriting, wearisome correspondence, on the precise moment when he deserted Presbytery for Episcopacy. His palliators till lately maintained he merely moved with the times, and that, always favourable to a moderate view of the claims of the Church in relation to the King, and alarmed by the violence of the fanatics, he gradually acquiesced in rather than assisted the restoration of Episcopacy and the Royal supremacy as the best settlement for the peace of a distracted country. The fuller publication of the Lauderdale papers has established the substantial truth of the adverse view of his character taken by his contemporary the Episcopal historian Burnet and the Presbyterian historian Wodrow, who had been distrusted as partial, and certainly had no liking for Sharp.

In March and April 1661 he was corresponding with his Presbyterian friends, indignant at the "clandestine whispers" that he was trimming, and "commits himself to his faithful Creator, who will bring his integrity to light." But before he left Edinburgh he had been in correspondence with Middleton, and as soon as he came to London, with Clarendon and the English bishops. On 10th June he drew the proclamation for "the disposing of minds to acquiesce in the King's pleasure," and went back with it to Scotland. In November

he was nominated, and on 15th December consecrated, Archbishop of St Andrews at Westminster Abbey, when he reluctantly submitted to a private ordination as deacon and priest, thereby acknowledging the invalidity of his Presbyterian orders. Along with three other new bishops—Fairfoul, Hamilton, and Leighton—he drove in a coach to the North in the beginning of the next year. The saintly Leighton, one of the rare spirits who have lived in later times the lives of the first disciples of Christ, and truly aimed at healing the divisions of Christendom instead of promoting the exclusive claims of their own divided branch, refused the title of Lord, and disliking the ceremony of a public entry into Edinburgh, left his companions at Morpeth. Burnet, who saw the entry of Sharp and Fairfoul, notes: "Though I was thoroughly episcopal, yet I thought there was somewhat in the pomp that did not look like the humility that becometh their function." So well had Sharp dissembled, that Robert Baillie, who had been for twenty years his friend, and was now near death, only began to suspect him in October 1661.

When he took possession of his see the following April, he made a triumphal progress from Leslie, the house of the Earl of Rothes, to St Andrews, attended by seven hundred horsemen—the Earl of Rothes riding on his right and the Earl of Kellie on his left, but only two ministers. In his sermon, preached, as a malicious Presbyterian hearer noted, from a velvet cushion, he diverged from his text, "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," to vindicate Episcopacy, the want of which, he said, had caused nothing but troubles and disturbances in Church and State; and closed by observing that if the arguments he offered were not convincing, he had "more powerful ones in reserve." In the Synod a Presbyterian spy,

who had hidden under the seats, reported that when the minister of Leuchars complained of the growth of Popery, Sharp replied: "Let that alone. Let us take care to bear down the fanatics, our greatest enemies." It is impossible to credit implicitly evidence so obtained. To those who know the free manners and outspokenness of the labouring class in Scotland, there will be more verisimilitude in the story that when the Archbishop found his gardener in the garden of the Priory struggling with an obstinate weed, and asked its name, the gardener answered: "Ay; it's a bitter, bad weed. They ca' it Bishopry; and when it ance gets in, it's no' easily got out." Whether rightly called a weed or a flower, the popular leaders of Scotland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries found no great difficulty in rooting it out of the garden of their Kirk.

The conduct of Sharp as Archbishop was of a piece with its commencement. He deserted Lauderdale for Middleton, and then Middleton for Lauderdale, and that adroit political manager got him restored to the favour of the King. "His majesty's hand with the diamond seal was to me," he writes to Lauderdale, "as a resurrection from the dead." He took part in some of the worst acts of the Privy Council, and especially in one which led to his own death, the retrial and execution in the beginning of 1678 of Mitchell, who had attempted his life, but made a confession on promise of pardon. He procured the restoration of the Court of High Commission. He removed the monumental tablet in the kirk of Kirkcaldy erected to the memory of George Gillespie. He showed as much of the zeal of a pervert as was compatible with a temper naturally diplomatic.

On the afternoon of 2d May 1679, Sharp crossed the Forth, and lodged that night in Captain Seton's house, still standing in the village of Kennoway, though another old

house in the same close, nearer the churchyard, has also claimed to have been his last resting-place. Next morning he took the road to St Andrews, accompanied by his eldest daughter, in a coach and six—the one, perhaps, which he had brought from London for his ceremonial entry, for in Scotland coaches and six were rare. He was attended by four servants, besides his coachman and postilion, but without a guard. He stopped at Ceres and smoked a pipe with the Episcopal incumbent, Alexander Leslie, then drove on over the still bleak, but then bleaker, Muir of Magus, to the point where the distant towers of St Andrews greet the eye.

A party of nine Covenanters, headed by the Fife lairds Hackston of Rathillet and Balfour of Kinloch, were riding that day on the lookout for Carmichael, formerly a bailie of Edinburgh, promoted by Sharp to be Sheriff of Fife, and odious as the executor of the severe laws against conventicles. A boy, loitering about the road, told them he had seen the Bishop's coach coming towards Blebo. They deliberately put to the vote whether they should seize the opportunity Providence, as they thought, had put into their hands, and decided in the affirmative, Hackston declining to act as a leader, because he had a private quarrel with Sharp. Balfour accepted the duty, for such he deemed it. The Bishop, when he saw them approach, called to his coachman to drive on; but the foremost horseman rode up to the window, shouting "Judas is taken!" and fired into the coach. The other seven came up. Hackston, with a curious casuistry staying apart, looked on during the three-quarters of an hour which his comrades took to complete the slow murder of their victim. Wallace, one of Sharp's servants, attempted to discharge his carbine, but was disarmed before he could fire; while the postilion, who had never sat in the Privy Council, and whose only crime was that he refused to stop, was struck with a sword, which cut

off part of his chin. The commander then said, almost repeating the words of James Melvin when he slew Cardinal Beaton: "I take God to witness, whose cause I desire to own in adhering to this persecuted Gospel, that it is not out of hatred to thy person, nor for any prejudice thou hast done or could do to me, for which we intend to take thy life, but it is because thou hast been, and continues to be, an avowed opposer of the flourishing of Christ's kingdom, and murderer of His saints, whose blood thou hast shed like water." Another of the band said to the Bishop, "Judas, repent;" to which he replied, "Save my life, and I will save yours." His assailant rejoined, "It is neither in your power to save us nor to kill us," and repeated a similar protest to that of the commander, referring specially to Sharp's share in the blood of James Mitchell and James Learmonth. The commander then fired his pistol, and one of his comrades wounded the bishop with a shabble or pike. He at last came out of the coach, and while on his knees praying for life, was struck with two other wounds to the ground. More blows followed. His daughter cried from the coach, "This is murder!" to which she was answered, "Not murder, but God's vengeance on him for murdering many poor souls in the Kirk of Scotland." His footman called out he was dead; but one of the band, determined to make sure, alighted from his horse, and, thrusting his sword through the body till the blood spurted, said, "I am sure he is dead now."

His coach and portmanteau were then searched, and his papers carried off, but nothing particular was found except a brace of French pistols he had not used, and a Bible with portraits of Christ and the saints, the possession of which was deemed a greater sin than carrying pistols. When they opened his tobacco-box they found neither tobacco nor secret papers, but a bumming bee flew out. This either Rathillet or Balfour

called his familiar; and some of the company, not understanding the term, they explained it to be a devil. Leaving the coach driven some paces off the road, the whole nine then rode to a place some three miles off, where they put up their horses and prayed jointly, thanking God for what He had permitted them to do. After resting till nightfall, and praying repeatedly, publicly and privately, they removed "with as much composure of spirits as their hearts could wish." This brutal murder modified the opinion, which would otherwise have been general, of the character of Sharp. He had been, not unnaturally, distrusted even by the Royal ministers. He had made himself indispensable by his power of management, but they disliked his slippery ambition and growing pride. The Covenanters would to a man have signed the character his murderers expressed. But such good points as he had were now remembered. All but bigoted partisans recalled his general charity, good offices to his friends, and domestic virtues. Like Laud, he became the Episcopal as Charles I. became the Royal martyr. He had been slain almost in his daughter's arms; and the crimes with which he was charged, with the exception of the death of Mitchell, were not so flagrant as those of the Cardinal. The slaughter of Beaton in his fortified castle more nearly resembled an act of war than a murder perpetrated on the open country road upon a defenceless old man. "His memory," says Burnet, who disliked him, "was treated with decency even by those who had little respect for him during his life. The dismal end of that unhappy man struck all people with horror, and softened his enemies with some tenderness."

When Sir Walter Scott drove over the same road to St Andrews, and told his companions on the spot where it was done the story of the death of Sharp, it is no wonder his

hearers shuddered. A print of a well-known picture of the scene is still to be found in many of the country houses of Fife, and preserves its memory. The portrait of Sharp by Sir Peter Lely, the painter of Charles II.'s mistresses, shows delicate features, white locks, bright eyes, fine thin lips, and a strongly marked clear-cut nose. Another portrait, painted by his daughter, and now in the house of Blebo, presents the same well-marked handsome features. The verdict of history must be that, while no special pleading can justify the deed, neither can it justify the character of Sharp. He belongs to the sad list of Churchmen whose chief aim has been personal advancement, not the good of the Church or the people. Those of his assassins find a place in the no less painful catalogue of religious fanatics who have blasphemed their Maker by using His name to cover the crime of their own ungoverned passions.

David Hackston of Rathillet, in the parish of Kilmany, one of the murderers of Sharp, carries us back to the beginning of the long series of protests, dissents, secessions, and disruptions, which mark the independent and divisive character of the Scottish Presbyterian Church. A modern Romanist might add another chapter to the History of the Variations of Protestantism, drawing examples wholly from the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, or indeed of Fife. But if he attempted to write it, a modern Protestant would reply that in these variations there was more of life and hope than in the passive acceptance of incredible medieval and the invention of modern dogmas, not really believed in by the best Romanists, or only believed in by the aid of the doctrines of development and accommodation of the subtle masters of modern casuistry.

Our task now is to trace the origin and progress of the ecclesiastical secessions connected with Fife. When the political interests of Scotland had been swallowed up in those of

Great Britain, the ecclesiastical movements form the main current of the local as of the national history of Scotland for more than a century.

Hackston, after a wild youth, had been converted by the field-preachers to a wild faith. The murder of Sharp was deemed an act of faith, and Hackston, when obliged to quit Fife, joined the Covenanters in the western shires, contributed by his courage to the defeat of Claverhouse at Drumclog, and was one of the last to leave the field at Bothwell Brig. On 22d June 1680 he was taken at the encounter of Airdsmoss by another Fife laird of opposite principles, Bruce of Earlshall, the ancestor of the Earls of Elgin, whose tomb may be seen in the church of Leuchars. He was brought to Edinburgh, and led from the Watergate through the streets on a bare-backed horse, with his face to the tail and his feet tied under the belly. The head of Cameron, who had been slain at Airdsmoss, was carried before him on a pole to the Tolbooth. On 24th July, and again on the 28th and 29th, he was brought before the Council and asked, among other queries, "Whether the killing of the Archbishop was murder?" to which he replied, "He thought it was no sin to dispatch a bloody monster." He also disowned the King's authority, and was condemned and executed at the Cross on the same day with a barbarity which had ceased to be common. His head was fixed on the Netherbow, one of his quarters with his hands at St Andrews, another at Glasgow, a third at Leith, and the fourth at Burntisland. The choice was not accidental. It was a recognition of the share of Fife in the Cameronian doctrines and in Hackston's life. One of Hackston's hands was buried at Cupar, where an inscription, frequently renewed, still declares—"Here lies interred the heads of Lawr. Hay and Andrew Pitilloch, who suffered martyrdom in Edinburgh, July 13th 1681, for adhering to the Word of God and Scot-

land's Covenanted Work of Reformation, and also one of the hands of David Halkston of Rathillet, who was cruelly murdered at Edinburgh, July 30th 1680, for the same cause." And on the obverse—

> "They Halkston's body cut asunder,
> And set it up, a world's wonder,
> In several places to proclaim
> These monsters gloried in their shame."

Richard Cameron, whose name was given to the Cameronians, or Society men, the most logical and most fanatical of all the Scottish sects, was also a native of Fife. His house of three storeys, with a yellow harled front and high thatched roof, still stands on the south of the square in the main street of Falkland. The Hackstons of Rathillet had a house in the same small town, then the precincts of the Court, now a smaller village. As cathedral towns have produced the most vehement Dissenters, so the most determined anti-Royalists were bred in the vicinity of the palace. The son of a general merchant or dealer, he had been precentor and schoolmaster to the Episcopal curate, but, like Hackston, was converted to Presbytery by the field-preachers. Afterwards tutor in the family of Scot of Harden, he refused to attend the services of the indulged ministers, fled to Holland, where he received an indefinite ordination, and returning, instead of assuming a pastoral charge, placed himself at the head, along with Donald Cargill and Hackston, of the irreconcilable party amongst the Covenanters, who were most numerous in the western shires. Their principles, embodied in the Queensferry Declaration and the Sanquhar Proclamation, were that Charles having perjured himself by breaking the Covenant, was no longer king; that while they would submit to any civil government which owned the supremacy of Christ as King, they would acknowledge no other either by word or deed, would accept no Royal

indulgences, and would prove, if need be by their deaths, their allegiance to their Lord and Master.

Before the fight at Airdsmoss Cameron had washed his hands with more than usual care, and looking at them, said, "It was need to make them clean, for there are many to see them." He died praying "Lord, take the ripe and spare the green," for many young men followed him. The Headship of Christ as a political doctrine, which became to so many since a phrase admitting of modifications to suit the times, was to these men a reality. Their testimonies, sealed by their sufferings, in spite of a somewhat theatrical character, command a measure of respect even from those who in later peaceful times think the martyrs of the Covenant committed fatal errors.

Amongst the tragic anecdotes of the "killing times" few are more pathetic than that of the exhibition of the head and hands, which were "very fair," of Cameron to his aged father, a prisoner for the same principles in the Tolbooth, who recognising, kissed them and said, "They are my dear son's. It is the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days." When fixed to the Netherbow Port of Edinburgh, one of his declared enemies exclaimed, "There are the head and hands of one who lived praying and preaching and died praying and fighting." We must remember, as at the time of the Reformation, that murders such as those of Sharp and Ayton of that Ilk, a Fifeshire Royalist laird, and deaths like those of Hackston and Cameron, were the retaliatory acts of religious war, not to be judged by the standard of happier times. Yet even war and executions may be conducted without the cruelty which by a fortunate dispensation recoils upon its perpetrators. Let us close almost the last chapter of barbarity in the annals of Scotland and the last

in the annals of Fife, with the hope that such times may never return.

Modern history need not regret to leave the attraction of stories of blood and murder to the realistic novelist, who commits murder without committing crime, and spills blood as if it were water without injury to any one except himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

EFFECT OF THE UNION ON FIFE—OLD FIFE LAIRD ON NEW FASHIONS—THE JACOBITE REBELLIONS, 1715 AND 1745—THE WEST OF FIFE THE NATIVE COUNTRY OF THE SECEDERS—THE SECEDERS CLAIMED DESCENT FROM THE PROTESTERS — EBENEZER ERSKINE OF PORTMOAK, 1703 — HIS DOCTRINE AND PREACHING—OPEN-AIR COMMUNIONS—SERMON AT THE PERTH SYNOD, 1732 — THE ACT OF SECESSION AT GAIRNEY BRIDGE, NOVEMBER 11, 1733 — RALPH ERSKINE OF DUNFERMLINE — WILSON'S ROBBERY OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, PITTENWEEM — DEPOSITION OF EBENEZER ERSKINE, 1740—POPULARITY OF THE SECESSION—QUARREL OF SECEDERS WITH WHITFIELD—BURGHERS AND ANTI-BURGHERS—OLD AND NEW LIGHTS—GILLESPIE OF CARNOCK AND THE RELIEF KIRK—UNIONS OF SECEDERS BETWEEN 1820 AND 1852—ABSENCE OF POLITICAL INTEREST AND PREDOMINANCE OF ECCLESIASTICAL — GLAS, SON OF MINISTER OF AUTCHTERMUCHTY, AND THE GLASSITES — EDWARD IRVING AT KIRKCALDY.

THE Revolution of 1688 brought peace with toleration, and the Union, after a short interval, brought prosperity with trade to Scotland. Fife, which had been described before the Union as the "heartiest and happiest part of Scotland," felt for a time the loss of a Court, and still more of the intimate connection with the Continent. It suffered perhaps most of all by the diversion of the main channel of commerce from the Forth to the Clyde, on whose banks lay the natural ports for the New World across the Atlantic. A humorous poem of the beginning of the eighteenth century, "The Speech of a Fife laird newly come from the Grave," after describing the change and decay of Fife since his death, proceeds—

"O! this is strange, that even in Fife
I do know neither man nor wife,
No Earl, no Lord, no Laird, no People,
But Leslie and the Markinch steeple;
Old noble Wemyss, and that is all,
I think, enjoy their father's hall."

He then tries to discover the cause—

"Some say the Fife laird ever rues
Since they began to take the Lews.
That bargain first did turn their bale,
As tell the honest men of Craill;
Some do ascribe their supplantation
Unto the Lawyer's congregation."

But he attributes it himself to foreign fashions and extravagant habits—

"When I was born at Middle Yard Wight,
There was no word of Laird or Knight;
The greatest style of honour then
Was to be titled the goodman.
When we did whiles meet at the hawking,
We used no Cringes, but Handshaking,
No Bowing, Shouldering, Gambo scraping,
No French Whistling or Dutch Gaping;
We had no garments in our land
But what was spun by the goodwife's hand."

The old laird then gives a tedious though instructive list of the new-fangled dresses worn by lairds and ladies, and in the spirit of a praiser of the past describes the men of his own time as

"Stout for our Friends on Horse or Foot,
True to our Prince, to shed our Blood
For Kirk and for our Common Good."

The Jacobite risings left few memories in Fife. The later Stuarts found few supporters amongst the lairds and none amongst the people of that county. The Earl of Mar landed in Fife in 1715 to avoid the southern ports of the Forth, but went straight to the Highlands to raise his standard and

gather his men. When Brigadier Mackintosh of Borlum made his daring but bootless descent on Edinburgh, the fishing-boats by which he passed his troops across the Forth were requisitioned at Pittenweem, Anstruther, and Craill, not given by the free will of their owners. Only ten landed gentlemen of Fife and Kinross appear in the list of rebels of 1745. The Earl of Kelly is the single name of note, though another strikes us by its unexpectedness, Helenas Hackston of Rathillet. Rebellion ran in the Hackston blood.

Fife, however, would not have been true to its character if some of its natives had not adhered to opinions opposed to the majority of their neighbours. Episcopal congregations, which during the eighteenth century meant Jacobite sympathies, still met half secretly in several of the little towns from the East Neuk to the western corner of the shire. Mrs Bruce of Clackmannan, a lady of ninety when Burns visited her in 1787, gave as her first toast, "Awa Uncos." She was as much or more a Jacobite than the poet, and knighted him with the two-handed sword of Bruce, observing with sly humour that she had a better right to confer the title than some people.

Their losses at Kilsyth are said to have given the men of Fife a distaste for fighting, and the few who fought at Sheriffmuir were on the side of the Constitution. The armies which took part in the Peninsular and Continental wars of last century raised recruits in Fife, and there was a regiment of Fife Fencibles, but Fife has not bred so many soldiers in recent times as the Highlands.

The natives of the county devoted themselves more to industrial pursuits, bore the strain of the Union upon their trade, practised economy, cultivated the old and invented new industries. Before tracing this portion of its history, it will be convenient to conclude the narrative of the course

of dissent which, almost unintelligible to foreigners, and even to Englishmen, is a vital element in the history of Fife and Scotland nearly down to the present time. The deepest and the most enduring tendencies of the Scottish character are towards toleration, union, peace in religious as well as civil affairs. But contrary currents have seldom been altogether absent, and at times appear predominant, which set towards dissent, division, and self-assertion. The strength which an English historian regards as the national characteristic of Scotland has shown itself also here, so it is not wonderful that some have mistaken the currents for the main stream.

The Union, by transferring Parliament to London, centred the Scottish mind on questions of religious doctrine and Church government in preference to, and for a time almost to the exclusion of, questions of secular politics and the government of the State. It was naturally inclined in this direction. But in the earlier struggles of the Reformation and the Covenant civil and religious freedom had been a common cause. They were now severed. The Scots had never, with few exceptions, been Republican. Presbyterians and Episcopalians alike accepted Monarchy. But the former accepted it on the condition of the independence of the Church, and this independence was deemed in danger not merely by the express adoption of the Royal supremacy by the English Church, but by the modified form in which it was engrafted on the Presbyterian Establishment in Scotland, and the restoration of Patronage by an Act of Queen Anne.

This deadly heresy, as it was deemed, was called Erastianism, and was the root of all the Secessions. The doctrine of the Headship of Christ, which meant to practical politicians that of the rulers of the Church under the scheme of Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, and the mode of electing these rulers by the choice of the congregation and not by any

system of patronage, were the main points of controversy. Denunciation of Papacy, of Prelacy, of tests imposed by authority other than the Church, of interference, however slight, with religious worship, were results of the acceptance or interpretation of the fundamental principles. These principles were asserted to be the original principles of the Scottish Reformed Church, and each successive Secession claimed that it alone maintained them in their integrity, and that their body alone was the true Church. The Reformed Presbyterians, the successors of the Cameronians, could claim, in addition, that they had never departed from the Covenant. This explanation is needed to follow the history of the Secessions, which found adherents in all parts of Scotland, but nowhere more strenuous supporters than in Fife.

The district between Perth and Stirling, and especially the western district of Fife and Kinross, including Abernethy, Dunfermline, Kinross, Portmoak, Orwell, Inverkeithing, Falkland, and Burntisland, has been called the mother-country of the Seceders, though several of the ministers who were their leaders were born in other districts, and the Secession became at a later period more powerful in the west than the east. It is perhaps not far-fetched to trace its origin to the seed sown by the Protesters of the preceding generation, in the days of the Commonwealth and Charles II., and by the field-preachers who, in the conventicles of the Lomonds and the Ochils, converted Hackston of Rathillet and Cameron of Falkland. One of the early churches of the Secession was placed at Rathillet, a small hamlet in the parish of Kilmany, and another at Falkland. "The same spirit that assembled the Covenanters at Loudon Hill draws together the Seceders of this day," wrote an eye-witness in 1776, "annually to the Muckle Ben, a hill near Abernethy, generally in June and July, when the labours of the spring are over, and those of the harvest have not

commenced." The Seceders claimed direct descent from the Protesters, and near kinship with the English Puritans. They disowned connection with the Cameronians, but amongst their original numbers were some who shared Cameronian views. This extreme party afterwards seceded from the ranks of the first Seceders when they had exchanged the principle of the Covenant, to which the King was a party, for the voluntary principle of a complete separation between Church and State, combined with a contention for disestablishment by political action instead of revolutionary methods.

It was in the half-pastoral, half-agricultural parish of Portmoak, on the shore of Lochleven, under the shadow of the Bishop's Hill, one of the Lomonds, that Ebenezer Erskine passed his early manhood as its minister, and adopted the principles which led to the first or Original Secession. His father, minister of Cornhill in Berwickshire during the Killing Times, refused the Indulgence, lost his charge, and narrowly escaped imprisonment in the Bass. A tutorship in the Rothes family, followed by his presentation in 1703 to the parish of Portmoak, brought Erskine to Fife. The yoke of patronage prevented his translation to Burntisland in 1712, to Kirkcaldy in 1724, and to Tulliallan in the following year. He remained in Portmoak till he was at last successful in obtaining a settlement in the West Kirk of Stirling in 1731. While at Portmoak he had refused to take the oath of Abjuration in 1712, and had embraced the Puritan views of the modified Calvinism of 'The Marrow of Modern Divinity,' which had passed into Scotland partly through the medium of Boston's 'Fourfold State.' He was one of the twelve apostles or Marrow men who protested against its condemnation by the Assembly of 1720. With Boston he was alarmed at the progress of rationalist and Arminian opposition to Calvinistic doctrine by Simpson the Glasgow

and Campbell the St Andrews professor. Such teaching was thought to lead to Socinianism. The slight censure the professors received from the Moderate party, who formed a majority of the Assembly, and the obstacles placed in the way of popular elections in the Church, confirmed him in the dissenting and protesting vein he had inherited with the blood of his Covenanting ancestry.

But like all men who have influenced their fellows in matters of religion, there was an inward spiritual call as well as an external political side to the character of Ebenezer Erskine. A conversation on religion between his brother Ralph, minister of Dunfermline, the hymn-writer of the Secession, and his wife, which he overheard, was the occasion of his conversion to a deeper sense of sin and need of a Saviour. From that time his preaching was the fervid utterance of personal conviction. Through the cloudy and sometimes trivial controversies in which he engaged, and the tedious mannerism of the later Calvinistic pulpit, his piety shone like a guiding star. His preaching had little of the oratorical art, but his sermons affected his hearers at times to tears. They were aided by a dignity of person and grace of manner. "The Gospel in its Majesty" was the description more than one hearer gave of his preaching. The Occasion, or week of tent-preaching ending with the Action sermon immediately before dispensing the Lord's Supper in the open air, was then common in Scotland. It still lingers in the Highlands as a survival of the times when there were either no churches, or only churches it was deemed wrong to enter. It was frequented on the hillside at Portmoak by as many as two thousand. Some walked sixty miles to attend. One self-taught country schoolmaster attracted by Erskine's preaching was John Brown, a herd-boy at Carpow, near Abernethy, afterwards the commentator of the Self-inter-

preting Bible, and minister of Haddington, the father of a line of eminent Dissenters,—for the principles of the Seceders, not lightly embraced, have descended through at least three generations.

The year after he went to Stirling, Erskine preached as Moderator of the Synod at Perth from the text, "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head stone of the corner." An Act had been passed giving the heritors and elders power to elect and call, not merely to name and propose, ministers; and the pith of Erskine's discourse is in the following sentence: "I shall say less of the Act now that I had opportunity to express myself before the National Assembly when it was passed; only allow me to say this, that whatever Church authority may be to that Act, yet it wants the authority of the Son of God. And seeing the Reverend Synod has put me in this place where I am in Christ's stead, I must be allowed to say of the Act what I apprehend Christ Himself would say of it were He personally where I am, and that is that by this Act the corner-stone is rejected. He is rejected by His poor members, and the rich of this world put in His room." It was a bold claim, made with simple sincerity, yet not without pride. We hear once more an echo of Knox, in language less vehement and rugged, yet with some of the same penetrating and persuasive force. It is the voice of the religious leader appealing to the religious democracy of Scotland.

On this sermon quickly followed the events which led to the Secession. Erskine, censured by the Synod, appealed to the Assembly, which sustained the Synod's action. On 14th May 1733 he was called to the bar and solemnly rebuked by the Moderator, who refused to allow him to read a protest he had prepared. It fell into the hands of a member, who called the attention of the Assembly to it at the evening

sederunt, and at 11 P.M. an officer cited him and three other ministers who had concurred in the protest to appear next morning. Remitted to a Committee, who dealt with them in the vain hope of a retractation, they were handed over to the Commission of the Assembly, which on 11th November deposed them by a casting vote. On the same day Ebenezer Erskine, William Wilson of Perth, Alexander Moncrieff of Abernethy, and James Fisher of Kinclaven signed an Act of Secession at a meeting in a small house at Gairneybridge on the road from Dunfermline to Kinross. A monument now marks the spot where they drew up their extra-judicial testimony. On 6th December they formed themselves into an Associate Presbytery, with Erskine as Moderator.

Alarmed at the support which the four ministers, the Fathers of the Secession Church, received, the Assembly of 1734 drew back and offered to reinstate them. It was too late. Wilson might have come back, but Erskine's stronger will prevailed, and on 3d December 1736 they again met and revised the Judicial Testimony, afterwards still further enlarged in 1742.

This able but unequal document condemned the sins of the Established Church in the past and present, its acceptance of Royal indulgences, its faithlessness to the Covenant, its Erastian backsliding, its submission to the civil magistrate in matters of doctrine and Church government, its tampering with Arminian heresies and tolerance of Episcopal chapels, its defect of Scriptural doctrine, and the repeal of the penal statutes against witches, contrary to the express letter of the law of God, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." The country in which they preached had witnessed some of the last burnings of witches. Robert Baillie, one of the most respected Presbyterian ministers, and Principal of the Uni-

versity of Glasgow, mentions that in 1643, "upon the regreat of the extraordinar multiplying of witches, above thirty being burnt in Fife in a few months, a Committee was appointed to think on that sin the way to search and cure it." The regret was for the sin of witchcraft, not of burning. Yet an uneasy feeling had begun that burning was not quite the right way to cure witchcraft. Fortunately for the Seceders, they never possessed the power their New England brethren had, to enforce in practice a part of their Testimony, of which their successors are justly ashamed. The time had passed when burning witches could be excused as a common error, but the belief in witches died hard and slowly. In this century Grizzel Robertson, an adherent of the Auld Lichts at Kennoway, would not comb out her hair at certain stages of the moon for fear of the witches. Keil's Den, near Largo, has not long ceased to be deemed haunted ground. Strangest of all, the old and widespread superstitious belief that a fairy changeling, if passed through the fire, became again the person the fairies had stolen, which led to a recent cruel murder in Tipperary, is described in the Fife tale of Tammas Bodkin as still believed but not acted on by the old women of Fife in an earlier part of this century. The civilisation of Ireland still lags behind the civilisation of Britain, but the verdict of manslaughter at the Tipperary trial will, it may be hoped, mark a step of its advance in the sister country.

In 1737, Ralph Erskine of Dunfermline and Thomas Mair of Orwell joined the Seceders, and later, Thomas Nairn of Abbotshall and James Thomson of Burntisland, who refused to read from the pulpit a proclamation for the discovery of the murderers of Porteous, which had been enjoined on pain of deprivation. Porteous, the captain of the City Guard, or chief constable of those days, had been

lynched by an Edinburgh mob with a rope an Anstruther youth, Birrel, is said to have procured, because Porteous had guarded the scaffold and fired on the crowd which sought to rescue Wilson, who was being hung for the robbery of the custom-house at Pittenweem. "Smuggling," says a recent historian of the Secession, "was looked on as but a venial offence." Robbery was at least an offence which no Government could fail to prosecute, and the murder of an officer who acted in discharge of his duty, though with excess of zeal, could not be overlooked. The point on which the Seceding ministers took their stand was against reading any Government order by preachers from a pulpit during divine service. It was an unwise mode of promulgation, but a worse than unwise point for a protest in the name of God.

The Assembly continued unwilling to let the Seceders go. It was not till 15th May 1740, after fruitless attempts at compromise, that Erskine and his friends were finally deposed. Next Sunday he found the doors of his church locked, and, gathering a crowd, preached on the Abbey Craig in the open air, and continued the practice till a church was built towards the end of the same year. They submitted without much murmuring to the loss of churches and of stipends. Their successors claim for them that they were "martyrs without the solemnities of the stake," but there is little of this tone in their own language, which is rather that of triumph at deliverance from bondage. The out-of-door preaching of the early days of the Secession was another link which united the Seceders with the conventicles of the Covenanters. As those who have listened to sermons in the open air know, it gives a robust, direct, and strenuous note to preaching, which is absent from more formal sermons preached from the comfortable pulpit to the sitters in the

somnolent and almost luxurious seats of a heated modern city church.

The Secession was popular, especially in the small burghs. In 1765 it numbered 100,000 adherents, with 120 churches. But it carried in its bosom the seed of division. It asserted the right of a minority, however small, to form a separate Church on what they deemed principles the more vital because a majority would not accept them. The next years of the history of the Secession are not regarded with satisfaction even by its most devoted followers. In 1741 the leaders quarrelled with the evangelical English revivalist Whitfield, because he preached in the parish church at Dunfermline, as well as in their churches, where alone, they said, "God's people" were. Whitfield's reply, that he wished to preach to the "devil's people," like that of Cromwell to the Covenanters, was made to deaf ears. The question whether the burgess oath, which required only a pledge to support the true religion as presently professed in this kingdom and authorised by the laws thereof, without further defining it, and to oppose Papacy, might lawfully be taken, split in 1746 the Associate Presbytery into Burghers, more numerous north of the Tay, and Antiburghers, chiefly found south of that river. In 1748 the Antiburgher Synod, of which Adam Gib of Edinburgh, called by his opponents Pope Gib, was founder, deposed Ebenezer Erskine and ten other ministers. Mr Nairn, the minister of Abbotshall near Kirkcaldy, separated from his brethren on grounds similar to those held by the Cameronians. Towards the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century both the Burgher and Antiburgher Synods split into Old Lights and New, the latter supporting a revision of the terms of testimony, and a more emphatic assertion of the Voluntary principle, which the former repudiated.

A separate Secession, called the Relief, also of Fife origin, had taken place in 1752, when Thomas Gillespie, minister of Carnock, near Dunfermline, and others, were deposed for refusing to obey the orders of the Assembly as to the admission of an obnoxious presentee to the parish of Inverkeithing.

The political principles of the Seceders were somewhat modified, and the opposition which they might have met with from the Government was averted, by the stand they took against any external rebellion or revolution. In the '45, Ebenezer Erskine mounted guard at Stirling against the Pretender, and received the special thanks of the Duke of Cumberland. John Brown served in the Castle of Edinburgh. Adam Gib took a prominent part on the same side. When towards the close of the century the doctrines of the French Revolution spread to Scotland, Robert Shirra, the eloquent and eccentric Secession minister of Kirkcaldy, who had been bred in Erskine's church, preached a quaint sermon against equality, which, he said, with many pithy illustrations, he had found nowhere "in the course of his travels on earth, in heaven, or in hell"; and he challenged any of his hearers who had met with it in their travels to tell where they had found it. It was the same minister who, kneeling with his fisher-flock on the sands, prayed for wind to drive back Paul Jones, the last pirate in the Forth. The Seceders somewhat relaxed in strictness after the deaths of the original Fathers of the Secession. Matthew, a son of Alexander Moncrieff, who was Laird of Culfargie as well as Secession minister at Abernethy, scandalised his flock by chasing a hare on the Sabbath, and some of the brethren when he was mentioned would say, shaking their heads, "*Ay, he's a man that would gar onybody like him; but, oh that beast!*" while others, less strait-laced, would rejoin, "*Hoot, he's no' a wrang man*

for a' the beast." "It became a proverb," says the Rev. James Hall, writing in 1803, "in all the middle parts of Scotland, and is so at this day, speaking of any one who, though subject to some failing, is a good sort of person on the whole, they say, '*He's no' a wrang man for a' the beast.*'" It was a proverb too far-fetched to live, and probably died out before the last of the strict Seceders.

Soon after the commencement of this century the dissenting spirit spent its force, and the spirit of union began to operate. In 1820 the New Light Burghers and New Light Antiburghers united; in 1842 the Old Light Burghers and Antiburghers united under the name of the Original Seceders; and in 1847 the Relief and the Secession joined hands, forming the United Presbyterian Church,—"a name," says the historian of the Relief, "to be remembered in all generations." In 1839 a party of the Old Light Burghers had returned to the Established Church, and in 1852 a section of the Original Seceders joined the Free Church.

Even this brief outline has carried us beyond Fife; but in the little burghs of the county during last century and the beginning of this, no questions were more keenly debated than the grounds for separation, and afterwards of union, of these various religious bodies. Between 1731 and 1891 they produced a voluminous controversial literature. One thousand and fifty separate books, and eleven hundred and fifty pamphlets, on the principles and conflicts of the Seceders were recently offered for sale, but with difficulty found a purchaser. The tradition of Calvinism, handed down through a succession of generations taught the Shorter Catechism in youth, listening Sabbath after Sabbath to the same theology from the pulpit, and engaging in ecclesiastical debates through the week, formed much of the intellectual and spiritual nutriment of a large portion of the population

in the towns. "The region between the Tay and the Forth,' writes Hall, "is the hottest quarter of religious zeal and controversy in Scotland." Sir David Lyndsay's works and the old ballads once so popular were driven out of the cottages by Boston's 'Fourfold State,' Gib's 'Display of the Secession Testimony,' and the martyrology of the Covenanters in Howie's 'Scots Worthies.' In the rural districts the Established Presbyterian Church more successfully maintained itself amongst the farmers and some of the labourers, while many of the larger landowners remained or became adherents of Episcopacy. Romanism was almost extinct.

In politics there was little room for independent action till the Parliamentary and Municipal Reform Acts. The representation of the county gave rise to occasional and bitter contests; but they were conducted almost wholly by party managers. A gentleman not very long dead exercised, as delegate, a sixth part of the parliamentary representation of the burghs of Fife. The municipal government was carried on in a manner described in the line, "The Provost was perpetual, and drove the whole machine." Sir Peter Halkett, head of the family of Pitfirran, was Provost of Dunfermline for twenty-seven years in succession. The independence of the Scottish character, of which Fife, like Aberdeen, was a conspicuous sample, manifested itself almost entirely in ecclesiastical affairs. In the middle of the present century, to conclude this rapid sketch of ecclesiastical history, the wider, though not originally deeper, Secession of the Free Church set up a separate and rival minister in almost every parish in Fife, for which the new name of the Disruption was invented and came into popular use. The question of patronage was again the occasion of the Secession; but the doctrine of the Headship of Christ, and opposition to the Moderate views held by many who remained in the Established Church, in-

fluenced the movement, and gave it a continued life after patronage had been abolished in 1878. The original leaders of the Disruption strongly asserted the duty of the State to support the Church, and repudiated the Voluntary principle of the earlier Secessions which implied the separation of Church and State; and although the succeeding generations have more and more moved in that direction, the attempt to unite the United Presbyterian with the Free Church in a still larger union of Presbyterian Dissenters has been as yet unsuccessful, though some in all the Churches have begun to nourish the hope of a wider Presbyterian union, a few even of a union of Christians. The Disruption found in Fife its greatest leader, Thomas Chalmers, who never lost the accent of Fife in his speech, and represented some of the best elements of the Fife character. What it is necessary to say of a movement so recent, and yet which now seems so distant, as the Disruption, will be better deferred till his life comes into view.

It was reserved for two other ministers, one of Fife descent and the other connected with the county by residence and marriage, to complete the full circle of dissent from the Presbyterian Established Church. The one lived in the first part of last and the other in the first part of the present century. With little else in common, both John Glas and Edward Irving shared the tendency of religious enthusiasm to found new Churches. Both were counted extravagant by the members of the more numerous Churches; but a certain measure of sobriety may be noted even in their extravagances.

Glas, a son of the minister of Auchtermuchty, in which parish he was born in 1695, was educated at the University of St Andrews, but did not live much in Fife. It was when minister of Tealing, in Forfarshire, in 1729, that he announced the peculiar views which led to his deposition. He repudiated

the Covenant, the corner-stone of other Scottish sects, and drew a sharp line of demarcation between the Old and the New Testament Dispensation. While, like the Seceders, he disowned the authority of the State in all matters ecclesiastical, he did not assert the authority of the Church in matters temporal, or in the debatable ground between the spiritual and temporal provinces. He regarded the true believers as a purely spiritual community, living apart from the world, and practising literally some of the precepts of the New Testament Scriptures. It was a movement founded, like that of the Quakers and other sects, on a literal interpretation of particular passages of Scripture; but such sects have either not chosen the same texts or given the same texts a different interpretation. Glas revived the common meals of the early Church as the true form of the Communion, practised in the primitive Church, and the kiss of peace as a direct injunction of the Apostles. The Bible, he said, "was never intended to teach philosophy." The Church of "The King of Martyrs" was not of this world. His toleration of others went so far as to say, when informed of the execution of his son's murderers, "It would be a glorious instance of divine mercy if George Glas and his murderers should meet in heaven." How different from the spirit which excommunicated from their Church those who differed from it even on minute points, called themselves God's people, deemed members of other Churches the devil's people, and had neither charity nor hope for the Romanist, any more than some Romanists have for the Protestant.

It is an unfortunate feature of ecclesiastical history, not in Scotland alone, that intolerant opinions have in general more power of propagation than tolerant. The Glassites, or Sandemanians, one of the smallest of denominations, have at least proved their own tenet that they do not belong to this

world. Perth, to which Glas's son-in-law Sandeman belonged, was the centre of an almost family sect; but one or two congregations at one time existed and perhaps still maintain an obscure existence in Fife. A sect of similar tenets, though even more limited in numbers, the Bereans, founded by John Barclay of Muthil, in Perthshire, had a congregation at Newburgh, in Fife, of which Mr Alexander Pirie, after passing through the sects of Burghers, Antiburghers, and the Relief, became the minister. The Glassites were not too small a sect to have a secession of their own, which was led by James Morrison, a son of a bookseller and postmaster in Perth. He must not be confounded with another James Morrison, son of a Secession minister, the founder of the Evangelical Union or Universalist Church.

Edward Irving was, like Ebenezer Erskine, of Border origin, but came when a young man in 1812 to Kirkcaldy as a schoolmaster, where he lived for seven years, fell in love with and married the daughter of Martin, the parish minister of Abbotshall, and afterwards became the assistant of Chalmers in Glasgow. His eloquence, earnestness, and high ideal aims had become known at Kirkcaldy, where it was remembered that he took his pupils to the sands to watch the stars. But he did not discover the new interpretation of Scripture nor the gift of tongues till he went to London. The only incident of his later history connected with Fife was a sad accident by the fall of the gallery when he preached at Kirkcaldy.

The Catholic and Apostolic Church was founded in London as a consequence of or offshoot from his later preaching, after his deposition from the office of minister of the Scottish National Presbyterian Church. It was a return from the idea of a national to that of a universal Church; from the simplicity of Presbyterian worship to a new and less ornate ritualism

than the Roman, and from Calvinistic doctrine to a system chiefly based on a new interpretation of the prophetical books of the Old Testament and a few texts in the Acts and Epistles of the Apostles, and the Revelation of St John. In its constitution it aimed at establishing a hierarchy without the dangers of Papacy or Prelacy upon a scheme supposed to be copied from the constitution of the Apostolic Church. It obtained few members in Scotland, and probably scarcely any in Fife. The wife of Irving was almost his only permanent Fife disciple. The relation of the Church which was founded by the impulse of his genius, though it prudently refused to bear his name, to the history of Fife is negative, indicating that there was at least one form of dissent which the natives of that county were not prepared to adopt. But neither a landscape nor a historical picture is complete which does not suggest what lies beyond its limits.

CHAPTER IX.

TRAVELLERS IN FIFE IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—DANIEL DEFOE SHORTLY BEFORE THE UNION VISITS INVERKEITHING, DUNFERMLINE, ABERDOUR, KINROSS, FALKLAND, BURNTISLAND, KINGHORN, KIRKCALDY, DYSART —ASCRIBES DECAY OF FIFE TO REMOVAL OF COURT—ADVISES INDUSTRY AND MANUFACTURES—VISITS TOWNS OF EAST COAST, ST ANDREWS, CUPAR, AND BALMERINO—POCOCKE, BISHOP OF MEATH, IN 1760, AT ABERNETHY, NEWBURGH, AND GAIRNEYBRIDGE — REMARKS ON THE SECEDERS—VISITS LINDORES, CUPAR, ST ANDREWS—THE EAST NEUK TO LARGO BAY, BALGONIE, KELTY, AND LUNDIE, LEVEN COAL-FIELD, LESLIE, MELVILLE, FALKLAND AND KINROSS, INVERKEITHING AND DUNFERMLINE — DR JOHNSON, IN 1773, AT INCHKEITH, CUPAR, ST ANDREWS—OBSERVATIONS ON ITS DECAY—THOMAS CARLYLE SCHOOLMASTER AT KIRKCALDY—HIS PICTURES OF KIRKCALDY BEACH, THE WEST LOMOND, FALKLAND AND INCHKEITH—HIS CHARACTER OF FIFE NATIVES.

Good fortune brought to Fife during last century three travellers of different characters, but all possessing good powers of observation, whose descriptions trace its external features with faithful accuracy. Its natives may through their descriptions see themselves as others saw them, and the student of their history should not neglect this valuable aid. Daniel Defoe passed through it shortly before, and wrote an account of his travels shortly after, the Union; Richard Pococke, Bishop of Meath, visited it in 1760; and Dr Samuel Johnson in 1773, when the memory of the Jacobite risings was still fresh. The residence of Thomas Carlyle as a schoolmaster in Kirkcaldy enables us to complete the picture by a view

drawn in the beginning of the century when the county was beginning to enter on a new career of prosperity.

Defoe crossed at Queensferry into the county, which, he says, was called of old Caledonia—an error, for the Caledonian Wood was north of the Tay. He came first to Inverkeithing, an ancient "walled town still populous though greatly decayed"; but in Dunfermline he noticed "the full perfection of decay—its decayed monastery, palace, and town, the natural consequence of the decay of the palace." Still, "the people would be poorer if they had not the manufacture of linen—the damask and better sort being carried on here and in the neighbouring towns with more hands than ordinary." He visited Lord Morton's house at Aberdour, the mansion of Kinross, and the ruins of Falkland. At Falkland he was struck, as an English traveller, with the fine palace of the Scottish kings, who had possessed, he remarks, more palaces than the Kings of England. At Kinross he saw the loch famed for its fish, and the castle where Mary was imprisoned, and from which she escaped, he "was not sure whether with or without a silver key." The older history of Scotland was not Defoe's strong point. He admired Sir William Bruce's plantations and the new house of Kinross, which is "all beauty," and applies to it Dryden's lines—

> "Strong Doric columns form the base,
> Corinthian fills the upper space;
> So all below is strength and all above is grace."

Leslie, the seat of the Earl of Rothes, to which he next went, was the work of the same architect. Its magnificent interior and fine gallery of pictures, and, above all, the park of six miles in area, he thought superior to its site. It was the glory of the place and of the whole province of Fife.

From Leslie he passed to Burntisland, noting, as Cromwell

had done, its good harbour, though he thought more of its commercial than its military advantages,—"for what," he asks, "is the best harbour in the world without ships, and whence should ships be expected without a commerce to employ them?" He adds that there was in Burntisland, as along all the coast of Fife, a manufacture of linen, and "especially for green cloth, which is in great demand in England for the printing trade, in the room of calicoes, which have been for some years prohibited." Kinghorn was supported by the manufacture of thread, which employed the wives while the men went to sea. Kirkcaldy was a larger town of one street a mile long, with some considerable corn merchants and traders with England, as well as shipyards and saltpans. It was one of four royal burghs within five miles, and there were eight more in the county. Dysart, though one of them, was dying but for its salt-work and a few nailers. It is curious that the collieries escaped his notice.

This decline of all the towns he attributes to the removal of the Court and nobility to England. The Union had increased the commerce of western harbours like Glasgow and Irvine, and the southern burgh of Dumfries, but all the seaports on the east coast had lost theirs from the same cause; yet he adds in his hopeful strain what proved a true prophecy: "Scotland has a plentiful product for exportation, and were the issue of that product returned and consumed at home it must necessarily grow rich." He proves this point by a detailed list of its exports and imports before the Union, remarking that the latter do not equal the lead, coal, and salt exported, so that the balance stands greatly to the credit of Scotland. "Is it not a pity," he wisely queries, "that her own nobility should not, like true patriots, lend a helping hand to the rising advantages of their own country? Why might not, for instance, the wool sent to England be spun

into yarn in Scotland?—a manufacture at which the Scots are very handy."

He next runs over the other coast towns—Wemyss, with its castle; Buckhaven, with its fishermen, whose clownishness gave rise to the byword of the College of Buckhaven, but "with scarcely a poor man in it"; Elie, a little town, but a good harbour; and the Leven, which "bred the best salmon in Scotland," and was a good port for the export of coal, whose workers Drummond had described—

"Coalhewers nigri girnantes more Divelli;"

Crail, Pittenweem, and Anstruther, all royal burghs; and the May with its light, whose keeper was its sole inhabitant. Of St Andrews, which he calls the metropolis of Scotland, he gives a more minute account, tracing its ecclesiastical history, and mentioning that of 945 houses 159 were ruinous, and that its harbour was so encroached on by the sea that it is not likely to be ever restored. The College of St Salvator was out of repair, though St Mary's and St Leonard's were still in good order, as they have a better revenue. From St Andrews he visited Melville and Balgonie, and then went to Cupar, the head town of the shire, of which Lord Rothes was hereditary sheriff. He afterwards turned north to see the ruins of Balmerino, and crossed the Tay into Perthshire, from which he made an excursion to Culross, a town on the confines of Fife, then famous for its girdle-makers and the vicinity of the coal-mines of the Bruces. "The plentiful country behind it, and the navigable Forth before it, will always," he remarks, "keep something of trade alive."

One eye of the author of the 'Complete Tradesman' looked to business, but his other eye was that of the patriot who saw in trade the source of national prosperity, and was

always wide awake. Scotland owed to Defoe not merely substantial help in the passing of the Union, by the use of his indefatigable and prudent pen, which smoothed away many obstacles, but also the disclosure of its future advantages. He had no spark of English jealousy, and sympathised with its natives. Almost all the improvements he suggested have been effected.

Our next traveller was an Irish Bishop, whose observing power had been quickened by Eastern travel, and whose sympathy, unlike Defoe's, lay, not with the Presbyterians, but with the Episcopal remnant still left in Fife. Pococke, as became a bishop, observed chiefly the ecclesiastical antiquities, but he noticed also the modern ecclesiastical condition of the county, and cast side-glances at its agriculture, trade, and other matters. He entered it by crossing the Tay to Newburgh on 29th August 1760, and was first struck by the rare round tower of Abernethy, which must have recalled the many similar towers of Ireland. He heard there of Moncrieff, one of the Secession Fathers, who, after his deposition, had formed "a sort of university for educating young men for the congregation, about twenty of whom boarded with the farmers at two shillings a-week." These early frugal colleges of the Seceders, of which there was another at Gairneybridge, where John Brown taught, as well as in other parts of Scotland, were a marked feature in the early history of the Secession. The text-book for Philosophy at the College of Abernethy was Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding.' One of the professors, Mr Pirie, though he had no education beyond what he got from the Seceders, had a controversy on equal terms with Lord Kames on the Doctrine of Necessity. The educational instinct of the Scottish people, even the poorest classes, which did not limit education to the three R's, made itself felt in this movement. This tendency to culture produced in a

comparatively small Church a historian like Dr M'Crie, a lexicographer like Jamieson, and, in a later generation, a humorist like Dr John Brown, and preachers like his father, Dr John Ker, and Principal Cairns. A minute study of both the Old and New Testaments supplied a sufficient vocabulary of good plain English; and the imagination fed on the sublime poetry of the Psalms and the splendid visions of the Prophets. A peculiar vein of humour, sometimes broad, more rarely delicate, but drawn in either case from nature, marked the Scottish Seceder. Its greatest master in literature hit it off by a word when he describes one of the dogs he loved so well as a "Scottish terrier of the U.P. persuasion," a rough, shaggy dog, with a twinkle in his eye and wag of his tail which we miss in more aristocratic breeds.

Pococke next visited the Cross of Macduff, and saw, he thought, the sockets to whose iron rings the heifers had been tied, when the old privilege of the clan was claimed, and near which three witches had been burnt in 1669. The sockets were probably only places in the foundation-stone from which nodules of iron pyrites had been removed. In the neighbouring village of Newburgh, he says, the population was occupied either in farming or weaving, and he should have added in fishing. The Abbey of Lindores and the shady walk of the monks under the trees to the Holy, or perhaps Holly Mount from the hollies still standing in the grounds of Birkhill, and the den from which Wallace had come to the battle of Blackearnside, were also noticed. Visiting, as he passed, the ruins of Balmerino, he came to Cupar, a small town of about 2000 souls, on the highroad from Dundee to Edinburgh, with a good market and a pretty large Nonjuring Church.

From Cupar he went to St Andrews, and admired on the

way the quiet but picturesque landscape of the castle, church, and bridge of Dairsie. He was pleased with the situation of St Andrews on the high ground facing the sea, with a small brook which "might be of great use in carrying on any manufacture," a prognostic since fulfilled by the prosperous paper-mill of Guardbridge. Of the ecclesiastical and collegiate buildings he gives a full account, and records the repair of the Chapel of St Salvator's, which Defoe had seen in a dilapidated state. He was hospitably entertained by the professors, and gives a good account of the students, who are kept "strict to their studies, and do not attend any diversion that will take them off." From St Andrews he went round the East Neuk, and visited Crail and its collegiate church, Kilrenny, Anstruther, Pittenweem with a declining whale-fishing and an infant carpet manufacture, and St Monans, with its ancient church, partly honeycombed by the weather and unroofed, partly used for the parish kirk of Abercromby.

The fine curve of the Bay, guarded by the Law of Largo, then came in view, and he noted some remains of earthen or Picts' houses, which, though still so called, are probably the dwelling-places of an earlier race than the Picts. He next visited the castles of Balgonie, Kelly, and Lundie, and the three Standing-Stones of Largo, perhaps the oldest memorial of Fife, which he thought had been part of an oblong Druid temple, but they are more likely the monuments of some fallen warriors. At Leven he saw the rich coal-field which stops south of the Eden. From Leven he went to Leslie to pay his respects to the Earl of Rothes, then Commander-in-Chief of Ireland, and noticed, as Defoe had done, its magnificent house, burnt three years after his visit, which the Duke had built in the time of Charles II., a rival of Holyrood in splendour, with its fine tapestry and picture-gallery of family portraits, and one of Rembrandt,

painted by himself. Passing Melville, where a large house, still standing, had been built by Sir William Bruce, he came to Falkland, and minutely described the palace; and from that to Milnathort, where Mair of Orwell, one of the early Seceders, had "a meeting-house for his sect, which abounded in these parts." After visiting Lochleven, both the Castle Island and St Serf's, he passed the other lakes of the Loch Lands—Loch Ore with the castle of the Wardlaws, Loch Fitty, and Loch Gelly—remarking by the way the plantations of Adam, the architect, at Blairadam. His next stopping-place was Kirkcaldy, already spreading to its suburbs Sinclairtown, Pathhead, and Linktown, from which he came west along the coast by Kinghorn to Queensferry, calling by the way at the castle of the Hendersons at Fordel, the old house of Dalgety, and the good new house of Donibristle, where he saw, as at Leslie, tapestry and fine pictures, including one of Charles I. after Naseby, and an elegant chapel for the service of the Church of England. From this he passed to Inverkeithing, where he failed to see any remains of the Franciscan convent, and so to Dunfermline. Of the ruined buildings of royal Dunfermline, as of ecclesiastical St Andrews, his description is full, and he notes even smaller antiquities, the furniture of the palace, already scattered through the town, where pieces of it still occasionally are to be met, like the nuptial walnut-wood bed Anne of Denmark brought with her, then in the inn, now belonging to Lord Elgin. The Seceders again come in for a note, though he does not name Ralph Erskine, who had died not long before, nor the smallest of all Scotch sects, the Glassites or Sandemanians, who had a congregation in Dunfermline. The rising manufacturers of "table-linen of all kinds, ticking, carpets, and stripped woollen stuffs for women," made a thriving town of the abandoned seat of the Scots kings.

In Culross and Tulliallan, just beyond the bounds of Fife, though again lately reunited with it, he observed the growth of the linen industry; and in Clackmannan Tower he saw the sword and helmet of Robert the Bruce. This completed his brief survey of Fife, where he spent little more than a week.

Dr Johnson, Fife's next visitor of note, was the most remarkable of the three, and though he stayed only at St Andrews, and for a few days only, it was enough to raise many thoughts in a mind which had the combined power of observation and reflection at first sight and at first hand more strongly developed than any of his countrymen. The Tory Churchman, who had been scarcely out of London, had, except the power of observation, little in common with the Whig Dissenter, who had travelled before he came to Scotland. Yet both were Englishmen to the backbone. Much as we may admire Defoe, Johnson will be recognised as certainly the more critical and probably the stronger mind. Boswell, like a good Scot, boasted as they were crossing the ferry to Fife that the view of the Firth of Forth was "after Constantinople and Naples, the finest prospect in Europe" —a remark afterwards repeated by Sir David Wilkie; but Johnson drily remarked, "Water is the same everywhere," capping it with the verse of Ovid—

> "Una est injusti cærulea forma maris."
>
> "Nor groves nor towers the ruthless ocean shows,
> Unvaried still its azure surface flows."

Byron may have remembered this when he wrote his famous line—

> "Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow."

Johnson made puns on Leith and jokes on the barefooted Scots; and when they landed on Inchkeith, which neither

of his companions had before visited, "Had it been near London," he remarked, "with what an emulation of price a few rocky acres would have been purchased!" Fortunately it has as yet escaped any other inhabitants than the light-house-keeper and a few soldiers. The bare rock suits the landscape better than if any one had attempted to plant a garden with vines and trees as Johnson wished. They travelled in a one-horse gig to Cupar over a good road, and Johnson observed that in Scotland a man possessing a two-horse cart seemed to derive some degree of dignity. On a dusky night they reached St Andrews, and, revived by supper, Johnson began to rail at Scotch Latinity, which Buchanan alone had made famous, and in which he had gained only "as great a claim to immortality as modern Latin allows"; but observed that the civil wars had destroyed scholarship in Scotland, which appears to be a partial observation, for if so, how had it survived in England? A Greek professor, who declared that if it had not been for the Solemn League and Covenant the Scots would have made as good longs and shorts as English scholars, was nearer the mark.

After supper they walked with a lantern to see St Leonard's College. Dr Watson, the historian of Philip II., had bought part of its site when the college had been dissolved, and on a visit to him next morning, the talk turned on the relations of learning and trade, of patronage and literature, and the decline of the College of Glasgow as a university since its commerce increased, which Johnson deemed not to be necessary. "It is surely not without just reproach," he says, when he turned his reflections into a diary, "that a nation of which the commerce is hourly extending denies any participation of its prosperity to its literary societies, and, while its merchants and nobles are raising palaces, suffers its universities to moulder into dust,"—a reproach since partially, but only

partially, removed. "St Andrews," he continues, "seems to be a place eminently adapted to study, . . . yet the students do not exceed one hundred."

Boswell happening to ask where John Knox was buried, which as a denizen of the Parliament House he should have known, Johnson said gruffly, "I hope in the highway; I have been looking at his Deformations." It was a prejudiced remark, for the decay of learning and the universities was certainly not due to Knox. When sauntering round the ruins of the cathedral, they conversed on religious retirement and the monastic life, on which the strong memory of Johnson recalled the lines of Hesiod:—

> "Let youth in deeds, in counsel men engage;
> Prayer is the proper duty of old age;"

but he adds a Christian postscript to the adage of the wise heathen, "not that young men should not pray, or old men not give counsel, but that every season has its proper duties."

Mrs Bruce, a poor widow who lived in one of the vaults in the Priory garden, now a tool-house, but once a part of the prior's house, with no company but a cat, was brought under the notice of the travellers, and no doubt received their alms. True to her country, where even the poorest are independent, she told them her husband's ancestors had lived there for four generations, and "though she is now neglected, she spins a thread and is troublesome to nobody." They dined with the professors, and inquired into the cost of a student's life, which they were told was only fifteen pounds for those of the higher, and ten for those of the lower rank during a seven months' session. An imprudent professor asked Johnson how he liked his dinner. "I did not come to Fife," he grunted, "to get a good dinner, but to see savage men and savage manners, and I have not been disappointed." There had been at least one savage at that St Andrew's dinner.

Amongst other sights, they saw a Nonjuring clergyman in his full canonicals, which was deemed a proof of toleration; the school of a fencing-master, which Johnson said he would have attended had he been a student; the tomb of Sharp in the Town Church; and the neat chapel of St Salvator's, but the key of the Library of that College could not be found. Amongst other notables, they met Craig, a nephew of Thomson the poet, and the architect of the New Town of Edinburgh, not then built. It would be improper to linger longer over the many shrewd observations of Johnson. His concluding reflection was: "The kindness of the professors did not contribute to abate the necessary remembrance of an university declining, a college alienated, and a church profaned and hastening to the ground." The rude candour of Johnson at least enabled Scots willing to learn to realise the prayer of their poet, more often offered than granted or desired, "to see themselves as others see them."

The decay of St Andrews struck even Scottish observers. "It is truly humiliating," wrote Francis Douglas of Abbots Inch, who visited it nearly ten years after Johnson, "to see a noble street almost without inhabitants terminated by the august ruins of a church so long the boast of this city. It is supposed that not above an eighth part of it is now inhabited. It appears from the account received that there were at some times 153 brewers in it; there are but 30 at present. There were 53 bakers; now there are only 4."

Scarcely more than half a century had passed from Johnson's visit when a kindred though diverse spirit, Thomas Carlyle, came to Kirkcaldy in 1816, as a schoolmaster. His friend Edward Irving was already a teacher in another school in the same town. There had been a great change, but Fife still retained its old character. The little burghs, scarcely increased in size, were beginning to revive; Dunfermline was

busy with its looms, Kirkcaldy with its trade, St Andrews was once more a seat of active learning as well as of learned leisure. If some of the older professors were indolent, younger men were attracting the students. Chalmers was lecturing on chemistry, and Duncan on mathematics. The pictures which Carlyle draws of Kirkcaldy, and there are few better descriptive artists, are landscapes and portraits, not historical compositions. But as the object of this sketch is to represent all aspects of the character of the county, one or two of them may be given. He paints vividly the beach of Kirkcaldy in summer twilight: "A mile of the smoothest sand, with one long wave coming on gently, steadily, and breaking in gradual explosion into harmless white, the break of it melodiously rushing along like a mass of foam, beautifully sounding, and advancing from the West Burn to Kirkcaldy harbour." He and Irving strolled to Dysart, and to the caves and queer old saltworks of Wemyss. Once they made a pilgrimage to Dunfermline to hear Chalmers, and found him "not disappointing," a Scottish form of approbation. Carlyle was not a favourable judge of any style of eloquence except his own.

Another day they walked to the top of the Easter Lomond to see the trigonometrical survey, and found "five or six tents, one a black-stained cooking one, with a heap of coals close by, the rest all closed and the occupants gone," busy with the useful work which, continued down to our time, has produced maps of Fife which would have astonished Scotstarvit and Blaeu by their minute accuracy. Yet they are hardly more wonderful and are less artistic than those of which Gordon of Straloch and Robert Pont sent the drafts to be finished by the Dutch artist-engravers of the seventeenth century. Fife, to the discredit of the Imperial Government, has not yet completed its survey on the larger scale. On their way back to Kirkcaldy they saw Falkland, "like a black old bit of coffin

or protrusive piece of shin-bone striking through the soil of the dead past." Its present owner, Lord Bute, has recently, by judicious exploration, disinterred some of this dead past, and enabled us to see the outline of the older hunting-tower of Macduff and the ground-plan of the palace.

They met in the kirk of Leslie next Sunday "a certain tragical Countess of Rothes, who had made a runaway match when an orphan at school in London, with a young gardener, to the horror of society, and ultimately of herself, I suppose," —a strange descendant of the cruel Duke who had lorded it over Scotland and Fife in the time of James II., and of the General-in-Chief of Ireland visited by Pococke.

Like Johnson, but few other of the herd of travellers who cross the ferry on the bridge, they made an excursion to Inchkeith. They found the whole island "prettily savage," its grass mostly "wild and scraggy, but equal to the keep of seven cows, still without inhabitants save the lightkeeper and his family." No reader of the 'Tour to the Hebrides' had taken Johnson's hint of a garden. Instead they saw the graves, with rude wooden crosses, of a Russian crew shipwrecked in 1799. Carlyle saw the first steamer which appeared on the Forth about 1819, the year he left Kirkcaldy. Its rapid transit connected Fife with the Lothian mainland in a way which astonished the generation accustomed to sloops, but has been eclipsed by the great bridge recently opened.

He compared Kirkcaldy favourably with his native Annan. Its population was "a pleasant, honest kind of fellow-mortals, something of quietly fruitful, of good old Scotch in their works and ways, more vernacular, peaceable, fixed, and almost genial in their mode of life, than I had been used to in the Border." He was, till lately, remembered in Kirkcaldy by some of the boys he flogged, one of whom became its Provost, and continued till Carlyle's death to be his friend.

"I always rather liked the people," he says, "though from the distance chiefly, chagrined and discouraged by the trade one had;" and he extends his compliment to "the little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt-pans, and weather-beaten bits of cyclopean breakwaters, and rude innocent machineries, . . . looms, Baltic trade, and whale-fishing, and the flax-mills turned mainly by wind, and curious blue-painted wheels with obliqe vans." In two years he and Irving had got "tired of schoolmastering and its mean contradictions and poor results." He left it for the small metropolis of Scotland, and later for the great metropolis of England, to find contradictions perhaps not less mean and results no richer than those which the same brains might have gathered in Fife.

Irving would, according to Carlyle, have been a happier and wiser man had he not dimmed his vision and wrecked his health in the glare and heat of the capital. Carlyle's vivid self-portraiture in his 'Reminiscences' leaves the impression that his own character also suffered from contact with the political and the fashionable world which he half despised.

Self-conscious power and unconscious ambition are instincts too strong even in divines and moralists not to seek their own gratification; and this passage of the lives of the two young men, who found Fife too narrow a field, indicates that, although the period of its greatest depression was over, it had not yet recovered sufficiently to attract and retain ambitious youth. There was one native of Fife who, when he discovered the vanity of the world, exclaimed, "It's a weary and wicked world, and I must go back to Bougie," but it is not recorded that this moralist returned to his birthplace.

CHAPTER X.

FIFE REVIVES BY IMPROVED AGRICULTURE AND PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURES IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY—BEGINNINGS OF AGRICULTURE BY THE MONKS—SOCIETIES FOR IMPROVEMENT OF AGRIGULTURE AFTER THE UNION—THOMSON'S SURVEY OF THE AGRICULTURE OF FIFE—CASTLES AND MANSIONS IN FIFE—MORAL FROM THE RUINS OF OLD CASTLES—A SMALL FARM IN 1792—SMALL *VERSUS* LARGE FARMS—RISE OF RENTS DURING FRENCH WAR—IMPROVEMENT OF FARM IMPLEMENTS—ROTATION OF CROPS—INTRODUCTION OF POTATOES AND TURNIPS—CULTIVATION OF FLAX—INTRODUCTION OF ARTIFICIAL GRASSES—PLANTATIONS—DRAINAGE—FIFE BLACK CATTLE—IMPROVEMENT IN BREEDING STOCK—RABBIT-WARRENS, DOOCOTS, AND BEEHIVES—WAGES—BUDGET OF A SMALL FARM—OBSTACLES TO IMPROVEMENT.

Leaving the observations of travellers and visitors, let us note the progress of the county in itself, and trace some of its causes. The Scottish zeal for religion has often been combined with zeal for business. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," has been a favourite text. There have been few hermits in Scotland since the Culdees. Even before the Reformation a large section of the Roman Catholic clergy had been active in secular affairs. Shrewd farmers, their granges, mills, and brewhouses studded Fife as other parts of the Lowlands. Busy gardeners, they introduced fruits like the pears which still ripen in the orchards of Newburgh, planted trees like the hollies at Birkhill and the three yews of Forgan, and flowers in gardens which have vanished but left their seeds. The Friars' Shot is one of the

best on the Tay as on other rivers; and the earliest traces of systematic sea-fishery in the Forth are connected with the vassals and tenants of the monasteries. The clergy or clerks were the notaries who wrote bonds and wills, and the judges who declared and dissolved marriages, administered executry estates, and appointed guardians to minors who did not fall under feudal ward. The bishops and monks were the first accumulators of wealth, the precursors of modern millionaires. Before the Reformation at least one-third of the land was theirs.

The serfs found freedom, the middle classes employment, and the infirm or aged poor a shelter within or near the convent walls or on the wide estates of the prelates, until, abusing their wealth and opportunities, the successors of the benefactors became the oppressors of the people. With the Reformation much was altered for the better, some things for the worse; but the spirit of industry and improvement continued. Fife appears to have been a specially industrious part of Scotland, removed from the scenes of civil war, and off the line of the predatory Highlander. Its howes and carses, watered by the Eden, the Leven, and the Ore, and the sunny sides of the Forth and the Tay, were fertile fields, "the fringe of gold" of the Royal proverb, so well described by Mr Geddie in the 'Fringes of Fife.' Even its hills, Largo, Kelly, and Norman Laws, Benarty and the Lomonds, and the Ochils which bound it on the north, were not wild, but smooth pasture for cattle and sheep. The forfeiture of the earldom of Fife to the Crown in the reign of James I. probably gave its farmers easier rents; for the Crown and the Church were the best landlords, and the earliest introducers of feu-farm tenure. It was indeed on the estates of the ancient Earls at Falkland, Auchtermuchty, and Lindores after their forfeiture to the crown that the experiment was first made by James IV. on a large scale of converting the poor labourers

of the ground into feuars. The more thrifty members of this class added to their estates, and all clung with tenacity to their little freeholds.

The sea, which surrounds two-thirds of the shire, yielded a rich harvest, and the burghs, both in the interior and on either side of the Firths, opened many markets. Fife had to contend with raw winds and a cold soil, which "girned all winter and grat all summer," but it contended bravely and with success. "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew," was one of its hopeful proverbs. It produced more corn than any district of equal extent. It supported a larger proportionate population than any other county except those in which Edinburgh and Glasgow are situated.

The primary industries of man had been followed from early times. Its working population was divided into the tillers of the soil, the toilers of the sea, and the weavers of the loom, to which were added, in the fourteenth century, the miners of the black gold which was to become a more stable and less speculative source of wealth than the red gold and precious stones of other climes. The history of the progress of these natural industries, and of the improvement of the condition of the labouring class, well deserves fuller study than is here possible. Lost sight of in the more stirring and glittering scenes of the surface, it is the subsoil of society, as of the land, in which the life of a nation has its roots.

The Augustinian, Benedictine, and Cistercian monks were the first agriculturists on a large scale in Fife. The Priory of the Canons Regular at St Andrews, with its cells at Lochleven, Portmoak, and Pittenweem; the Benedictine monasteries at Dunfermline and Lindores; and the Cistercian at Cupar, Balmerino, and Culross, were agricultural centres from the western border to the East Neuk, and made and tilled the most productive soil, which is generally on the margin rather than in the interior of the county.

Wheat early figures in the rent-roll of these rich foundations. The runrig acres of their tenants may even now be traced in some places, as at Scotlandwell. The great plough, worked by twelve or eight oxen, the joint adventure of the village, which still often retained the old name of "the toun," continued to be used till after the Union. Before the Union agricultural progress had commenced, but there was still much waste and barren land, little drainage, old-fashioned implements and modes of tillage. The Union, with other benefits, brought a knowledge of the more advanced methods of England, and the Scotch pupils outstripped their masters. In 1723, "The Society of the Improvers in the Knowledge of Agriculture in Scotland" was instituted; and soon after local societies sprang up in different districts in Scotland, especially the Lothians and Galloway, Aberdeen and Fife, which greatly advanced this branch of industry.

In 1793, Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster organised the scheme for the 'Statistical Account of Scotland,' and two years after obtained the appointment of a Scottish Board of Agriculture and Internal Improvement. At the suggestion of this Board surveys were published of the agricultural condition of the counties of Scotland, and that of Fife was fortunately intrusted to Dr John Thomson, minister of Markinch, a nephew of the poet. Drawn up a few years earlier, the survey was published in 1800, and presents a clear picture of the agricultural state of Fife a century after the Union. He quotes on his title-page his uncle's lines:—

> "Oh, are there not some patriots to whose power
> That best, that godlike luxury is given,
> Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
> Through late posterity? Some large of soul
> To cheer dejected industry, to give
> A double harvest to the pining swain,
> And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?
> Yes, there are such."

The work which follows is not imaginative but practical, and though the stage of progress which it marks has been distanced by the improvements of the present century, it is worth while to recall its main features, and the wise remarks of the patriotic author.

Although a practical farmer, Dr Thomson is not a grumbler, but almost an optimist, and he takes the most favourable view of all classes of the county in which he lived. But he never misses a chance to point out necessary improvements or the obstacles to successful farming, in the modes of tenure, the conditions of leases, and the absence of enclosures. "Property in the county of Fife," he writes, "is more equally divided, and, in proportion to the value and extent, distributed among a greater number of properties, than in any other county of Scotland. In Fife a large proportion of the estates run between £400 and £3000 per annum. From £3000 to £6000 there are only a few; and only one, I believe, amounts to £8000. From £400 down to £30 or £40 per annum there are a great number of proprietors who pay cess and rank as heritors, and, although of inferior fortunes, are generally men of most respectable characters. The extensive distribution of property is attended with the happiest effects." The small estates in Fife have now been for the most part absorbed, and there are few Bonnet Lairds. But Kinross probably still has more small landowners than any equal space of Scotland.

Comparing the valuation in 1517, when an inquest was held by Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres as sheriff and twenty-four jurors, with the valued rent in 1800, he shows it has increased from £1347, 10s. to £362,514, 7s. 5d. Scots—above three times the average of other counties; the real rent he estimates at something under £212,000 sterling. In 1890 the valuation of the county, though adversely affected

by the agricultural depression, was still more than three times the real rent in 1800; so that, so far as money is a test of prosperity, there is little reason for taking a pessimistic view as to the progress of the county. The increase in value was chiefly due to the improvements in agriculture which Mr Thomson recommended having been carried out, to the growth of manufactures, and to the opening of new markets by increased facilities of communication.

With regard to the number of castles and mansions, he remarks: "Few counties in Scotland can boast of so great a number as the county of Fife, many of which are uncommonly elegant; and the rich and extensive plantations and pleasure-grounds with which they are surrounded add greatly to the beauty of the county." Without pretending to exhaust the list, he gives the names of eighty-eight such houses, and specially notes that thirty-nine had either been wholly rebuilt or received large additions or repairs within the last twenty-four years. This building gave much employment; and the mason as well as the joiner or carpenter trades have always been popular. Fife, indeed, may boast of their honest, substantial work, as proudly as Carlyle does of the houses his father built in Dumfriesshire. If the castles have now in many places fallen into decay, and the old cottages disappeared, this has been due not to their builders' want of skill or care, but to their owners' or occupiers' negligence.

Thomson calculates that not less, probably more, than £18,300 had been spent annually, or £439,200 during the last twenty-four years prior to 1800, in improvements, and says that it was within his knowledge that £10,000 had been spent in one country parish in building new houses, without taking the houses of any of the great proprietors into account, within the last sixteen years.

When he contemplated the large number of ruined and ruinous buildings in Fife, Thomson, after the manner of his profession and his time, moralises in a melancholy strain which the present age does not care to express, and perhaps does not feel. "Ruins so extensive," he says, "in proportion to the narrow extent of territory to which they are confined, while they give a very high idea of the splendour and opulence of this county in former times, and of the dignity, rank, and consideration of its proprietors, spread a melancholy gloom over the mind, and lead irresistibly to serious reflections. The time was when these mouldering fabrics stood firm and complete, adorned with all the elegance known in ruder times, and many of them inhabited by the first families in the kingdom. But these once stately mansions, now unroofed, stripped of their ornaments, and deserted, are mouldering in solitary silence under the ravaging hand of time. The powerful, the flourishing, and wealthy masters whom they once boasted of are long since gone and forgotten in the dust. The names of but a few, and the deeds of still fewer, have reached the present times. What they and their habitations are now, we and our still less durable dwellings, in the revolution of a few ages, must certainly be." His moral is addressed to his agricultural readers. "Reputation may be more generally and not less honourably acquired by the more useful though less splendid labours of rural life. Let the spade and the plough engrave names upon your lands, and let your memory be perpetuated by substantial and permanent improvements of the soil. With what warmth of affection will you be remembered by posterity, when they shall be able to say, To the skilful and patriotic industry of our ancestors we owe the richness and fertility of our lands!" The increased fertility of Fife, due to the agricultural improvements of the present century, may have been partly due

to these exhortations; but whether posterity has remembered its patriotic ancestors is not certain.

Even in his own day Thomson was able to note some progress. The farmhouses and offices twenty years before he wrote had a mean and wretched appearance, the house low and smoky, badly lighted, and without separate rooms. The office-houses had low and rudely built walls and ponderous roofs,—the whole irregularly placed in a square, with the house and barn on one side, the stable and byre on the other, and the dunghill in the middle receiving and retaining all the rain that fell and the refuse which accumulated within the square.

The establishment of a farm under 100 acres in 1792 is thus described by one of its inmates: "It consisted of the farmer, his wife, a lad about seventeen, a maid, and a boy—to wit, myself. All worked and ate together, and all slept in the farmhouse, which consisted of one room and a kitchen. . . . In the morning about eight we breakfasted on oatmeal porridge, with churned or skimmed milk, and sometimes whey. Butter was scarcely ever used, and though a few hens were kept, they and their eggs were uniformly sold. The dinner-hour was one, and the fare was always barley-broth, with plenty of cabbage or green kail, sometimes a little pork or a salt herring being added; occasionally, when there was no pork, a little butter in the broth, beef or mutton never being seen in the house. We had bread in abundance,—a healthy and substantial mixed bread of oat, pease, and barley meal, baked in the house. At night we had again porridge, or, in winter, potatoes and milk. On Sundays the master and the mistress indulged themselves with a cup of tea. I never saw or heard of spirits, wine, or even beer in the house. We made our own candles, but were more indebted in the dark nights to the splint-coal. . . . The winter evenings were spent in the kitchen, mainly by the light of the

fire. While the women spun, the master knitted stockings, the man-servant mended his shoes or stockings, *while I usually read aloud for the general benefit.* Our stock of literature was scanty—the Bible, some old sermons, a copy of Boston's 'Fourfold State,' Hervey's 'Meditations among the Tombs,' and an ample stock of old stories and ballads, the latter being the joint property of the maid and myself. We had family worship every evening, the hour of which, as well as of bed-time, was a little uncertain, there being no watch or clock in the house. When the weather permitted, we regulated ourselves by the progress the seven stars made over the peat-stack." Harvest was a time of hard work, good pay, and mirth on an old Fife farm. The first day was celebrated by drinking, according to old custom, "the heuk ale" at the nearest public-house, and the last by the supper of "the maiden" or "the kirn," so well described in the poem of "The First and the Last Day of Hairst," by Alexander Douglas of Strathmiglo. The beer-barrel or whiskey-keg was broached at the close of the barley harvest, and song and dance followed to the music of the pipes or the fiddle, or, in lack of these, the time was given by "the diddler," of whose talent Hugh Haliburton has preserved the memory. Halloween, Hogmanay, Hansel Monday, and St Valentine's Eve were also cherished festivals of the rustic year. The Foy, or farewell supper before Martinmas, was specially a ploughman's feast, as he often changed places at that time.

When Thomson wrote there were already a good number of excellent farm-steadings with houses of two storeys, and every necessary convenience for the family; and the offices had been removed to the back, or a little distance from the house, and contained stables, cow-house, barn, sheds, store-yard for feeding cattle, and milk-house, all built of stone and lime, conveniently arranged, and of sufficient size for the farm.

The cottages had kept pace with the houses of the farmers, and were generally better than many of the best farm-houses thirty or forty years before; but in the northern part of the county cottages were few, and feuing-ground in small lots not common, so that mechanics, tradesmen, and labourers were discouraged from settling there. Even through the rest of the county cottages were not so numerous as their importance to agriculture and the population required. With reference to the size of farms, he points out that these, like the estates in Fife, varied much in extent, from 50 to 500 acres, on an average perhaps 120, but there were also many small holdings from 50 down to 8 acres.

A writer who describes the state of Fife and Kinross towards the end of last century remarks: "Every one who possessed a piece of land rent free was called a laird and his wife in like manner a lady. You might have seen every day a lady from the Ochils with butter, cheese, and eggs swung over her horse in a pair of creels, and herself mounted with grave dignity above the whole, going to market with a stuff hood of large dimensions turned up only with silk on her head, and a cloak also of woollen, or sometimes, in place of this, a riding coat, which was reckoned a piece of finery. . . . As to the superior order of lairds, they lived in that easy and most enviable state of mediocrity between genteel and fashionable life on the one hand, and poverty and labour or drudgery on the other." Yet it was doubted whether subdivision of land had not gone too far, and it was observed that with very few exceptions the feus were in a worse state of cultivation than the farms paying rent. One cause of this had been foreseen by Sir David Lyndsay:—

> "And now begins any plagues among them
> That gentillmen their stedings take in fee
> Thus maun they pay great fermes or buy their stead."

Farms of 300 acres, says another observer of the same date, were not uncommon; but the great bulk of the land was let in much smaller farms of 100 acres and under. The question of the best size of farm had been, Thomson states, "much agitated," as it still is. He supports the view that there should be a mixture of large and small farms, because "there is a great diversity among men in respect of abilities and circumstances, and also to prevent a dangerous diminution of active and experienced hands for carrying on the operations of husbandry." He favours, in short, the golden mean. "To mince down," he says, "all the land into small holdings would neither increase population nor add to the strength of the State, and would most probably check the progress of improvement. But to throw the whole estates of the kingdom into the hands of a few great farmers might be equally hurtful to the progress of agriculture, and would certainly be highly impolitic, as it would weaken the support which the constitution of the country, as well as public order and tranquillity, derive from the general diffusion of property." This diffusion of property, he considers, saved Great Britain from the Revolution then recent in France, where "the higher orders had monopolised all the honours, wealth, and power, while dependence, servility, and abject poverty had been the portion of the lower and by far the most numerous class." He praises the character of the Fife farmers. Several of them had come from more highly improved parts of the country, and contributed not a little by their ability and enterprise to the improvement of the county. Still the great body of the farmers were descendants of the old stock which had held the same farms for several generations, and he commends them for decency, sobriety, and integrity.

Rents varied. In 1792 good land was to be had for 10 shillings an acre. In consequence of the war with France

it had risen in the best land to a very high rate: £2 an acre was common, but some large farms were let at £3, or, near the town, even at £4, £5, and £6 an acre. The absence of tithes, so justly complained of in other countries, he thought highly favourable to the progress of agriculture. Poor-rates were also unknown, and, like the Scotch clergy of his generation, he deprecates their introduction, and prefers the old Scottish mode of supporting the poor by collections at the church doors. He remarks, however, that these chiefly came from the pockets of the farmers, tradesmen, and labourers. Non-resident proprietors seldom gave anything, and few of the residents, many of whom were Episcopalians and attended their own chapels, came to the parish kirk, and consequently added little to the amount of collections. He approves of the Scottish system of leases, generally of nineteen years, but in some instances longer, and formerly with a liferent added, though this had become rare; but he argues in favour of relaxing the restrictions which bind the farmer in shackles to the end of his lease.

The implements of husbandry had been much improved by the progress of agricultural science. The old Scots plough, made entirely of wood with the exception of the iron coulter, was almost gone entirely into disuse, and its place supplied by a small light plough with an iron head and cast-metal mould-board. Harrows of several kinds and rollers had come into use. Reaping was still almost invariably done by the hook, the scythe being only used where reapers were scarce, which was seldom the case in so populous a county. Threshing-machines had become common, driven both by water- and horse-power, but were still so much of a novelty that he deems it worth while to mention one erected at Kilrie, in the parish of Kinghorn; another in the parish of Leuchars, put up by Mr Buchan, the tenant; and a

third, by Mr Cheape of Rossie, perhaps superior to any other in Fife.

Amongst noted agriculturists in Fife were Sir John Anstruther and the Earl of Balcarres, who were accounted the best farmers in the East Neuk, and would have been reckoned the best in all Fife if the palm had not been disputed with them by General Skene of Pitlour and Major Law near Falkland. Even a Professor of St Andrews, Dr Wilkie, astonished the country people by talking to them in their own language and teaching them how to raise turnips and potatoes. The example he set was of great use in that part of the country, and his success was perhaps due to one of his maxims. "I never draw any conclusion," he said, "in matters of husbandry but from direct experiment, and I never reason from analogy." This was a practical application of the inductive philosophy of Bacon which Wilkie taught his students as well as the farmers of the neighbourhood.

Enclosures were still much wanted, only a third of the county being substantially enclosed, the rest remaining partly open or fenced by dikes without hedges, hedges without dikes, or by ragged palings. Drainage, as the term is now understood, was almost unknown in last century, though surface moisture was in some parts carried away by rude stone drains. The majority of the ploughmen are praised for keeping the ridges straight and of equal breadth from end to end, but there were instances of slovenly work, which prevented the increase of the quantity and improvement of the quality of the produce of the soil.

Rotation of crops had occupied attention for a number of years back, but there was still much to be desired, and he gives examples of four-, five-, and six-shift rotation adapted to the different qualities of the soil. The crop most generally cultivated was oats, oatmeal being still a principal article

of food among the lower classes; but the consumption by horses was on the increase, so that Dr Johnson's well-known sarcasm was probably by this time beginning to lose its point. Barley was cultivated to a considerable extent and considered a crop of great importance, barley-meal being much used, but a still greater quantity was consumed by the many breweries and distilleries in the county. Wheat during the last twenty or thirty years had become a favourite crop, and kept pace with the improvement of the soil, but probably its cultivation had been pushed further than proper on land not adapted for that crop. Beans and peas were cultivated best in the north and south, and produced only a scanty crop in the middle and upland parts of the county. The potato, although brought over from America about two hundred and thirty years before, had become an agricultural crop in Fife for only sixty years. About 1740, and indeed till 1770 or 1780, it had been seen chiefly in gardens, as its value had been little understood. Even at the date of this survey, only 600 acres were under potatoes. Turnips were of recent introduction, very few having been grown till 1780; but since then they were gradually coming into repute, though not yet so much as the nature of the soil would admit. North of the Eden and west from Burntisland comparatively few were raised; and the cultivation of the Swedish turnip, though attempted, had not spread to any considerable extent, but its good qualities deserved attention. The cultivation of green crop materially altered the conditions of agriculture, and has to some extent mitigated the loss from the fall in the price of grain.

Flax had been encouraged by the Board of Agriculture, and the writer, while admitting it to be a scourging crop, urges the importance of its cultivation in preference to importation in a county where the linen manufacture was so

largely used. At that time about 1500 acres were under flax, which was found to thrive well and to be of fine quality in the high ground of the middle district. On some farms part of the wages of farm-servants was paid in flax. In the present century the growth of flax has almost disappeared, and although some attempts have been made to reintroduce it in Fife on account of the recent fall in the price of wheat, they do not seem as yet to have been successful. The artificial grasses, ryegrass, and red and white clover, which were rare some years before, were coming into use, and as about one-fifth of the county was inaccessible to the plough, the question of improving pasture was of much consequence.

There was nothing in Fife that could properly be called an orchard, except the remains of that of the old Abbey of Lindores, but private gardens were numerous, owing to the great number of resident proprietors, and most families in the towns and villages had little gardens of their own. There was, however, only one market-garden of about twenty acres near Kirkcaldy.

There was little common or waste ground. Several of the gentry had been active in planting, especially on the north of the county, on the properties of Blairadam, Rankeillor, and Craigrothie; and on the south side General Wemyss of Wemyss, Sir James Erskine of Cambo, and Mr Ferguson of Raith, were noted as great planters. Almost all commons had been divided except that of the Lomonds near Falkland. A good deal had been done, but not enough for drainage, to carry out which it was necessary, as the tenants had not sufficient capital, that the landlords should advance the necessary expenditure and the tenant pay interest at a reasonable rate. Useful hints are given with reference to manuring, and weeding is strongly urged, for weeds "are robbers that

pilfer the food necessary for the more valuable and useful vegetable." With regard to live stock, he recommends the introduction of dairy farming, and the disuse of oxen for ploughing. Although there was a difference of opinion amongst farmers on the latter point, on the whole the use of oxen for draught was decidedly going out, not more than one being employed in the plough or cart for ten so used twenty years before.

The cattle seem still to have been almost exclusively a special Fife black breed. But the county has, with a few honourable exceptions,—as the polled Angus herd of Miss Morison-Duncan at Naughton and the Clydesdale stud of Mr Gilmour at Montrave,—not yet acquired a reputation for breeding, as Angus has for its polled cattle, and Aberdeen for its shorthorns; nor for dairy farms, as Ayrshire. It has confined itself chiefly to importing lean cattle from Ireland and other countries, and feeding them for the butcher. A great improvement in the quality of horses was marked, to which the pastime of hunting, and the popularity of the light-horse yeomanry corps amongst the farmers as well as the landed proprietors, has contributed. Rabbits were common on the sandy links, but not yet bred for profit; poultry, except turkeys and geese, chiefly to be seen about the houses of the gentry and large farmers, were largely bred for profit and sold in the towns or in Edinburgh.

The "doocot," or pigeon-house, still so common an object in the Fife landscape, was then still more common; there were not fewer than 360, with 36,000 pairs of breeders, making dreadful havoc among the grain, of which they were supposed to consume between 3000 and 4000 bolls a-year. As the profit of each pigeon-house could not be more than £5 a-year, gentlemen were beginning to count the cost, and pigeon-houses were suffered to go to ruin. Many of these,

now deserted like the castles of their former owners, give point to the saying which describes the possessions of a Fife laird as consisting of "a puckle land, a lump of debt, a doocot, and a law plea." Good specimens of the old dovecot yet remaining may be seen at the castle of Newark near St Monans, one belonging to the castle of Rosyth near Inverkeithing, and a third near Kilrenny.

A few beehives were found in Fife, when Thomson wrote, in every gentleman's garden; but, whether from want of skill or the climate, this was deemed a precarious business and not much followed.

The wages of the ordinary labourer were from 1s. to 1s. 6d. a-day in summer, and 2d. or 3d. less in winter. Married ploughmen had a free house and garden, £6 to £8 of money, 6½ bolls of meal, a cow's grass, and some other allowances, making their wage run from £16 to £18: the unmarried lived in the farmer's family, with £8 to £12 of wages; women-servants had £3 to £4. But on the smaller farms much more modest wages were paid, and Mr Ritchie, one of the founders of the 'Scotsman' newspaper, who as a boy, towards the end of last century, served on a farm of 90 acres near Largo, gives the following exact and curious budget of its expenses, which he says were nearly the total expenses of the farm:—

The man-servant (including flax)	£5 0 0
The maid-servant (do.)	2 10 0
The boy (*me*), (do.)	1 0 0
Board for these three, at 1s. 6d. a-week	11 14 0
Lime and marl	1 11 0
Turnip and grass seed	0 10 0
Cow	2 10 0
Harvest wages	5 0 0
Church seats	0 10 0
Master and mistress, board and clothing	20 0 0
Rent of 90 acres, at 10s.	45 0 0
	£95 5 0

Harvesting was also an extra, and a larger wage was often paid than in this thrifty budget.

Amongst the obstacles to improvement Thomson reckons the roads, which twenty years before were in a very wretched state, though something had been done under the Road Acts of 1790 and 1797. The county had been divided into four districts, Cupar, St Andrews, Kirkcaldy, and Dunfermline, and provision had been made for the conversion of statute labour, by which the roads had hitherto been kept up, into money payments. The erection of toll-bars had been felt a grievance, but the writer urges in their defence "that no public good is more felt than good roads, and no equal good is so cheaply purchased." During the present century good quarries and the good management of the road trustees have improved the roads at a comparatively moderate cost, so that there are few parts of Scotland better provided with this means of communication. One of these improved roads near Balcarres has been well named after General Briggs of Strathairlie, who has used Indian experience for the benefit of his native county, as has been done in other parts of Scotland.

A similar praise cannot yet be given to the railways, which have been a byword for inconvenient arrangements. It may be hoped that the completion of the bridges over the Tay and the Forth will be the commencement of a more enlightened management. In few counties is railway travelling more popular, and the great Company which conducts it should disdain to take advantage of the absence of competition. Fife had and has no canal; and although Dr Campbell, minister of Cupar, father of the Chancellor, had suggested one from that town to the sea, Thomson doubted whether it would pay, and whether any individual or society would be so generous as to make it without the prospect of being repaid.

The chief obstacles to agricultural improvement were, the backwardness on the part of the proprietor to spend money on it, although "every man of true taste," he says, "will enjoy more satisfaction in seeing his fields well cultivated than in faring at a luxurious table, and will find more rational amusement in the operations of rural industry than at the gaming-table or on the turf"; thirlage, by which a farmer was bound to send his corn to particular mills, often inconvenient as regards situation and exorbitant as regards charges; entails, which prevented leases of sufficient duration and expenditure in improvements. But he does not favour Lord Kames's suggestion of leases renewable at fixed intervals, with a revision of the rent at each; and suggests, in preference, improving leases for forty-two years. The principal improvements he suggests are "enclosing, planting, and draining"; and he also notices the need of better cottages and farm-steadings.

He concludes with a sanguine view of the circumstances favourable to agriculture in Fife. The materials for improvement were at hand. There was excellent stone in every corner of the county, and a variety of good manures, lime and marl, and sea-ware, as well as farmyard dung. There was a large population requiring provisions, and good fairs and markets, as many as eighty-seven in the year, besides weekly markets in the principal towns, of which the chief were Cupar and Kirkcaldy. There were also many harbours, from the great extent of the sea-coast, both for export and coasting trade. The country gentlemen had shown excellent examples of improvement; and he discourses eloquently on the reciprocal advantages of agriculture and manufactures, which ought to go hand in hand, and are to be found in Fife side by side.

Similar surveys were made about the same time of the

different counties of Scotland, but none are more suggestive than this of the minister of Markinch, who had much of the public and some of the imaginative spirit of his uncle, the author of the 'Seasons.' The agriculture of all Scotland has made a marvellous advance within the present century; and probably it has done so in Fife to as great an extent as in any other county.

By a singular coincidence, Craig, one of the nephews of the author of the 'Seasons,' had recently prepared the plans which led to the improvement of Edinburgh by the building of the New Town, and another wrote this valuable treatise on the agricultural improvement of the county of Fife. The greater part of the improvement since made must be ascribed to the readiness of the landowners and farmers of Fife to profit by discoveries in science and inventions in machinery, but a share of it may also be fairly attributed to Dr Thomson's Survey, which clearly pointed out the advantages of the county and the defects which required to be remedied. If farming has often in recent years been a losing business, this is not due to neglect of modern improvements but of ancient thrift, which the pressure of foreign competition makes more necessary.

CHAPTER XI.

PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURES—SPINNING, WEAVING, AND WAULKING—ORIGIN OF LINEN TRADE—THE LINEN CORPORATION, 1693—SYSTEM OF BOUNTIES—NEW MACHINERY FOR SPINNING AND WEAVING—PRESENT TRADE AT DUNFERMLINE AND KIRKCALDY—OIL-CLOTH TRADE OF KIRKCALDY INTRODUCED BY MICHAEL NAIRN—COLLIERIES—COAL-PIT OF THE MONKS OF DUNFERMLINE—COAL-MINE OF SIR GEORGE BRUCE NEAR CULROSS—SERFDOM OF COLLIERS ABOLISHED—INCREASE OF MINERS' WAGES—THE FISHERS OF FIFE—THEIR ORIGIN AND CUSTOMS—SHIPBUILDING—SALT, GLASS, AND TILE WORKS—BREWERIES AND DISTILLERIES—EDUCATION—UNIVERSITY OF ST ANDREWS—HIGH AND PARISH SCHOOLS—THE PRINTING-PRESS IN FIFE—GOLF LINKS.

THERE is no similar report of the manufactures of Fife to that of Thomson on its agriculture, and we must resort to local sources and the researches of antiquaries to give a rapid narrative of the origin and progress of the industry of the loom, the mill, and the factory. It has been the good fortune of the eastern shire, as of its northern neighbour Forfarshire and the western county of Ayr, that they have not had to depend solely on the precarious harvests of the field or the sea. From early times, not in one but in many places, the distaff, the spinning-wheel, and the loom have been at work, used at first in the cottages and small villages, afterwards when steam had been taught to drive engines in the towns themselves the offspring of the increased power of production. The variety of labour and of trade had a direct effect upon character, and created intelligence as well as wealth.

The weaver required to use his brains as well as his hands, and could not, like the ploughboy, whistle for want of thought. An interest in ecclesiastical controversy and in politics, not always well informed, but always combative and keen, began in this trade long before it had become common amongst agricultural labourers or miners. It was the frequent practice of the weavers that some one should read aloud in the cottage a newspaper or a book even when the shuttle was flying across the loom. Bottom, in 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' was not a Scottish weaver.

Throughout Scotland in the middle ages the art of spinning and of cloth-making by weaving and waulking were practised. The waulking songs the women chanted as they trod their webs, like the boating songs of the men as they plied the oar, and the songs the maids sang when they milked the kye, taught some of the rhythms of Scottish song. From this trade came the common Scottish and Fife surnames of Walker, in English Fuller; Webster, in English Weaver; and Litster (Lister), in English Dyer of the woven cloth. After a primitive form of machinery had been substituted for the labour of hands and feet, the waulk-mill and the plash-mill were introduced, and continued to be used till steam was brought into the service of man.

Fife early adopted flax as one of its agricultural crops, and though it is difficult to fix precise dates, the conversion of flax into lint was known earlier than the end of the fifteenth century, as the lines of Henryson the Dunfermline poet, already quoted, prove. More than a century before, in the description of the battle of Bannockburn, mention is made of the linen of the women and camp-followers on the Gillies' Hill, and the towels they bound to the spears and staves. A statute of James II. prohibited the adulteration of lint with clay. Imagination may even seek to carry back the origin of

the manufacture which was to make Dunfermline famous to Queen Margaret and her maidens. They not only worked and embroidered ecclesiastical vestments and altar-cloths, but also introduced new and more seemly customs at meals, which may well have included the use of linen. The queen purchased from traders beyond the seas "clothing of various colours, and adopted new costumes of different fashions, the elegance of which made the wearers appear like a new race of beings," and may have suggested novel patterns. Still there is no clear proof that linen any more than tartan was made in the Dunfermline of Queen Margaret. Imported or homespun linen as well as woollen was without doubt very early known in Scotland, but history dates the introduction of the flourishing trade at a much later period, and indeed not to any great extent till the union of the Crowns. During the reigns of the Jameses the finer kinds of woollen broadcloth were imported from Holland, and cost 5s. to 18s. the ell, and only the common homespun, which sold for 10d., was of native make. But before the union under Anne, Scotland had learnt from the chief Continental countries engaged in the linen trade what they had to teach, as is proved by the Dutch, German, and French names familiar in the trade,—Hollands, Dornick from Doornik, Cambric from Cambrai, and Dowlas, Silesians, and Osnaburgs from the German districts of these names.

The Statute-book also affords evidence that the Scottish manufacture of linen had increased to an extent which had led to exportation; for the export of linen cloth was forbidden in 1573, and of linen yarn in 1661, while its import was highly taxed. By an Act in the latter year the export of linen cloth was allowed duty free for fifteen years, and this privilege was renewed in 1685. Various statutes, from the reign of James VI. to that of William III., encouraged the manufacture. In 1684 there were already 12,000 persons employed in the

linen trade in Scotland. In 1686 the notable Act was passed for "Burying in Scots Linen," under heavy penalties against infringement; in 1693, another for regulating the manufacture so as to make the "trade more acceptable to merchants," by stamping the quality of the cloth. The same statute allowed the free import of the raw material, lint, flax, and linen yarn, and the free export of linen cloth; but prohibited the export of lint or linen yarn, in pursuance of the mercantile system. Of such legislation, Adam Smith remarked that "it is the industry which is carried on for the benefit of the rich that is principally encouraged; that which is carried on for the benefit of the poor and indigent is too often either neglected or oppressed. By extorting from the Legislature bounties upon the exportation of their own linen, high duties upon the importation of all foreign linen, and a total prohibition of the home consumption of some sorts of French linen, they (the manufacturers) endeavour to sell their own goods as dear as possible. By encouraging the importation of foreign linen yarn, and thereby bringing into competition with that which is made by our own poor people, they endeavour to buy the work of the poor spinners as cheap as possible." These remarks, though made with special reference to the action of the English Parliament during the reigns of the Georges, are applicable to the legislation of the Scottish Parliament prior to the Union. A charter was granted in 1693 to a Linen Corporation of Leith, and the privilege of free export of cloth allowed by it was soon after extended to other places. At the Union it was proposed, but not carried, to add a clause to the Treaty exempting all Scots linen from duty on export.

It was the Union and its results which gave the great impulse to the Scottish manufacture. Legislation which repressed manufactures is not a peculiar grievance of Ireland. Prior to 1707 the English and Scottish Parliaments passed

retaliatory Acts. The English prohibited the import of Scottish linen, and the Scots that of English woollen goods. Scottish linen was now allowed to be exported free of duty both to England and the colonies, and in 1710 upwards of 1,500,000 yards were produced, a large part for exportation. In 1727 the Board of Manufactures was instituted, in partial fulfilment of an obligation in the Treaty of Union; and shortly after, in 1746, the British Linen Company, which originally united manufacturing with banking, was founded, and did not a little to create and support the credit of the rising linen trade. One of its branches was at Dunfermline, where, according to the Rev. Peter Chalmers, the historian of the town, it carried on the manufacture on its own account, though the records of the Bank show this was by giving credit to the weavers. The system of bounties and premiums continued, and was useful in the infancy of the trade. There were prizes for growing lint and hemp, for spinning at the schools, and to housewives for the best piece of homespun. French workmen were brought to Edinburgh to teach the preparation of fine cambric, and an Irish weaver was sent through the country to give lessons in a business which requires the subdivision and adaptation of so many kinds of different labour and skill. Some of the schemes of the Board were failures or only partially successful, and the regulations as to stamping being abolished in 1823, the Board has since done little or nothing for the linen manufacture, which had become well able to take care of itself. The attempt to introduce this industry into the Highlands was one of these failures. Gradually almost the whole trade centred in the three counties of Perth, Forfar, and Fife.

Forfar early took and retained the first, but Fife kept the second place. Its soil was specially suited for the cultivation of lint in places where it could not grow wheat. There

was plenty of water, room for bleaching, and convenient harbours for the import of flax or yarn and export of cloth. A number of small became large villages, almost little towns, as Kinross, Milnathort, Newburgh, Auchtermuchty, Leslie, Markinch, Falkland, Kingskettle, Strathmiglo, Ladybank, Kinghorn, Abbotshall, Dysart, Kennoway, and Leven. Scarcely a cottage was without its spinning-wheel, scarcely a village or town without its looms. The young women worked the linen for their first home, the old for their last resting-place. Though "the Fife wives were sometimes called wasters," an old Scottish lady, Miss Brown of Lanfine, told me, "I have seen them spinning with both hands, two threads at one time."

Flax-spinning by machinery only became common towards the end of last and beginning of this century. Indeed, machinery was introduced for spinning cotton before it was applied to flax, as in the large mills of Kirkland, near Largo, about 1797, which are now disused. Manufactures, unlike agriculture, have a centralising tendency. Even before the application of steam to manufacturing machinery, Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy had become the centres of the trade in Fife. The latter made the commoner kinds of sheeting, checks, dowlas, coarse ticks, and sail-cloth; the former at first huckaback and diaper, and later, chiefly damask for table use. Newburgh was famed for its Silesians, Osnaburgs, and brown linen.

It is interesting to note the step-by-step improvement, from the damask loom of which James Blake, by pretending to be half-witted, learnt the secret at Drumsheugh, then a suburb, and now part of the New Town, of Edinburgh, and set up in the Pends near the old tower of the Abbey of Dunfermline in 1718; the adaptation by John Wilson before 1780, which dispensed with the draw-boy; "the holey board" and "comb

draw" loom, which gave a pattern to work from instead of memory, towards the end of the last century; down to the Jacquard loom, introduced into Fife in 1824, and which came into general use in 1830. A curious record of the progress of the trade in the beginning of this century is contained in the quaint verses written and printed, with rude woodcuts, by D. Paton at Dunfermline in 1810:—

"Dunfermline treade it was not great
when I first in it dwelt,
Two manufactrers had the most
if I right recolect.

The tread of this toun did consist
of *dornicks* cowrse and fine,
Some *deaper* also here were wove,
back-cams were very thin.

But *demask* now in all its kinds
is drove on to great extante,
From this to London by the sea
to merchants it is sent.

From thence it through the world go,
and serves both east and west;
Both Affrica and Indea too
has there teables with it dres'd.

Now Manufactrers half a score
Dunfermline doth contain,
the weaving treade in less or more
is caried on by them.

These men their stock they do not spair,
but lays it out indeed;
By these many one doth live
by weaving for their bread.

Some of them that did rise this treade
at first to any hight,
Their names into Dunfermline shou'd
shine with Luster bright."

The poem is put into the mouth of a poetic weaver, and the spelling is partly jocular. The metre is that quaint reflex rather than parody of the Scriptural paraphrase, the only poetic form familiar to that section of the Scottish people who did not read 'Blind Harry,' or learn by heart the old ballads. Specimens may still be got from all parts of Scotland. Aberdeenshire is particularly rich in them.

Steam was first employed on a large scale for power-loom weaving in London in 1812, but Fife has the credit of making the next successful attempt at Kirkcaldy in 1821, and since then its use has been so rapid that the hand-loom, though still used for some of the finer work, is almost entirely superseded. In 1880 only 120 hand-looms remained at Dunfermline, and the number has still further declined. In Cupar, where in 1836 there were 900 persons employed, and in Kennoway, which had once 400 looms, there is not now a single hand-loom.

Steam necessarily benefited the great factories. The smaller weaving villages, like Newburgh and Auchtermuchty, began to decay, and the spinning-wheel of the cottage became as antiquated as the distaff, and is now only to be seen in districts of Scotland more remote than Fife. In 1869 a single firm, Messrs Beveridge & Co. of Dunfermline, employed at St Leonard's 1100 persons, and made 10,400,000 yards of cloth of the value of £300,000 a-year; that of Messrs Dewar & Sons employed 500, while there were several lesser manufacturers. In all there were, in 1869, besides the hand-looms still surviving, 2670 power-looms at work, giving employment to 6000 persons, which produced thirty million square yards and a value of about one million pounds a-year, of which £443,879 value was exported to America. Since then the value of the produce has not much increased. The number of hands is still estimated at 6000, and the value of the pro-

duce at something less than a million sterling, of which about half goes to America; but as prices have been reduced about 25 per cent, the extent of the produce is probably about a third greater than in 1869. The stationary number of workers may be accounted for by the improved machinery. The wages of girls and women vary from 5s. to 20s. a-week, of boys from 4s. to 9s., and of men from 18s. to £2. It has been the happy and rare fortune of the linen trade, owing to the good relations between masters and men, to have been almost entirely free from the strikes and lock-outs which have so often paralysed other trades, and, resulting certainly in present loss, often leave it a doubtful question whether there has been any sufficient compensating future gain.

In Kirkcaldy the linen trade first began after the civil wars had ruined their shipping; but little progress was made till after the Union, and so late as 1733 the total produce was 177,740 yards. A wise policy of the magistrates established an annual fair, rescinded local customs on linen, encouraged bleachers, and even settled a heckler with a salary to teach an art which has passed from linen into politics, and is practised nowhere more diligently than in Fife. The political heckler is often a fool and may become a nuisance, but he can prick the windbag and sting the carpet-bagger better than a wiser man. The trade now began to grow rapidly, and the quantity produced more than doubled in ten years. Though checked by the Jacobite rebellion and the American war, it still held its ground, and took a new start in the end of the last and beginning of the present century. The average produced in 1805, 1806, and 1807 was 1,641,403 yards, and in 1816, 1817, and 1818, 2,022,493 yards. In 1838, after steam was fairly established, there were 1100 looms producing a value of about £200,000.

In 1883, when the trade was suffering from temporary

depression, there were fourteen power-loom factories, 2300 looms, and 2500 hands, making a total produce of the value of £410,000, of which almost £76,000 went to America. The linen is not the fine linen of Dunfermline, but the coarser sorts—ticks, dowlas, checks, and sail-cloth. There are also considerable factories in other places, as Leslie and Dysart. In Fife, in 1867, 11,500 persons were engaged in this branch of industry; and while this was less than a fourth of those in Forfarshire, it was nearly four times as many as in Perthshire.

While there were general causes which produced this immense and rapid development of a single trade, and many persons to whom the credit of it is due, Mr Erskine Beveridge of Dunfermline, and Mr James Fergus of Leslie, M.P. for Fife, who introduced the finer ticking for the English home trade by the discovery of the open stroke, and Mr James Ayton, who has been called the father of the spinning trade of Kirkcaldy, are names still remembered with special honour by those who have followed the progress of the linen trade of Fife. But besides the energy of capitalists, there was much ingenuity shown by many known mechanics, like Blake and Wilson, and some unknown, like the workman who produced at Dunfermline a seamless shirt before the end of the seventeenth century. In this as in other trades there was an opportunity for advancement, if it was seized by fit talents at the lucky moment. One manufacturer, the late Mr Matthewson, who began life as a handloom weaver, employed 900 hands. Mr Ritchie, whose reminiscences as a farm-boy at Largo have aided this attempt to recall Fife in the end of last century, left the field for the loom, began to manufacture for himself in a small way at Lundin Links, near Largo, and migrated to Edinburgh, where he set up as a linen-draper, first in Crosscauseway, afterwards in Nicolson Street. As

became a native of Kirkcaldy, the fellow-townsman of Adam Smith, he practised as well as preached economy. His accumulated savings contributed largely to the start of the 'Scotsman' newspaper in 1816. His independent, persevering, and patriotic spirit was conspicuous in its pages, and reflected the character of Fife. That Constable and Ritchie, two of the chief founders of the periodical cheap press, another successful manufacture of Scotland, should have come from Fife, was probably more than an accident. It was a result in a special field of the industrious and economic habits of its natives.

It is also noticeable that, as in the case of Dunfermline, the artistic skill of the designers of patterns, of whom Mr Joseph Paton was eminent, has enabled that town to distance all competitors, and to hold along with Belfast the market for table-linen in America as well as Great Britain. This American connection led to many young men of the present generation seeking their fortune in the great Western Republic, one of whom, Mr Carnegie, has been a generous benefactor of his native town. Latterly, a considerable part of the business energy of Forfarshire has gone over to the manufacture of jute, leaving to Fife the production of the finer kinds of the superior and more lasting fabric.

Kirkcaldy affords an example of how much manufactures may owe to the ingenuity and enterprise of one man and a single generation. There does not appear to be anything in its situation or facilities which makes it peculiarly fitted for the manufacture of floor-cloth. Linen floor-cloth had indeed been one of its products, as in other districts, and possibly the whalers, of whom there were several who sailed from Kirkcaldy, may have directed attention to the use of oil, which had not yet begun to flow from shale or natural springs. The late Mr Michael Nairn conceived the idea of making a

cloth of a more durable material which could receive patterns in colour, and supply the place of carpets. He had been originally at Bristol, but transferred his works to Fife, where they were first known as Nairn's Folly. By using the fibre of cork and oil-paint he succeeded in carrying out his idea in 1847; and his firm of Messrs Nairn & Co., followed by those of Shepherd, Beveridge, & Co., and Barry, Ostlere, & Co., have now associated Kirkcaldy with oil-cloth manufacture almost as intimately as Dundee is associated with jute, or Dunfermline with damasks. This flourishing business has made the "lang toun" longer, and given employment to 1300 workmen, who turn out annually floor-cloth of the value of £400,000. It has as yet no successful rival in this trade. Here, too, the readiness of the manufacturer to call the artist to his aid deserves recognition. One of the best patterns of Kirkcaldy floor-cloth was due to the taste of Mr Owen Jones. Really good artistic work, besides its other advantages, is generally found to pay in the market. Kirkcaldy has never had all its eggs in one basket, and possesses, besides its flax, linen, and floor-cloth factories, iron-foundries, a chemical work, and bleach-fields, breweries, potteries, and flour-mills. It is now seeking, by an improved harbour, to regain the shipping trade.

The Collieries, which now form one of the chief industries of Fife, bring us into contact with a different class of the population. The county has a scanty supply of the metals, but both its eastern and western divisions possess a great store of coal, the precious product of the soil which, early found so useful as fuel, has increased in utility and value with almost every invention or discovery of new mechanical powers or instruments. When it was first used in Scotland is uncertain; but one of the earliest notices of it in Scottish records is a lease, in 1291, to the monks of Dunfermline

by the owner of Pittencrieff, by which he grants "to the religious men, the abbot and convent of Dunfermline, a coal-pit in the land of Pittencrieff wherever they may wish, excluding the arable land, that they may get a sufficiency for their own use, but not to sell. Moreover, one failing, they may make another according to their free will as often as they may see it expedient." The monks of Newbattle began to work coal about the same time, and it would appear as if the monks were generally the first coalmasters, as they were the first agriculturists. When Æneas Silvius, afterwards Pope Pius II., visited Scotland in the reign of James I., he describes, in one of his lively letters, how "the poor at the church doors received for alms pieces of stone, with which they went away quite contented, and burnt in place of wood." It was a novel sight to an Italian.

First worked on the surface, where the outcrop revealed it and made its working easy, it must soon have become necessary, when the surface-coal was exhausted, to sink shafts and to drive underground levels. The mine near Culross of Sir George Bruce was treated as a great wonder, worthy of a royal visitor, when James VI. went there in the early part of the seventeenth century; but probably this was from its being worked under the sea, for long before that date underground working had been known. The colliers had been in feudal times a distinct class or caste, as the salters also were, and it was the misfortune of both to be treated as bondsmen, or *adscripti glebæ*, who were conveyed along with the land long after the gradual, almost imperceptible, abolition of serfage had made all other labourers free men.

It was not, indeed, till 1775 that an Act was passed by which, on a preamble that many colliers, coal-bearers, and salters are in a state of slavery or bondage, and are sold

with the mines, it was enacted "that no person shall be bound to work in them in any way different from common labourers," and that "all persons under a given age now employed in them be free after a given day"; yet with the grudging proviso "that others above the given age were not to be free till they had instructed an apprentice." Within the memory of men now living, women and young children, who had been largely employed in Fife and the east of Scotland as carriers, were relieved from a labour for which they were unfitted, by one of the Acts which have conferred on the late Lord Shaftesbury so enviable a fame. Female labour was prohibited, as well as that of children under twelve. This was followed by other beneficent legislation, providing for the inspection of collieries, the education of the children, and regulations for the safety of the lives of the miners. A great increase in their wages was the necessary result of the abolition of serfdom and the growing demand for coal for industrial purposes; and if this has also led to an increase of price, no one should grudge it who enjoys the cheerful fire on the hearth of his own home. The collier who, a century ago, received only from 7s. to 8s. a-week, now can earn an average wage of from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. a-day, and at times more. Nor can we wonder that the emancipated miners have formed combinations, and obtained a share of parliamentary influence, though the policy of strikes, of limitations of output, and of idle days beyond those of other labourers, has sometimes been pushed too far, to the injury of the miners as well as the coalmaster. Fife has been fortunately almost free from the terrible catastrophes which, in other districts, now and again appeal to the national conscience, and show the risk to which this department of labour is subject in spite of the united efforts of science and law to prevent it. More still, it may be hoped, may be done to

stamp out the remnants of the truck system, and to give additional security to the lives and limbs of those employed. To secure the latter, masters and men must co-operate. It ought not to be impossible that the industrial war between capital and labour should, like the religious wars of our forefathers, be superseded by co-operation, mutual toleration or forbearance, and common counsel for the common weal. The future is beyond the scope of the present sketch, but the sliding-scale for wages recently adopted in the Dysart collieries by agreement between Lord Rosslyn and the miners is a good omen.

Besides the great coal-fields of Dunfermline and Wemyss, the discovery of the oil-yielding properties of shale has opened a new though fluctuating industry at Burntisland. Nor should the quarries of Inverkeithing and of Blair, near Culross, and others in the East Neuk, which have been worked for export for more than two centuries, be passed without notice. A Dutch poet of the first half of the seventeenth century, Vondel, sings with poetical hyperbole of the "marble cliff of Scotland," which was used to build the town-house of Amsterdam. Some of the piers of the Forth Bridge have been built from the Inverkeithing quarries.

Another important trade of Fife from the earliest times has been its fisheries. While the larger shipping more and more deserted its shores, the fishing craft remained faithful to the seaside villages, especially those of the east coast from St Andrews to Kirkcaldy. The good fishing-ground of the Forth, especially at the back of the May, famous at least as early as the days of William the Lion, lay at their doors, and its open mouth invited them to try the wider and stormier ocean. The herring and the white fish, especially, cod, ling, whiting, and haddock, and, though in less quantity, the flat fish, flounders, soles, and turbot, by their different seasons,

occupied nearly the whole of the fishers' year. There was no need, as in districts farther from markets, for the Fife fishermen to eke out a scanty living by agriculture. They were in some places of foreign origin, from Flanders, Denmark, or the North German coast. Those of Buckhaven are said to have sprung from a shipwrecked crew of Brabant in the reign of Philip II., and the natives of the Tent Muir were at one time called Danes; but no one is bound to accept literally these tales of ancient mariners. The fishers of Fife are, at least by origin, a separate hereditary class. Like other hereditary classes, they are conservative of old dress, customs, and privileges, marrying chiefly members of their own class. A few surnames, such as Deas and Thomson, are so frequent that the custom was, and still is, to distinguish men by the names of their wives, and when this resource fails, of their boats or their by-names. Their quaint angular little harbours and fishing craft have something of a Continental, but, if an Irish bull may be pardoned, a Scottish Continental character. Perhaps fishing folk have common ways in different quarters of the globe. Their own masters, and living the free life of the sea, they are an independent and fearless race. Some of them have been fond of distant adventure, like Alexander Selkirk of Largo, the original of "Robinson Crusoe," and in former times the whalers of Kirkcaldy. They all are ready to brave the dangers of the deep, in which, almost within sight of shore, between the Oxcar and the May, "many a ship has been cast away." The tragedy of their common lot is seen when a company of grave men, both old and young, in sober black and brown, is met crossing the sands with the coffin of one of their comrades to the nearest kirkyard.

The fishers' words are few, but when they speak it is with the emphasis of experience. Canny and reticent, they eye with calm curiosity the observant artist taking a rapid sketch,

or the inquisitive stranger who passes a few hours' or days' holiday where they have their homes, and spend in apparent listless laziness the brief portions of their lives when they are not at sea. The course of their fishing, as it was described more than two hundred years ago, has altered little, and only altered when the capricious changes of the herring have made it necessary. In winter they fished off their own coast with line for cod, haddock, and ling; in March they went north and fished cod off the Orkneys, and brought the fish home half dried, to be better dried at home for export sales. Early in June they started for the drave or deep-water herring-fishing all round the Scottish and on the English seaboard as far as Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and this continued till the end of July, when they returned and fished for herring in the mouth of the Forth, and in the autumn they went to the Lewes and west coast herring-fishing. The summer herring have now changed their route, and do not come in any number to the Forth, and this part of the fishing has almost ceased; but there is a more constant demand for white fish, and some of the fishers do not leave their home ports, and continue to supply the markets of Edinburgh and the South. It is a common belief that the herring-drave will some day return. From the Fishery Report of 1883 we learn that the Anstruther or East Neuk district, from Buckhaven to St Andrews, had 830 boats, manned by 3491 men and boys. The total tonnage was 10,663, and the total value about £67,000. The number of boats was $\frac{1}{18}$, the tonnage $\frac{1}{11}$, and the value of boats, nets, and lines $\frac{1}{8}$ of the whole of Scotland. But these figures have all been reduced since that date, and many of the fishers of Fife have taken to other trades. In 1894 the number of boats employed in this district had fallen to 686, the tonnage to 9613, and the men and boys employed to 2980. These figures do not, however,

include the statistics of the Fife coast from Kincardine-on-Forth to Wemyss, which are included in the Leith district, and require the addition of 86 boats belonging to the ports or creeks of Kincardine, Limekilns, Inverkeithing, Aberdour, Burntisland, Kinghorn, Kirkcaldy, Dysart, and Wemyss. The total number of boats engaged in the Fife sea-fisheries in 1894 was therefore 772. The number of men and boys employed and the tonnage of the boats are not given, as they might usefully be, in the fishing statistics according to ports or creeks, but only according to districts. An interesting feature in the recent history of the Fife sea-fisheries is the success which has attended the introduction of steam liners, or line fishing-boats propelled by steam. After paying one-half of the profits to the owners of the steam liners, five of these boats manned by Cellardyke men earned during the year an average of £103, 10s. per man. This application of steam to fishing-boats has many advantages. The fish shoals can be more easily followed, and storms more easily avoided. Nor had the owners of the boats, who, after allowing for depreciation and carrying forward a balance to next year, received a dividend of 12½ per cent, reason to complain of this new experiment, which is making rapid progress.

A few of the smaller industries of Fife deserve a brief notice. Shipbuilding was early practised in the infancy of navigation, for which the woods and small havens of the coast afforded many facilities. The St Salvator, the barge of Bishop Kennedy in the reign of James III., and the Flower, the Yellow Carvel, the Lion, the Great St Michael, the ships built by Sir Andrew Wood and the Bartons, in that of James IV., have been already noticed. The shipping of Fife would appear to have been trifling from the returns in the time of the Commonwealth, the earliest Customs statistics we possess. But it must be kept in view that the Union of

the Crowns and the Civil War had greatly reduced its proportions.

Tucker, in his Report to the Commissioners of Scotch Customs in 1656, reckons only fifty vessels for all Fife from Burntisland to Southferry, now Tayport, with a total tonnage of 1291. Of these Kirkcaldy, the chief port, had 12, and a tonnage of 592 tons. But in 1692 the same port had increased its tonnage to 1213 tons and 14 vessels.

Yet, compared with the other ports of Scotland, Fife had a large share; for the tonnage of the vessels which traded from Kirkcaldy in 1692 was surpassed by Leith alone, which had 1700 tons, while Glasgow had only 1172. The same observer noted that Fife was "one of the best and richest counties in Scotland," but this was, when he wrote, "more from the goodness and fertility of the soil than any traffic," which "made it the residence and seat of many of the gentry, who have wholly driven out all but their tenants and peasants to the shore side." Shipbuilding has never entirely deserted the county, but since the Union it has been unable to stand the competition of the great docks and superior harbours of the large rivers—the Clyde, the Thames, the Mersey, the Tyne, and Belfast Lough. One considerable shipbuilding yard at Kinghorn, where several of the steamers for the Peninsular and Oriental Company were built in recent times, is now little if at all used. Though it is possible the energy which has recently been directed to the improvement of the harbours of Burntisland, Methil, and Kirkcaldy may to some extent revive shipbuilding, as it certainly will give a fresh impulse to the export trade, it is not at present probable that any of the larger vessels of the future will be launched from the shores of Fife.

The manufacture of salt, once considerable at Dysart, Kirkcaldy, and elsewhere on the coast, is now almost ex-

tinct. That of glass, which was first tried in Scotland in 1610, in one of the caves of Wemyss, transferred itself across the Forth to Leith in 1689, and since to other districts. The use of tiles for roofs, and, after tile-roofs became less common, for drainage, has kept alive the brick-works at Cupar Muir and other places.

The county, both inland and on the sea-coast, was from an early period accustomed to brew its own beer, and malt-houses may still be seen as part of the older farm-steadings. Even the fishers brewed. A ballad familiar in the East Neuk, though written in Angus, quaintly celebrates a fisher's wooing—

> "I hae laid a herrin' in saut—
> Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
> I hae brewed a forpit o' maut,
> An' I canna come ilka day to woo."

In 1741 there were 27 brewers in Crail, but in 1780 the number had fallen to 3, and now the trade is extinct. Since private brewing has gone out, there are breweries on a larger scale in several of the towns. The extensive growth of barley has also given rise to distilleries. During the Commonwealth the duties on beer, ale, and *aqua vitæ* of Fife and Kinross, let to farm to Thomas Seaton, yielded the largest rent of any county in Scotland, £5181 for the year 1656-57, while Lanark only yielded £3470, and Mid-Lothian £3718. The whisky of Burntisland and Cameron Bridge is well known, though it has not yet acquired the reputation of the Highland brands of Glenlivet, Cleinlish, or Talisker.

Education has long been one of the principal pursuits of Scotsmen, and may almost be deemed one of the industries of Scotland. It has always been well represented in Fife. The seat of the first Scottish University was not likely to overlook the claims of the higher education. The want of sufficient

endowments has at times made the University languish, as when Dr Johnson visited it; and political leaders, ignorant of the wishes of the Scottish nation, have contemplated its abolition or absorption. That danger is now past. The value of small as well as large colleges is recognised, and the benefit of having some of them remote from as well as others within the great cities is acknowledged. Nor should the association of places of education with the great names of the past be lightly regarded as an influence for good on the students of the future. The colleges in which Major and Buchanan, Robert Watson, Sir John Leslie, Thomas Chalmers, and James Ferrier taught, which have been presided over by such Principals as Andrew Melville, Samuel Rutherford, Dr James Playfair, John Hunter, John Campbell Shairp, and John Tulloch, will exert an influence so long as varied learning is venerated.

Now brought within a short hour of Dundee, some share of the wealth of that great manufacturing centre may be honourably employed, not in jealous rivalry, but in friendly co-operation in the cause of education. Arts and theology may find a natural home in the contemplative and religious atmosphere of the city of the patron saint of Scotland, no longer the scene of murders in the name of religion, which, though they cannot and ought not to be forgotten, may serve as beacons to warn future theologians what crimes intolerance has persuaded men not altogether bad to commit, and good men to defend. Science and its practical applications, as well as medicine and law, may more readily obtain a supply of materials and students in Dundee. It is only prejudice combined with ignorance which cannot see that in a corporate as in a natural body all parts have not the same office. The munificent bequest of Mr Berry, one of the many natives of Fife who have made a fortune in the colonies, has set an ex-

ample which, if wisely applied and followed, will relieve the professors and students of St Andrews from the pecuniary pressure so adverse to the pursuit of learning, and wealthy manufacturers of Dundee have begun to show an American liberality to education in their lives as well as in their wills. No one who really knows the circumstances of the Scottish universities and the Scottish students can doubt the value of such endowments. Their abuse by extravagant scholars, idle fellows, and luxurious professors is yet far off, and it may be hoped will never come.

The parish schools of Fife have long enjoyed a good reputation. Soon after the Reformation it became rare to find children who could not read and write, or who were ignorant of the Bible. The school of Kennoway, taught in the beginning of the century by William Craik, one of whose descendants now takes an honourable part in the improvement of Scottish education, deserves special notice for its influence on the youth of that parish. More recent institutions, such as the Madras College at St Andrews, the Waid Academy at Anstruther, and the Dollar Academy, just outside the boundaries of the county, have given, and still give, to boys of pregnant parts opportunities for mounting the ladder of knowledge which few other districts of Scotland possess. They are the practical and grateful testimony to the value of education of the son of a barber of St Andrews, a sailor of the East Neuk whose will expressed the pious wish that "the Christian religion and the British navy may flourish and advance to the end of time," and of a herd-boy of Dollar. Their pious founders had felt the need for an improvement of its methods, especially in the intermediate stage between the parish or primary school and the university or business. The High School for girls at St Andrews, by the practical proof it has afforded of the fitness of women for the highest education,

has done much to hasten the day when the dream of the poet will be realised, and the doors of the University thrown open to both sexes without grudging.

Nor should the printing-press be forgotten. It was at first the popular ally, and at a later date the substitute with the many for the school and university, and the competitor of the pulpit and the platform. It came to St Andrews, as we have seen, for the use of Knox and the Reformation, as half a century later it came into Glasgow for the use of the Assembly of the Covenanters. The local press of Tullis at Cupar had a good repute for correctness even when compared with that of the Glasgow press of Foulis. It commenced to print in 1803 under the energetic management of Robert Tullis who became printer to the University of St Andrews. The first book printed by him was Sir Robert Sibbald's 'History of Fife and Kinross,' but it derived its chief fame from the accurate editions of the Latin classics, edited by Dr John Hunter, Professor of Humanity at St Andrews. The number of books published by him and his son were few, but, as the list printed in the Appendix shows, their varied character is a mirror of the thoughts which the intelligence of Fife deemed best worth printing. The centralisation of modern times has not been favourable to the local press, but the Messrs Westwood have the laudable ambition to maintain the honour of the press of Cupar. The printing of their last publication, an elaborate history of the county by Mr A. H. Millar, would do credit to any press. On 14th March 1822 Tullis started the 'Fife Herald,' the first newspaper in the county. One of the natives of Fife, Archibald Constable of Carnbee, was led, by a schoolboy's book-hunting through the shelves of a little shop at Anstruther, to pursue the business of bookseller and publisher, and became in his time, in the phrase of Scott, the Napoleon of the realm of print, the anticipator of the

cheap press of the present day. At present few books, except those of local interest, are printed within the county, for the publishing trade in the meantime gravitates to the great capitals. But the county possesses a vigorous newspaper press, and many of the editors and contributors, both of the Edinburgh and London papers, have served an apprenticeship, as Alexander Russel of the 'Scotsman' did, in Fife.

Nothing has yet been said of what nowadays makes the shores of Fife familiar to many who take little interest in the learning of St Andrews, the romance of Lochleven, the trade of Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy, or the fishing of the East Neuk. Fife is the birthplace and chief home of golf in Scotland. Its sandy links, with their healthy breezes, have become worth more than an earldom in the north. Golf has recently produced so copious a literature, by good players as well as good writers, that it is as needless as it would be rash to risk an opinion whether it came from Holland, or was invented by an unknown Scottish shinty-player amusing himself at a solitary and happy moment by striking his ball into a rabbit-hole and counting the strokes. A more recent conjecture traces a connection between it and the game still, or not long ago, played at New Year with yetlings or balls of cast iron on the sands near the Skilleys of Wemyss, in which, as in the North German Klotschiessen, the player who drives the ball to the goal in the fewest number of strokes wins. It is scarcely necessary to speak of the merits of a game which has spread from Scotland over the world. But it may be permissible to note that this healthy pastime has a specially Scottish character. It is free to all classes, possible to all ages, and now to both sexes. It seems specially appropriate to the grave judge or reverend divine,—not fast, like French rackets, or rapid, like English cricket or American baseball, yet it is not despised by athletic youth. An unfavourable

observer might call it slow, and almost, to use inappropriate epithets, reflective and solemn. The careful golfer sometimes takes long to determine his stroke, as a chess-player to decide his move. An enthusiast would describe it as combining the varied advantages of a fast and slow game, the certainty of science with the charm of hazard. Enforcing silence as one of its main rules during play, it yet allows the exercise of descriptive, even sometimes, like trout or salmon fishing, of imaginative powers after the game is over. For Fife it has a utilitarian side, turning to profitable use the barren margin of the coast between the sands and the arable land, and filling the little houses of the coast towns with summer lodgers, who gain health and relaxation from business in an exhilarating exercise, in which they find as much zest as children in playing on the sands or swimming in the sea. It has even created a new profession, more honourable though less lucrative than that of the jockey, some of whose members have been typical representatives of Fife character. A professor of philosophy has devoted some of his few hours of leisure to recording their sayings. Another professor seriously asked a visitor how he could leave St Andrews when "that great man," naming a champion golfer, was coming next day. And a recent writer on the historic town was guilty of the bad joke of inserting a photograph of a worthy professional where the reader expects to find a portrait of John Knox. If, like cricket and the other Scottish national game, curling, also a favourite in Fife, golf can keep clear of the abuses of betting and prize-getting, it may long continue to contribute to the prosperity of the county, and to the healthy enjoyment and innocent rivalry both of natives and visitors. While St Andrews retains its pre-eminence, there are more than ten other golf-courses in the county. The walking game will probably survive the

sport of hunting, for there will be bunkers and holes on the links after foxes have followed the fate of wolves and boars and become extinct in the coverts.

If hunting, still a favourite sport both in the east and west of Fife, should cease, like horse-racing, for which Cupar was once celebrated, to maintain its popularity, the lovers of riding may find a substitute in the patriotic exercises of the Fife Light Horse, whose annals have been worthily recorded by its commander, Colonel Anstruther Thomson.

CHAPTER XII.

BIOGRAPHY MORE INTERESTING THAN STATISTICS—FIVE FIFE CHARACTERS—ADAM SMITH—SIR DAVID WILKIE—THOMAS CHALMERS—LORD CAMPBELL—BISHOP LOW—SMITH BORN AT KIRKCALDY 1723, DIED 1790—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—'THE WEALTH OF NATIONS,' 1776—DAVID WILKIE BORN AT CULTS 1785, DIED OFF GIBRALTAR 1841—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—FIFE CHARACTER IN HIS PICTURES—THOMAS CHALMERS BORN AT ANSTRUTHER 1780, DIED 1847—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER—JOHN CAMPBELL, LORD CHANCELLOR, BORN AT CUPAR 1779, DIED 1861—HIS LIFE—CHARACTER AS A LAWYER, POLITICIAN, AND AUTHOR—DAVID LOW, MINISTER OF EPISCOPAL CONGREGATION AT PITTENWEEM, 1790–1856—BISHOP OF MORAY AND ROSS, ARGYLE AND THE ISLES—HIS CHARACTER.

THERE is something dull in statistics, even of progress. Their absence is perhaps one of the causes which makes ancient history in general more interesting than modern. But modern history has advantages of its own, amongst which may be reckoned the more certain and full knowledge we possess of individual character. Even when the men and women are not so great as the heroes of antiquity or the saints of the early ages, their varied lives enable us to understand the past to an extent impossible in earlier times. Biography becomes, as Plutarch proved, the best illustration of history. In our more limited and indeed narrow sphere, we may take, as illustrations of the modern history of Fife, Adam Smith the philosopher, Sir David Wilkie the artist, Thomas Chalmers the preacher, John Campbell the lawyer, and David Low, the Episcopal minister of Pittenweem. They

cover almost the whole period from the Union to a time within living memory. As we learn from the travellers what others have thought of the county, we may learn from their lives what have been the aims and achievements of its natives. The examples are purposely selected from different, indeed diverse, fields.

Adam Smith, though born in Kirkcaldy, and though he spent what he deemed the happiest years of his life there preparing the work which gave him European fame, was an exceptional rather than an ordinary Fife or Scots man. One of the most distinguished men of the generation which regained for Scotland the character of a literary nation, his life was that of a man of letters, quiet, unostentatious, meditative, without incident, without even the quarrels which supply the place of incident in the lives of authors. It was a remarkable phenomenon that in so small a country as Scotland, and indeed in a small part of it, so many writers of the first rank appeared towards the end of last century. Though attempts have been made to explain this, it has never been fully explained. It may be partially accounted for by the revival after the depression of the Union, by the intercourse between Scotland and the Continent, and by the growth of philosophy. Perhaps it should be added that the birth of genius, like the birth of man, is one of the secrets of Providence, which baffles modern science as it baffled ancient philosophy.

The posthumous son of the commissioner of customs at Kirkcaldy, born in 1723, Smith was brought up under the eye of his mother, the daughter of a small Fife laird, Douglas of Strathendry, near Leslie, whom he had the rare felicity not to lose for sixty years. He was a devoted son, his mother's home was his home, and her death, followed by that of a cousin to whom he was warmly attached, perhaps

hastened his own, which took place in 1790. Educated under a good schoolmaster, David Millar, at Kirkcaldy, then for three years at the College of Glasgow, he went as a Snell exhibitioner to Oxford, where he remained seven years. He disparaged somewhat too much the benefits of his university education, but it fell in a time when the universities were at a low ebb both in Scotland and England, and he no doubt learnt more from private study than from lectures or examinations. Degrees he treated as quackery, and he declined to put those he received on the title-page of his works.

Returning to Scotland in 1747, he spent two years at Kirkcaldy, then went to Edinburgh, where he lectured on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres under the patronage of Lord Kames, and became the friend of David Hume. In 1751 he was elected Professor of Logic at Glasgow, but next year gave up that chair for the chair of Moral Philosophy, which he occupied for twelve years. His lectures embraced natural theology, ethics, politics, and jurisprudence, and were the foundations of his subsequent works. The first of these, 'The Theory of Moral Sentiments,' was published in 1759; and the second, 'The Wealth of Nations,' in 1776. A treatise on Jurisprudence was projected, but never published. In 1764 he left Glasgow to travel as tutor with the young Duke of Buccleuch, and visited France and Switzerland, residing eighteen months at Toulouse. This curious choice was due, we may believe, to the tutor, not to the pupil; but they also spent some time in Paris. In Paris he made the acquaintance of the brilliant circle of economists and encyclopædists—Quesnay, Turgot, D'Alembert, Helvetius, and Morellet. Like many of his countrymen, he could not learn to speak French well. One of the Parisian wits said Smith talked not French, but banks and credit.

On his return to Scotland a pension of £300 a-year from the Duke enabled him to settle at Kirkcaldy and devote himself for ten years to the completion of his work on the Wealth of Nations. Hume lived only to see its publication, but was able to congratulate his friend on its almost instantaneous success. After its publication he went for two years to London, where he was hospitably received by the leading statesmen as well as literary men. His residence there and in Glasgow enabled him to see trade on a large as he saw it in Kirkcaldy on a small scale, and gave his work a practical character seldom to be found in philosophical treatises, whose writers are too often men of the study, not of the world. Smith then came to Edinburgh, where he remained till his death, having been appointed commissioner of customs. Between the duties of office and the pleasures of the select and cultivated society of old Edinburgh, he found no time for further authorship. In 1787 he was elected Rector of Glasgow, an honour which gave him pleasure. The trivial nature of the anecdotes handed on by successive biographers indicates the placid tenor of his life. They mostly turn on his absence of mind and habit of talking to himself. It does not add much to the knowledge of his character that we are told he was stolen by gipsies at the age of three; or that he walked in his morning indoor clothes from Kirkcaldy to Dunfermline, where he was roused from his reverie by hearing the church bells; or that on another occasion, when talking to himself on the street of Kirkcaldy, an old wife, taking him for a daft beggar, called out, "Hegh, man, but he's weil put on!" (well dressed). Another anecdote illustrates better his habitual absence of mind. Meeting in Edinburgh a lady to whom he had unsuccessfully long before paid his addresses, he did not recognise her until his cousin, Miss Douglas, said to him, "Don't you

know, Adam, this is your ain Jeannie!" but the unexpected discovery did not disturb his more than philosophical calm. The story of these addresses, though told on good authority, I should not like to vouch for personally. The lady having given a positive and too prompt "No" in the morning, met Smith in the afternoon unexpectedly, as people do in the streets of a small town, and curtsying said, "Sir, I made a mistake this morning." "So did I, madam," he replied, and walked on. Like his friend Hume, a social favourite of the gentler sex, it may be doubted whether he had ever been in love.

The etching of Kay and the medallion of Tassie show that he paid attention to his toilet, and that he was one of the notable characters of the Edinburgh streets, whose narrow limits gave good opportunity for observation of character. His letters, especially to Hume, exhibit him in the pleasing light of an affectionate friend, and Hume congratulated himself that from his window in James' Court he could see the lights of Adam Smith at Kirkcaldy. While he declined to publish the posthumous works of the sceptical philosopher, he contributed an account of his last moments, which created scandal at the time from the stoical equanimity with which Hume contemplated his own approaching death. Both men were far removed from the religious views current amongst the great majority of their countrymen. They probably, on this account, emphasised in their own quiet but decided way the distance between the philosophical and popular views of life.

The genius of Smith may most fairly be judged from his chief work, which founded in Great Britain, and aided in spreading through Europe, a new science, political economy, and is greater than the science it originated. It is, with the exception of the work of Grotius, the first important

and successful attempt, since those of the Greek masters of philosophy, to treat a large part of politics not as an art or craft, but as an organised branch of knowledge, having for its object the wellbeing of mankind. Nor has it as yet had a successor of the same value. Throughout it Smith is not only the advocate of free trade, the opponent of monopoly and privilege in every shape, but also the steady friend of the poorer classes, and the champion of sound as opposed to pedantic education. His Utilitarianism is not the narrow creed of the philosophical sect afterwards so called, but the nobler doctrine of Socrates and Bacon. His treatise is an implicit argument in favour of the maxim which Bentham afterwards formulated, that the aim of the statesman should be the greatest good of the greatest number. And though the influence of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel in Germany must not be overlooked, it is the special distinction of Smith that, more and longer than any other philosopher either in Great Britain or the Continent, he has educated statesmen and directed the course of practical politics. The statesmen of to-day, few of whom have so much reverence for philosophers, would not perhaps rise as Pitt and his friends did when Smith came into the room, but they continue to profit by his labours. It is easy to find errors in his arrangement or in a few points in his treatise, and some of his editors and successors have occupied themselves with the task. It is not so easy to compose a treatise on politics which should include so large a collection of valuable facts, so much sound knowledge, such wide-reaching and far-sighted reasoning. This no one has yet done, scarcely any one has attempted to do. If we compare the 'Wealth of Nations' with the 'Political Economy' of John Stuart Mill, probably the best of such attempts, we are at once sensible how far the work of the writer of the eighteenth surpasses that of the writer of the

nineteenth century, both in its object and in its accomplishment. Kirkcaldy may well be proud of having given birth to such a practical philosopher, and desire to perpetuate his memory by a public hall instead of by the close, at present his only memorial. It is not creditable that the niche reserved for him in the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland has not yet been filled by one of his many wealthy countrymen.

Three Fife boys born within the decade in which Adam Smith died, afford examples of the character and varied talent of the county in the first half of the present century. Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther on 17th March 1780. John Campbell was born in Cupar on 15th September 1779. David Wilkie was born in the manse of Cults on 18th November 1785. As was natural, they were not unknown to each other. The manse of Cults was within a short walk of Cupar, and the first wife of Wilkie's father was Mary Campbell, sister of the minister of Cupar, "one of the most beautiful women in Fife." So the two boys were, to use a convenient Scotch expression, connected though not related. Their fathers had been college friends; and Campbell and Wilkie went to London about the same time in search of fortune. When Wilkie returned to Cupar after he had found fame, he was entertained to dinner by the Presbytery of Cupar. Old Dr Campbell, who had not been at a meeting for two years, took the chair, and, placing Wilkie as the guest of the evening on his right, told him, "his father, from his office [probably clerk to the Presbytery], used always to sit there, and had been one of his earliest friends and college acquaintances, and had always great confidence in him."

John Campbell and Thomas Chalmers were fellow-students at St Andrews, to which they both went before they were twelve. Campbell matriculated in 1790, and Chalmers in 1791. They were members of the same Theological Debating Society in

1795-96. Wilkie was an early friend of Chalmers, who was a co-presbyter of his father, and the young and rising artist paid visits to the hospitable manse of Kilmany. When Chalmers roused the fashionable and political world of London by his sermons in 1822, Wilkie took his brother artists Sir Thomas Lawrence and Thomas Phillips to hear and be introduced to his countryman. "With all his disadvantages of voice, figure, manner, and action," he says, taking an artist's view of a preacher, "Chalmers seemed to get hold of the attention and carry it along with him from first to last, and with qualities that were calculated for anything but eloquence he produced the effects of eloquence the most striking." Lord Cockburn gives an almost identical description of Chalmers's "external disadvantages of a bad figure, voice, gesture, and look, and an unusual plainness of Scotch accent"; and adds that "he is a great orator, in effect unapproached in our day." In one of Wilkie's unused sketches for the picture of Knox dispensing the Sacrament, he introduced the massive head of Chalmers and the fine profile and dark eye of Edward Irving.

It is worth while to try to give outlines of the lives of the three men who first saw the light in the same atmosphere of Fife in the end of the last century, whose careers were so different, and who, each following his natural bent, left so considerable a mark in the fields of theology, law, and art. Art is a more rapid growth than theology or law, and Wilkie, the youngest of the three boys, was the first to gain distinction. He came, as genius often comes, from a family not without talent, though of a different kind from his own. His father collected and reasoned on some of the earliest statistics of life which led to the useful system of life insurance, and his uncle was an ingenious professor at St Andrews, a better agriculturist than poet, the early friend of Robert Fergusson. He went to London in 1805, became, in spite

of their contrast in character, the friend of his fellow-student, the romantic enthusiast Haydon, with whom he competed at the Academy; travelled in Devonshire and France, and shared the patronage of Lord Mulgrave and Sir George Beaumont, wealthy connoisseurs of that day. His "Village Politicians," exhibited in London in 1806, confirmed the reputation he had acquired in Fife by "Pitlessie Fair," the germ of all his best work. He died off Gibraltar in 1841. The picture of his burial at sea was the splendid tribute paid to the memory of the greatest realist of the British school since Hogarth, by the imagination of Turner, its greatest idealist. Although no mean master of portraiture, a brilliant etcher, and, had not ill health weakened his hand, perhaps capable of historic and foreign subjects, it is as the interpreter of the rural life of his countrymen at the village fair, or on benches round the inn table, or listening to the blind fiddler by the cottage fireside, or playing blind-man's buff in the farm kitchen, or paying rent to the factor in the dining-room of the laird, that Wilkie has never been equalled. His father's kirk was his first studio, and the parishioners of Cults were his first models. As many as one hundred and fifty, each distinct and characteristic, were transferred to the small canvas of "Pitlessie Fair." Some of them were sketched, it was said, during sermons. In several of his later pictures of this class, though painted in London, as the "Distraint for Rent," we still recognise the faces of the men of Fife of a former generation: a shrewd, pawky, humorous, queer, good-tempered race, rarely beautiful, but generally full of character and intelligence, fond of talk and quiet as well as boisterous fun, yet not without the "true pathos and sublime of human life" they would rather hide than show, but which the eye of the artist saw and revealed.

A refined and poetic Englishman, Edward Fitzgerald, who deemed himself a good critic of painting, said, "There was

always something vulgar about Wilkie." It is true that he drew his subjects from common life, but in his style there is nothing vulgar. It is the life of small circles: his scenes are taken from the cottage, the farm, the village, and the village inn. They are very different from those of the higher or middle or even the lower classes in great cities, but so true to human nature that even those who have never seen what the artist portrays recognise its reality and may read its lesson. The best artist of this school is a moralist unconscious or half-unconscious of his moral, for he is generally absorbed in the single aim of representing life as it is. Wilkie has been compared with Teniers and the Dutch painters of still life, or with Hogarth and other delineators of English character, but the comparison only serves to show how original was his genius, and how much he drew from his native soil. He never saw a specimen of Teniers nor a print of Hogarth before he had formed his style. "He showed me," says Haydon, "his wonderful picture of 'The Fair,' painted at nineteen, before he had ever seen a Teniers." He was less of a realist than Teniers; painted, as Lord Campbell aptly says, not exactly what he had seen, but what he might have seen; and he has none of Hogarth's caricature. Like most men of genius, he was self-taught, though he seized the opportunities for observation that his home and its surroundings gave him, and strengthened his powers by study. Haydon describes his person with an artist's pen: "He was tall, pale, gaunt, with a fine eye, short nose, vulgar, humorous mouth, but quiet energy of expression," and tells a story of his finding him studying his own person before a mirror to save the expense of a model,—an English joke at the canny Scot. In private life Wilkie was simple, kindly, genial, modest though confident in his opinions, with a power of clear expression in words as well as in paint, which some great artists have

lacked, and a share of that Fife character which he knew so well how to depict.

It is impossible briefly to delineate the large and noble character of Thomas Chalmers. The generation has passed which was fascinated by his eloquence, stimulated by his active benevolence, or converted by his fervid oratory and practical piety. His influence was personal, what is called magnetic. Chalmers applied that epithet to Irving, and ascribed his own attraction to the more ordinary force of gravitation. Dr John Brown, perhaps with a reminiscence of this modesty, calls him "a solar man, who drew after him a firmament of planets." We cannot understand the extent of his powers from a perusal of his works, even with the aid of his life by one who knew and loved him, his son-in-law, Dr Hanna. It is only when some grave man approaching old age, his hearer or student, speaks of him, that we begin partly to realise the quality of his genius. The eye will kindle, and the feeling, often latent under a cold exterior, become visible, as he recalls the high thoughts expressed in fit words, the air of command, the irresistible flow, even the marked peculiarities of "a low, rough, husky voice, guttural articulation, a whitish eye, hidden by bushy eyebrows which shone when he became animated, and a large dingy countenance," of the great preacher. And there is abundant testimony from men outside the circles in which he worked that this is not the bias of affection, of national or sectarian spirit. "I have often," writes Cockburn, himself an orator, "hung upon his words with a beating heart and a tearful eye, without being brought to my senses till I read next day the syllables that had moved me to admiration, but which then seemed cold."

Yet there is also evidence, which cannot be neglected in a fair estimate, that Chalmers was greatest as a preacher and a

philanthropist. Carlyle, though he respected Chalmers, thought his contemporaries exaggerated his talents and genius. Nor have his works retained a standard place in philosophy, science, or even theology. Perhaps he attempted too much, and, like other powerful men who have made a wonderful present impression by varied excellence, sacrificed more lasting fame. Even as an orator he is not of the rare few who speak so as to be listened to by posterity, though he has left some memorable thoughts hidden in the too copious language which charmed and overcame his audience. Such is the often quoted phrase, "The expulsive power of a new affection," the title of one of his sermons. But he cared little for fame, having fixed his eye where he strove to fix that of his hearers, beyond the earthly scene. He was not free from ambition and the desire of success in the fields in which he laboured, but he restrained this desire as much as was possible in a man conscious of great gifts of thought and of action.

The main facts of his life may be soon told. The sixth of a family of fourteen children of John Chalmers, a general merchant in Anstruther-Easter, who had the best library in the small burgh, and Margaret Hall, the daughter of a wine merchant of Crail, he gained at Anstruther school the character of one of "the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys." When not yet twelve he went to college at St Andrews in November 1791, distinguished himself chiefly in mathematics during his arts course, and in 1795 entered the Divinity Hall, continuing to pay more attention to general culture, especially in mathematics and natural science, than to theology. He took an interest in history, though he was more occupied with the present than the past. A Fife lady, Mrs Morison-Duncan of Naughton, told me she remembered as a child hearing him say, with his happy knack of expressing simple things which caught the memory, "Be

kind to the Dyke." The few fragments of the Danes Dyke still left show that this saying was needed then and should not be forgotten now.

His early inclination to mathematical study continued through life, and had some curious practical results. He called his ideas "propositions," and divided his Glasgow parish into "proportions." When at Kilmany he bought a horse which had an unlucky propensity to throw its rider, and he determined to sell it when it had thrown him *ten* times. It was said he regulated the strokes of his razor by the theory of maxima and minima, and in walking swung his stick by the rules of arithmetic. He was licensed as a preacher in 1799, when only nineteen. He then went to Edinburgh, where he attended the classes of natural and moral philosophy, preferring Robison the professor of the former to Dugald Stewart the more eloquent teacher of the latter subject, taught pupils, and occasionally preached. After a short assistantship at Cavers, he was ordained in May 1803 minister of Kilmany, a small country parish in the north of Fife. The winter before he had acted as mathematical assistant at St Andrews, and he continued for a time to give lectures both on mathematics and chemistry after becoming minister of Kilmany. He did this against his father's wish and the remonstrance of some members of his presbytery. He stoutly defended non-residence and the combination of parochial and educational work, which a few years after, and throughout the rest of his life, he as stoutly condemned in the case of a professor. It is the penalty of an orator to exaggerate his own inconsistency.

His first publication was an 'Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources,' and Economics always occupied a large share of his attention. Before he was twenty-five he was an unsuccessful candidate for the chair of Natural

Philosophy at St Andrews, and of Mathematics at Edinburgh. He had always confidence, and at this time pride, in his own abilities, and as with many able Scottish students, a university professorship was his goal. A severe illness, the death of a brother and sister, and the perusal of Wilberforce's 'Practical View of Christianity,' caused a change in his character. The legend formerly told in Fife, that like Saul he had been converted by a lightning-flash, has the prosaic explanation that once, when riding, he broke some chemical bottles in his pocket which startled his horse. It was no sudden call, but a severe mental as well as spiritual discipline, which led him to accept what were at the time termed Evangelical views, and to abandon those called by the Evangelicals Moderate, for the Calvinistic creed of his father. But his Calvinism was without bitterness, to some extent modified by glimpses of other philosophies than that of Geneva, by the study of the 'Marrow of Modern Divinity,' and by respect for friends who had a larger hope in the providence of God, most of all by a practical charity which often cuts the knots of theologians.

In 1812 he made a happy marriage, and he continued till July 1815 to discharge the high duties of a parish minister, instructing the young, rousing the careless, guiding the anxious, visiting the sick, supporting the dying. Like other Presbyterian ministers, he took part in the business of the Presbytery and Assembly without allowing this or literary work to divert him from his pastoral cure. His natural eloquence had stood the test of a Scottish country audience, critical alike in oratory and theology. Transplanted to Glasgow, his inexhaustible energy found new scope in the large parishes of the Tron and St John's; and for eight years he proved himself as good a city as he had been a country minister—preaching to rich and poor, learned and

unlearned, the gospel of his Master. His Astronomical and Commercial Discourses belong to this period. The Territorial system, under which a definite area was assigned to each minister and divided into districts, which enabled one man, with lay as well as clerical help, to visit, catechise, and preach to all classes and ages, showed his power of organisation. He made an experiment in the large city parish of supporting the poor by voluntary charity personally distributed in their homes instead of by legal assessment and subject to the test of the poorhouse, which succeeded while his spirit directed the work, and even for a time after, but was subsequently abandoned.

He fretted at the inroads on a hard-working minister's time made by the social and business engagements of a large city; and though, unwilling to quit the sphere where he had gathered round him a devoted body of agents in his philanthropic works, he refused a call to Stirling, he accepted in 1823 the chair of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews. The comparative leisure of a Scottish professorship in the last generation, and importance of its duties, and a desire to return to the *alma mater* of his native county, turned the scale. He held it for five years, and though possessing no original philosophical power, his enthusiasm, eloquence, and moral as well as religious character, impressed his students more than any system of ethics. In 1828 he was appointed Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh, an office he held till 1843, when he left the Established and became the first Moderator of the Assembly of the Free Church, and the first Principal of the New Divinity College in Edinburgh. Shortly before, he had given a course of lectures in support of the principle of an Established Church in London, where his reputation as a preacher was already known. The Establishment which he defended

was not the one he left, but a Church supported by, but independent of, the State. It was the Church which Knox had laboured but failed to establish, and which the Covenanters had for a time maintained by force, but which had never existed except in theory since the Restoration. Its fundamental principle he deemed violated when the voice of the congregation was not dominant in the choice of its minister, and when the voice of the assembly of ministers and elders was subject to the restraints of temporal authority. Unlike former secessions, which were to a large extent local, the Free Church aimed at being national, and planted a minister in almost every parish.

Chalmers opposed till his death the Voluntary principle of separation between Church and State, and those of his successors who have adopted it have in vain sought to find in his writings or speeches any support for their altered view. The Established Church of Scotland mourned his loss, as that of England mourned the loss of Newman. His fertile mind was always active in authorship, as twenty-five volumes published in his life, besides sermons and posthumous works, prove. They treat of subjects of the highest importance,—Natural and Dogmatic Theology, the Evidences of Christianity, Church Establishment, Church Extension, Pauperism, and Political Economy.

While in the Establishment he carried out the largest scheme for Church extension then known in Scotland, adding 200 churches to those already existing. The voice of a single preacher did more than the bequest of a millionaire which has in some ways continued his work. After he left it, aided by the eloquent speeches of able coadjutors, he placed on a solid basis the Sustentation Fund, which enabled most of the ministers, who had sacrificed stipends and homes to their principles, to look back without regret,

to their deliverance from the bondage of the State, and from dependence on the landowners and the Court for scanty salaries. The minimum stipend of the Free Church was fixed at a larger sum than Wilkie's father or Chalmers himself had received as parish ministers in Fife. He died suddenly on the night of 30th May 1847. His death was felt to be a national calamity. There had been no more eminent Scottish minister in modern times, and few, if any, finer characters.

He was an orator without vanity, a Church leader who was corrupted neither by the power he exercised nor by popular applause, nor by the more insidious flattery of friends. The only faults that have been found by keen-eyed critics were a love of command, combined, strangely enough, with an absence of decision at critical moments, as when Campbell of The Row and his former assistant Edward Irving were prosecuted for heresy, or when the Free Church left the Establishment. But a love of command was scarcely a fault in one born to be a commander; while his very occasional indecision may most justly be attributed to the balance of arguments, which often makes strong minds hesitate, and allows weaker but more self-confident men to take the lead. His intellect was disciplined by suffering and his keen temper chastened by humility. He exhibited the strength of the national character refined and purified by Christianity. Take him all in all, he was probably the best of the famous men Fife has produced.

It is a change to pass from the great preacher and successful philanthropist to the able and successful lawyer. But regarding both as representative of the Scottish character as produced in Fife, the limited scope of all here said, a notice of Lord Campbell is as necessary as that of Dr Chalmers. In one view the life of the former is the more instructive,

for he was a conspicuous example of an average, though a high average, of talent, while the latter is a singular instance of qualities few men possess or acquire.

An English noble, the late Lord Derby, born to great estates and a ready entrance to the highest offices of State, when chosen, because of his political prominence, Rector of a Scottish University, addressed the students on the virtue of content and the vice of ambition. He was listened to in dead silence, and the address, with its wholesome but one-sided moral, made no impression on his hearers, and though delivered only a few years ago, has probably been forgotten. Could the three Fife youths whose career is under review have been present, not one of them would have accepted his counsel. Some of those who heard him may have remembered what Wilkie had done in art, more what Campbell had done in law, and a few the services of Chalmers to his fellow-men.

John, at one time called Jock or Plain John, now more usually Lord, Campbell, is one of the best instances in recent times of the practice of the art vulgarly described as the art of "getting on." It is sometimes regarded as an art in which Scotsmen are proficients, yet it is not unknown in other countries. Its aim is not ideal, and it should be, as indeed it generally is, estimated at its true value. The son of the minister of Cupar, the descendant of a Fife laird, with a somewhat uncertain connection with the Campbells who had been ennobled as Earls of Argyll and Breadalbane, John Campbell, after a few years' schooling at Cupar, was sent to St Andrews, where he began the arts course at the age of eleven, and passed into that of theology at the age of fifteen. After two years' study he went to London as tutor to the son of a merchant. He soon began to write for the press, and to form the idea that he would prefer

the English Bar to the Scottish Church. "Some people," he writes, in order to overcome his father's objections, "would be extremely happy with a country kirk in Scotland. I am no longer of the number—not from any dislike to obscurity, but from a horror of inaction. When I am employed I am happy, when I am idle I am miserable."

The pay of a reporter to the 'Morning Chronicle,' and some aid from his brother, a doctor in India, enabled him to carry out his aim, and he set himself with indefatigable industry to prepare for the profession he had fixed on, and in which he soon believed himself capable of reaching the highest honours. He entered Lincoln's Inn, became a student and assistant of Tidd, the special pleader, and was called to the Bar in 1806. Making little the first year, he took to publishing Reports of Jury Trials at Nisi Prius, in which, for the first time in England, he shrewdly gave the attorneys' names, and served the apprenticeship of work without pay for the English barristers, who, by a bad practice, unfortunately sanctioned by professional usage, take the pay without doing the work. After changing to the Oxford Circuit in his fourth year, he began to make his own way slowly but surely; and writing to his brother, congratulates himself on his escape from being a country minister. "I might have had a family in Scotland; but in penury and obscurity what pleasure could this have afforded me? My society would have consisted of clownish farmers richer than myself, and perhaps a laird more insolent but not more cultivated. I now live on a footing of perfect equality with men of high birth and of the best education and most elegant manners."

His success was due to steady industry, never missing a chance, a vigorous constitution, and a buoyant temper. He knew his strength lay in perseverance, and, what was rarer,

recognised the strength as well as the weakness of his rivals, the versatile talents of Brougham, the sounder though less popular gifts of Copley, the limited, but, within its limits, unrivalled legal knowledge of Sugden, as well as those of the crowd of lesser lights of the Bar and Bench. Though immersed in business, he frequented society and the theatre, went occasional tours to France, or to Fife to visit his father, and carried on an active correspondence with his father and brother, keeping them up to all his thoughts and doings. He always writes naturally and without the least tinge of affectation. His chief thought was how to get business, and more business than any one else. His father taught him, when he took him as a boy to St Andrews, the line of the Greek poet inscribed on the wall of the examination hall—"Always to do the best and be superior to the rest"; and he applied it through life in a way neither Homeric nor Heroic. He now began to think of marriage, and in 1817, half in jest, told his father to look out for a wife, and to say if asked what his son's rent-roll was, "a rood of land at Westminster worth £3000 a-year." Four years after he married Miss Scarlett, a daughter of the celebrated advocate, who, after a brilliant career at the Bar, in part of which his son-in-law was his chief competitor, became Lord Abinger and Chief Baron.

In 1827 he was made a Queen's Counsel, and in 1830 declined an offer of an ordinary judgeship, and became member for Stafford, which cost him a good deal of money. It was common in these days for a successful lawyer to pay several thousands for a seat, and if under eight, it was reckoned a good investment. Such men went into Parliament almost solely with a view to professional promotion, and this object, even more than the difference between forensic and parliamentary talent, has led to the low estimation in which lawyers

have been often held in the House of Commons. In politics Campbell was a Whig, supported the Reform Bill, Burgh and Law Reform, carried several useful measures of law reform, and made the first of many unsuccessful attempts to pass a Bill for a Register of Land in England, but he never acquired a high reputation in Parliament. He did not understand the popular opinion of Scotland. His action in Parliament in favour of Patronage precipitated the Disruption. He had no sympathy with the new politics which have decomposed and recomposed parties, and wrote to his brother with an acute perception of the possible effect of Indian experience, "For God's sake do not become a Radical."

In 1832 he became Solicitor-General in Lord Grey's Administration, and wrote to his brother, "This is indeed the crisis of my fate." He lost his English seat, but on Jeffrey's promotion to the Bench became member for Edinburgh. Though he spent several vacations in country houses in its neighbourhood, and afterwards bought an estate near Jedburgh, he had little Scottish patriotism. He despised the Edinburgh Town Council as much as the Fife farmers and lairds. His attachment to Scotland after his father's death was chiefly for the sake of a Scottish seat in Parliament. London was his home. He carried without opposition several valuable but limited reforms of the antiquated English Law of Real Property, and in 1834 succeeded Horne, an insignificant lawyer, as Attorney-General, not without an unpleasant suspicion of intrigue, but, according to his own account, against his own will. He held this office with two brief intervals until 1841, and forced the Whig ministers, who knew the value of his services, to make his wife a peeress as the price of not making himself Master of the Rolls. Another unfortunate necessity now arose of forcing Lord Plunket to resign the Chancellorship of Ireland in order to

make room for Campbell, but he held it only six weeks, of which only four days were spent in Court when the change of Government led to his retirement. It was a somewhat coarse joke of the day that the effect of crossing the Irish Channel was to make Campbell throw up the seals. He used his leisure to turn author, and wrote the Lives of the Chancellors and the Chief-Justices, works much criticised for their inaccuracy, but entitled to the credit of being useful and readable compilations. They will always retain a certain value for the fund of anecdote contained in them, which is their best point, but also, unfortunately, especially in the later volumes, as a painful exhibition of the failings which he took pleasure in tracing in the career of his eminent predecessors. His autobiography, perhaps, shows him at his best as an author. He is as honest and garrulous, not so conceited, as Pepys. In 1846, on the return of the Whigs to office, he was made Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; and in 1850, he had for a third time the ill luck or the good fortune to drive a competitor, Lord Denman, out of a place to which he succeeded, and became Chief-Justice of England. He justified his appointment by displaying the same unremitting industry on the Bench as at the Bar.

In 1860 he at last obtained the Chancellorship, an office which he had always in view, and had foretold soon after he came to the Bar he would reach. He died in office on 22d June 1861, in his eighty-second year. The lives of his contemporaries Brougham and Lyndhurst, which he left behind him for publication, are a studied and partially successful attempt to reveal the weaknesses of two of the greatest of his contemporaries in his own profession. They scarcely can have added, as was said by one of his victims, a new terror to death, but they have cast a stain on his own posthumous fame. Lyndhurst had been his early, and, politics apart, his

constant friend; and he owed his advancement largely to Brougham. Fortunately, the virtues of his private life contrast favourably with the faults of his public career. He was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a good husband and father.

We may draw from the records of another Church in Fife another contrast to the character of Lord Campbell, and a fresh illustration of the variety of the men of Fife.

The Episcopal Church ceased in the seventeenth century to be the Church of the majority of the people, and the Jacobite sympathies of its ministers led to its persecution by the English Government after the Revolution. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, when the Jacobite cause was lost, and the hatred of Prelacy had somewhat moderated, it began to recover ground in Fife as elsewhere in Scotland. Small in numbers, a sect with the tradition and the feeling of a Church, and retaining the devoted adherence of its followers, it stood the trial of adversity better than of prosperity. Its bishops, with more scanty stipends than the Presbyterian clergy, were men of piety, some of them of learning, and were reverenced by their scanty and scattered flocks. They maintained a sort of old-fashioned demeanour, a quaint simplicity of manners, and a patriotic love of their country as well as their Church. Perhaps they resembled the bishops of the primitive Church more than many of their predecessors. Several deserved the epithet of saintly which has been applied to one, Bishop Jolly.

Fife, one of the least episcopal of Scottish counties, had one of these worthy bishops in David Low, bishop of the united dioceses of Moray and Ross, Argyle and the Isles, who served as pastor of Pittenweem from 1790 till his death in 1856. The poverty and limited numbers of his Church during this period made such a combination, which could not

be called a plurality of livings, common and necessary. Low was by birth a native of Angus, but settled early in Fife, where he lived for more than sixty years. When first appointed to Pittenweem, his salary was £40, and it never exceeded £250 for both offices. Yet out of this stipend and a small patrimony, carefully nursed, a long, frugal, and celibate life enabled him to endow a separate bishopric of Argyle with £8000, the College of Glenalmond with £1000, and the clergyman of Pittenweem with a small supplement to his salary, as well as the old Priory, which he bought for a parsonage. His thin and stooping figure, spindle-legs, and keen small eyes peering out under his shovel-hat, were known in all the little nest of burghs of the East Neuk, and especially, as one who remembers him reports, in the book-shop of Mr Cockburn at Pittenweem, the publisher of 'Anster Fair,' which was the rendezvous of the reading and writing youth of the burghs. Many of his parishioners were the landward nobility and gentry, who made him welcome in their homes, and attended his services, but the Church in which he served has always retained some representation of all classes. Without brilliant talents, the presbyter bishop discharged with unostentatious faithfulness the duties of the pastoral charge, and most of the noble lines of Dr Johnson on his friend Levitt might have been applied to him :—

"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause nor left a void.
The busy day, the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by.
His frame was firm, his powers were bright,
Though now his eightieth year was nigh.
Then with no throbs of fiery pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed the soul the nearest way."

His kindly humour and stores of anecdote, chiefly of the

Jacobite generation of Episcopalian clergy and gentry, the rarer because Fife had so few Jacobites, made him a favourite in the little circle in which he lived, and the friend of all his neighbours. One of his parishioners, Mr Conolly, the town-clerk of the Anstruthers, Kilrenny, and Crail, wrote an appreciative notice of his quiet, uneventful life. It was such a life, typical of other Scottish bishops of his time, which gradually sapped the deep-rooted prejudices of his countrymen against Episcopacy, recalling by practical and everyday examples that there might be bishops of the type of Leighton and Ken as well as prelates of the type of Laud and Sharp. But Fife still in the main adheres to the Presbyterian Kirk. The memory of the acts of Cardinal Beaton and Archbishop Sharp has not been redeemed before the tribunal of history by the violence of their deaths, still less by the attempts of modern biographers to defend their characters.

CHAPTER XIII.

PROVERBS OF FIFE—DAVID FERGUSON'S COLLECTION THE FIRST MADE IN SCOTLAND — BACON'S ADVICE FOLLOWED IN THE SELECTION — THE MAKING OF PROVERBS — FIFE A GOOD SOIL FOR PROVERBS — THE KINGDOM—THE NATIVES—CUPAR THE CAPITAL—AUCHTERMUCHTY—BLEBO — SPRINGFIELD — THE BEADLE OF CULTS—THE LANG TOON—PATHHEAD — DUNFERMLINE — WEAVERS' PROVERBS — PROVERBS OF FALKLAND—DYSART—KINGHORN—BUCKHAVEN—CRAIL—PROVERBS OF THE SEA — WEATHER PROVERBS — RHYMES OF PLACES — CRACKS OR FLAMS — SIR DAVID LYNDSAY'S PROVERBS — ROYAL SAYINGS — QUEEN MARY'S MOTTOES OR DEVICES — PLOUGHMEN'S SAYINGS — FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS — POETS' PROVERBS—THE BEST PROVERB OF FIFE AND ITS REVERSE.

Leaving for a concluding chapter a general notice of the Literature of Fife, it is proposed to treat somewhat more fully, though necessarily briefly, the Proverbs and the Songs or Ballads of the district. These short utterances are often more characteristic than longer works. They are the prose and poetry of everyday life, and are known to all or most of the natives, even to those who speak little and read less. The proverb by its pith or pungency, and the song by its beauty, pathos, or humour, express more than the speaker or singer wots, and reveal the character of the country where they grew, and of the people amongst whom they circulate. Most proverbs and songs are anonymous, and even those which are not have little of the affectations of avowed authors or the formalities of elaborate composition. Indeed traces of art are fatal to their general or continued popularity. One

aim of this sketch being to discover the character of Fife and its natives, such natural products of its wit deserve special attention.

It was in Fife that the first collection of Scottish proverbs was made. "Every shire or part of a nation," writes the Printer to the Merry, Judicious, and Discreet Readers of the Proverbs of David Ferguson, minister of Dunfermline, "hath some Proverbial Speeches which others hath not." Ferguson's collection, though published only in 1644, nearly fifty years after his death, had been made during his life in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It contains many proverbs or sayings not peculiar to Fife, some known in England as well as Scotland, and others, translations from the Latin, of which more than one collection had been published in the middle ages. The adages of Erasmus had spread throughout Europe, the proverbial wisdom of Greece and Rome. The Bible supplied some, and others, though not many, were borrowed from England or France. But there are proverbs which must have originated on Scottish soil, and still are, or were till recently, well known to its natives. It is to the local proverbs of Fife the present selection is chiefly confined. In making it, the advice of Lord Bacon has been followed, "Not to omit any because they are vulgar, for many vulgar are excellent good, nor for the meanness of the persons," and I shall be happy if "a few that otherwise would have died" are added to those more familiar. In an essay on Scottish Proverbs, a Kinross-shire man, Mr Logie Robertson, remarks: "Probably the proverbs and the songs, with certain favourite passages of Burns, will be the longest lived and last portions of the wreck of the Scottish language. Of these at the present day, when Lowland Scotch is yet spoken, the proverbs are not the least vital." But the recent novelists, who need not be ashamed of the nickname of the Kailyaird

school, have shown that it is too soon to speak of the wreck of Broad Scots, though so many of us have forgotten and more of us neglect its classics. It is at least a wreck which yet affords good salvage.

All countries and districts which have character have proverbs, the happy or lucky sayings that are so neatly expressed that they pass from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation. The best proverbs are true and witty; some are witty, but not true; some are true, but not witty; a few even neither true nor witty; but they always have "salt," the quality which gives zest and preserves from decay. Once heard they are remembered, however bad our memory. They live after their origin, often after their meaning, is lost. They make us think; they make us laugh; they recall a place or character, a custom or a word, which otherwise might be forgotten. They have the flavour of antiquity yet the freshness of novelty. A new proverb is a paradox, almost an impossibility. Its birth must be distant before its life is assured.

Not long ago a widely-circulated author, whose volumes lay on the tables of well-furnished drawing-rooms, where books were never read, wrote many thousand verses, called 'Proverbial Philosophy,' but Mr Martin Tupper never succeeded in making a proverb. The first living novelist in the opinion of good judges has a commonplace-book of unborn proverbs, which he brings out at intervals in his thoughtful novels, but these apothegms are skipped by the readers and forgotten even by the admirers of Mr George Meredith. Mr Andrew Lang has propounded the heresy that any one can make a proverb. Let him try. It is as difficult to make a proverb as a parable. One of the best known Scottish sayings is that of Fletcher of Saltoun — "I knew a very wise man who believed if a man were per-

mitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation." It could not have run, If a man were permitted to make all the proverbs. Proverbs are the property of no one, or rather of every one, and have become the common stock of the people. They require an occasion, and their quality largely depends on the frequency of their recurrence, or of some other apt case when, as the proverb itself says, "the cap fits."

"The Kingdom" has a good soil for proverbs. Its separate bounds between the striking natural frontiers of the Sea, the Firths, and the Ochils, have contained since early times so many centres of different kinds of work, thought, and speech. At Kirkcaldy, for example, the progressive town of the East Coast, we are separated from the quaint old burgh of Dysart, the Little Holland of the seventeenth century, only by Lord Rosslyn's grounds, within which the ruins of Ravenscraig, resisting even neglect and decay, witness to the strong architecture built to resist the new artillery. We are not far from the Caves of Wemyss, which were the homes of the first Christians, afterwards the haunts of smugglers, and served in the seventeenth century as the first Glass-Work of Scotland. Hard by are the fragments of the ruined tower of the old Earls of Fife. Within a few miles inland still stand the ruins of the Castle of Balwearie, and its fine trees with branches like stags' horns, where Michael Scot, the most famed wizard of Scotland after Thomas of Ercildoune, lived. Some stones may still be seen of the Grange, from which the gallant soldier who derived his name from the town was better known as the Laird of Grange. We are surrounded by the more recent memories of the salt-pans, mills, brew-houses, and havens, the spinning and weaving villages which have grown into prosperous seats of manufacture. Or let us change the scene from the shores of the Forth to the banks of the Tay. At Newburgh

we are within walking distance of Abernethy, with its venerable Round Tower, the ancient seat of Pictish kings and bishops; of Auchtermuchty, once a small but wealthy agricultural township, then a thriving weaving town, whose looms are now nearly silent; of the half ruined Palace and the buried Tower of Falkland; of Freuchie, once despised by Falkland, on whose decay it now looks down; and of Auld Lindores, with its deserted cloister but living orchards. Each of these, and many other places throughout the county, have special and varied characteristics of the past, with a separate life even to-day which raise reflections and give birth to proverbs.

Without taking the licence of our Gaelic kin, who call every quaint saying a proverb, it is better not to limit ourselves to any strict definition. We shall not count it either necessary or enough that it should be a good saying,—what the French, who are adepts in such sayings, call a *mot* or *bon mot*. But we shall be satisfied if it is short and pithy, and remembered by the people. This last is the test of the proverb, that it lives in the memory and on after occasions comes to the lips of the people. It loses, like a good story, some of its flavour when it is written down, yet the herbarium has its use as well as the garden.

It is natural to begin with what concerns the whole county. *The Kingdom* is itself very nearly, if not quite, a proverb. It would be rejected by the scientific collector, but comes within the more popular description here adopted. It certainly possesses most of the qualities. It is old, it is brief, it is never forgotten, its origin is lost. We have historical knowledge of the Earl and the Sheriff, and poetical, though not historical, knowledge of the Thane of Fife of whom Tennant sung. But when and where within its bounds was there a single King who held it as his Kingdom? There have been Kings of Scotland, or of the Scots, who have

built castles and palaces, and lived and died in Fife, but they never were called Kings of Fife. There were before them in the dim distance Pictish kings of whom we know scarcely more than the names, a few doubtful dates and unintelligible epithets, the Drusts, and Brudes, and Nechtans; but to none of these has the title of King of Fife been given in history. There were the old Celtic chiefs, the Macduffs, whom the Wemysses claim to represent, who became its Earls. They boast an ancient lineage, and would gladly, like an Irish M'Dermot or O'Connell, believe they had a King as a progenitor, but they have never found one in their genealogies, however laboriously constructed. Fife must be content to be a Kingdom without a King. It may be one of the eccentricities of Fife that the inhabitants are fond of the name of "The Kingdom." Yet it is a common bond. It might be a toast, as the "*Aucht-and-forty Davachs of Huntly*" in Aberdeenshire, "*The Sons of Clach-na-Cudden*" in Inverness, or "*All Round the Wrekin*" in Shropshire. It means the county and all the good people in it.

These good people have given themselves the name of *Fifers*, which also just misses being a proverb in the strict sense, and expresses, perhaps, as much of their character as six letters can. West Country folk call the Fifer "the Whistler," with a half-punning, half-ironical reference. It would be rash to attempt to translate either into long-winded English. There is a proverb, however, which makes the attempt, and one which carries a good deal of forgotten history—

"*To be a Fifer is not far from being a Highlandman.*"

Was it a proud Gael who first uttered this proverb, which may seem to imply that the Fife man was not quite so good as a Highlander? or was it a douce Edinburgh citizen of the days when a Highlander was deemed either a robber or a

beggar, and no welcome sight in the Southern city? Or is the more correct form of the saying,

"*If you're Heelant you're next door to the Fifer*"?

in which case it may be feared the conceit belongs to the Fife side of the Highland border, to the same pride which dictated the proverb,

"*They that sup with Fife folk maun hae a lang spune*,"

which, however, is only a common proverb of the pawky Scot, adapted specially for use in Fife; but as "Fife folk" are substituted for "The Deil" in the common proverb, perhaps the Fife version is ironical. Is it to the Highlander or the Lowlander that we should attribute another scornful saying about Fife?

"*Fairweel bonny Scotland, I'm awa' to Fife*."

Apart from these fancies, the sayings which attribute to the people of Fife something of the Highland or Celtic character preserve in proverbial form the fact written at large on the topography, that the population of a district, as a whole Lowland rather than Highland, was originally Celtic, speaking a dialect of the Gaelic tongue, honouring the Celtic saints, using the old Celtic ritual, following the customs of the old Celtic law as at Markinch or the sanctuary at Macduff's Cross, wearing the Celtic garb, playing the pipes, and singing to their tunes. The dress which still lingers in the Highlands might be seen in Fife almost down to the present time. The white frilled mutch was worn by the old women, the homespun frieze by the men. The bonny lassies drew the snooded shawl over their fair hair, and the braw lads cocked their bonnets when they went to woo, till the last generation introduced London or Paris hats and bonnets. The piper was to be found in

many of the towns, and young and old danced the Highland Fling or Strathspey when he played on Falkland Green or Anster Loan. Shan-trews, a characteristic Highland dance, was danced at Strathmiglo at least down to the beginning of the present century. All this is, or is becoming, ancient history, only fit to be embalmed in old proverbs. No part of Scotland save the Lowlands proper seems now less akin to the Gael or less familiar with his peculiar usages. Yet when we penetrate beneath the surface, in spite of the settlement of many Saxons and Normans, some Danes and Flemings, and perhaps a few Dutchmen, there remains in the Fife character its humour and queerness, its clannishness and attachment to the soil, — something which in a measure, though in a decreasing measure, justifies the proverb that to be a Fifer is not so far off from being a Highlandman. Whoever studies the faces and figures in Wilkie's "Pitlessie Fair" or "The Rent Day" will ask himself more than once whether he is not looking at men and old women of Celtic race. Their dress is that which has lingered longer in Ireland, but is passing away there too,—not the older plaid of the ancient Celt, but the queer mixed garb he assumed, partly in imitation of a later phase of southern fashion, partly as a survival of the old custom of his forbears, the tall hat, the tail-coat, the knee-breeches, and the clouted shoes or brogues. A great artist, like a great poet, often sees farther than an ordinary man.

The Fife Lairds of a bygone day were known in Princes Street before a bridge spanned the Forth, or in the High Street before there was any Princes Street, by the salt water on their hats, and were the subject of many proverbs, of which the best describes their estates—

"*A puckle land, a lump of debt, a doocot, and a law plea,*"

and the worst satirises them as

"*Aye daft and maistly drunk, and what they want in sense they have in greed.*"

But Lady Nairne makes a humorous apology for the Fife Laird in one of her songs:—

"Ye shouldna ca' the Laird daft, tho' daft-like he may be;
Ye shouldna ca' the Laird daft, he's just as wise as we;
Ye shouldna ca' the Laird daft, his bannet has a bee;
He's just a wee bit Fifish, like some Fife Lairds that be."

After the county the capital claims place. Of all the proverbs of Fife,

"*Wha will to Cupar maun to Cupar*"

has probably had the widest circulation. It certainly has the merit of antiquity. If it had been made in modern times it might perhaps have run the other way, "*Who won't to Cupar won't to Cupar.*" We have become in some respects less active than our forefathers. In the days of the Jameses and Queen Mary no one thought anything about a walk or a ride from Dunfermline or Falkland to Kirkcaldy or Cupar. But now in this faster age of railways, if in Fife we may yet call it a faster age, Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy have their own courts, Leven desires one; Auchtermuchty and Newburgh, and even Anstruther and St Andrews, like to settle their own small debts, of which fortunately there are few, within sight of their own doors. It is generally assumed that this proverb has something to do with the resort to Cupar as the seat of justice. George Buchanan expresses this view when he describes Cupar as "a place in the middle region of the county where the rest of the people of Fife go to get justice." This also is assumed in a

popular addition to the proverb, "*Wha will to Cupar maun to Cupar*"—

"*Aye better gang than be taen.*"

If, as the last suggestion implies, the proverb had a special reference to the penalties of the law, the Prison Commissioners have falsified it. No one can now by going to Cupar find lodgings there at the Queen's expense. Yet it was a proverb in Fife,

"*There is nae shamming in Johnny Brand's house*"

(a name for Cupar Jail, from the name of one of its jailers), which is perhaps not so applicable to the larger prisons of Edinburgh or Glasgow, Ayr or Dundee, or the Penitentiary of Perth. Such readings of the proverb are surely much too limited. Perhaps the true meaning is, "Whoever sets his heart on going to the capital, be it London, Dublin, or Edinburgh, or in the Kingdom of Fife to Cupar, will manage to get there, whether bent on business or pleasure." It is the local variety of the English proverb, "*The wilful man will have his way.*" But it is superior to the English saying, because it does not exclude women, who sometimes get their own way. It has, besides, the advantage of the good old Scotch word "maun," which it may preserve after it has been lost in common speech. It is a word which expresses a good deal more than "will" or even than "must," and, like many words of the Scots vernacular, cannot easily be turned into English. And so this proverb requires a second English proverb, "*Where there is a will there is a way*," to express the Fife one. It conveys the hint that whoever wishes to go to Cupar or any other place must take the means of getting there on foot if he cannot ride. Whatever it means, may Cupar long keep the distinction of this proverb. A kingdom may exist without a king, and become a republic. No country

or county can well exist without a centre, in which men from different parts have a common meeting-place, from which intelligence comes and goes, and in which authority has its seat. It need not be the richest or the busiest place. It is often difficult to decide between rival claims. It is well when it is settled, as in Fife, by a proverb.

Cupar has a place in another proverb, which recalls one of the chief industries of Fife—

"*Auchtermuchty, Auchtermuchty, payment by piece :*
Cupar o' Fife, Cupar o' Fife, payment by time."

When did this saying originate? Possibly when the hand-loom was being superseded by the power-loom, and Auchtermuchty stuck to the old style, while Cupar began to adopt the new; or was Cupar in advance of the times, paying even its hand-loom weavers by the day? If the weavers of Auchtermuchty worked slowly, and on that account turned out perhaps all the better webs, its herds had an opposite character, for it was said of them—

"*Hindmest awa' and first hame, like the herds of Auchtermuchty.*"

The binders of Blebo had a similar bad character for dilatoriness, which is preserved in the saying—

"*As far behind as the bandsters of Blebo,*"

who were often out of sight of the shearers, especially when the shearers were paid by piecework and practised "kemping."

Another proverb of the neighbourhood of Cupar is a puzzle which local inquiry has not helped to solve. Did

"*Springfield holidays*"

mean that in Springfield it was all holidays, or that there were no holidays? or, as has been suggested, is it a modern

proverb which relates to the long, sad holidays spent in the asylum? If so, it has lost its force, for improved treatment and higher skill have discovered that work is the best medicine to ward off and to cure the maladies of the mind. One sees in this case how a proverb may fail sometimes by excess of brevity, and the saying will die, or is perhaps already dead. The parish of Cults had a quaint proverb of its own—

"*Seek a hole for yoursel', like Tammas Young's bairns.*"

Tammas was a beadle in Cults, with a large family, who, after the wife had undressed the bairns, was wont to pitch them into the box-bed saying, "Seek a hole for yoursel'." It was an early education in the struggles for place in a world larger than a box-bed, yet which, after all, like a box-bed, is a limited area. Cameron parish had also its own temporary saying, scarcely worthy of the name of a proverb, when its minister was Mr Mair—

"*Cameron kirk is muckle, but the minister is Mair;*"

and so had Monimail in the proverb, whose meaning is lost,—for we doubt if it was, as has been conjectured, the direction of Neil Gow to his dancing pupils at Cupar to get the awkward squad to face properly,—

"*Turn your tail to Tarvit and your face to Monimail.*"

These proverbs, most likely half forgotten in Fife, have been sent me by Mr James Scott, from Valley Falls, Kansas, who describes himself as a laddie who "paidled in the burn at Cults." Another proverb of the spinning trade, the product perhaps of Dunfermline or Kirkcaldy rivalry, reproaches the cloth of Cupar—

"*As coarse as Cupar harn, three threads to a pund,*
and each pund an oxterfull."

Next to Cupar and its neighbourhood we may turn to its wealthier sisters of the east and west, Kirkcaldy and Dunfermline. Kirkcaldy and its suburbs have produced as many proverbs as any locality in Fife. The *"Lang Toon"* has made itself into a proverb. "Kirkcaldy the sell o't," said Andrew Fairservice, "is as long as any town in England." There was some patriotic exaggeration in this claim, but Kirkcaldy is and has long been celebrated as the long town of Scotland. It is a proud boast, for most towns in Scotland are long rather than broad. The form in which the Scottish burgesses in old times built their burghs is indeed matter of more than antiquarian curiosity. It is a point in Scottish history. The old Scottish towns were not walled except Berwick and Perth, the frontier towns of the English and Highland borders. Edinburgh only built its wall after Flodden. There are no towns in Scotland like York or Chester, Roman camps which became fortified cities. The chief Scottish towns owed their defence to a castle which towered from its rocky eminence over the streets, as in Edinburgh, Stirling, Dumbarton, Inverness. They were protected also by their poverty, which made a Scottish town in old days hardly worth pillage. The burgh lay open to the country-side, where its citizens cultivated their burgh acres, and combined rural with municipal pursuits. The houses were built fronting or gable-end to the main road, which became the High Street, running east and west or north and south, as the situation dictated. The houses had often common gables, a fertile source of lawsuits, and in other cases were separated by common entries or closes running to the back premises and connecting them with another street nearly parallel to the High Street, as the Cowgate of Edinburgh, through which the cows went from their byres to the town Meadows, or in the sea-coast towns leading to the margin of the sea, and often called The Shore.

Population and trade increasing, the coveted sites were those which fronted or entered on the High Street. New building was either upwards, as in the Edinburgh tenements, called lands, partly because the flats were modelled after the French *étages*, but chiefly owing to the High Street being restricted to the short mile between the Canongate and the Castle. In Kirkcaldy, where there was no such limitation, the buildings gradually stretched along the High Street, on both sides of the Market Cross and the harbour. Another cause common to many towns, but especially noticeable in Kirkcaldy, which directed the lengthening of the line of building, instead of making cross streets and squares, was that the town lay on an ancient sea-level or raised beach, the narrow strip of flat ground between the sea, to which easy access was advantageous, and the brae or hillside beyond. And so it came about that Kirkcaldy is pre-eminently *The Lang Toon*. Determined to deserve the name acquired when it was a fishing and shipping port before and a manufacturing town after the Union, but still only a little more than a mile long in the beginning of the eighteenth century, it is now three or four, and has absorbed Sinclairtown, Pathhead, and Gallatown, Inverteil and Linktown, and may some day absorb Dysart. The fame of its staple trade has spread over the Continent and across the Atlantic. But what might not be so readily expected, it is also known abroad by one of its proverbs. When the German historian Pauli, whose head was as full of knowledge as his heart of kindness, was on a visit to Edinburgh, his host, Professor Lorimer, invited him to Fife, saying, with a laugh, "I don't believe you know that county or anything about Kirkcaldy, the most famous of its East Coast towns." "Don't I," said Pauli, "don't I," with a twinkle of his bright eye,—

"'*Some say the deil's deid and buried in Kirkcaldy!*'

and its growth has been due to the deil's constant complaint, 'My taes is cauld, my taes is cauld,' which could only be silenced by more building." A various reading of the two last lines was—

"*Some say he's up again*
To fley the Hieland Laddie."

These were applied to the Duke of Cumberland, and very likely invented for the purpose after Culloden. Whatever may be the other merits of this saying or the virtues of Kirkcaldy, this must be counted, it may be feared, one of the proverbs which are not true. A doubt is perhaps intended to be expressed by the "some say" of the proverb. Or is Kirkcaldy more fortunate than the rest of the world in having buried the great adversary of man? Scarcely, if another saying is veracious, that a stranger, hearing the text, from the Psalms, read by Mr Shirra, its well-known Secession minister, "I said in my haste all men are liars," the stranger, or in one account of the story Shirra himself, exclaimed—

"*Ay, Dauvid, had ye been in the Lang Toon ye micht*
hae said it at your leisure."

But this probably was the malice of some one who had made a bad bargain in the market. Another form of the addition to this proverb casts doubt upon the reality of the Devil's death and burial, for it proceeds—

"*Some say the deil's up again and dancing Highland*
Laddie."

Surely this must have been the version of some stern Covenanter or sour Whig, who applied it to Prince Charlie as Sir Walter Scott applied it to Napoleon after his escape from Elba. Another proverb of Kirkcaldy relates to an incident of the time when the cross, which may now be seen on many

Established and even "the bonny U.P." kirks of which Mr Stevenson writes, was deemed idolatrous—

> "*Kirkcaldy puir people*
> *Took down the cross to build the steeple.*"

But this reproach was not peculiar to Kirkcaldy. The Cross of Cupar has been removed from the market-place to the Hill of Tarvit, and the Cross of Edinburgh was till lately cast among the rubbish at the base of St Giles'.

Pathhead, the chief continuation of Kirkcaldy, seems to have been an object while it continued separate of jealousy both to its town and country neighbours. Such, at least, seems the drift of several proverbs which attached to it.

"*You're like Pathhead folk, you look long afore you,*"

is one of these, and is explained by some to mean that the people of that town thought themselves shrewder than they were, and by others that they anticipated the Hansel Monday holiday before it came due.

"*You'll come down the hill yet, like Pathhead folk,*"

is a plainer saying, reflecting on their local situation and failures in business, and hinting that they would need to come down to Kirkcaldy for help. There remains the most mysterious of the local proverbs of Fife—

> "*Pickletillem to Pathhead,*
> *Ilka Bailie burns anither.*"

The first line refers to a farm of that name in the neighbourhood of Pathhead, and is one word, not three words, as Mr Robert Chambers prints it, which gave rise to many misleading guesses. Such a guess is the explanation that the proverb applies to the Pathhead nailers, who could not make out their quota of work without getting a pickle added. But

what the second line means is a greater puzzle, which must be left to local antiquaries, with the remark of Mr Chambers, that "the meaning of the reproach is beyond reach, but till a late period its effect in irritating the good people of Pathhead was indubitable."

Dunfermline is not so well off for proverbs as Kirkcaldy, though it produced, as we have seen, the first of many collections of Scottish proverbs, but it is curious that very few of Ferguson's proverbs have a local colour. One saying of Dunfermline origin,

"*The deil has cussin his cloke aboot the bairn,*"

is said to have been spoken by James VI. when the nurse of Charles I. awoke him with a tale of an apparition beside the cradle of his child. That monarch, who was so proud of his good sayings, would no doubt prefer to be remembered by the better known one describing the county as

"*A beggar's mantle with a fringe of gold.*"

Mr Addison, of the 'Stourbridge Advertiser,' to whom I am indebted for a friendly communication, recalls another saying,

"*I'll no' tak aff my breeks till I gang to my bed,*"

as current in Dunfermline; and he adds others as well known to him in his young days in that town. Some of them are common elsewhere, but the following is worth preserving, which was said of a braggart or boaster—

"*Your wind shakes nae corn;*"

and the commendation of the modest and patient—

"*Flee laigh an' ye'll flee lang;*"

and a counsel to be cautious—

"*Wha sits on a stane is twice fain,—fain to sit down and fain to rise up,*"

which may be compared with the English, "*Look before you leap.*"

A very brief proverb is

"*Torryburn Hail,*"

which is a modern Dunfermline saying for a one-sided game, as the Torryburn lads usually win in the shinty matches.

"*Ye're no' aye gaun to the kirk when ye gang doon the Kirkgate*"

is another perhaps not exclusively applicable to Dunfermline. Two proverbs of the weaving trade are remembered by old residents of Dunfermline—

"*He'll neither hap nor wind,*"

and

"*Keep a hasp in your ain hand,*"

which sufficiently explain their meaning. Another from the same trade probably originated in one of the small villages, or may have been the saying of a farmer with a thriftless housewife—

"*The thrift o' you and a dog's woo would mak a braw wab.*"

The advice of an old farmer in the Dunfermline district to his labourers is still quoted—

"*Be stuffy; if ye dinna be stuffy, be as stuffy as ye can.*"

They called him from it "Old Stuffy."

If Dunfermline itself has comparatively few proverbs, Falkland, the other Royal Palace of Fife, makes up for it. Most of its proverbs are allusions to the Court and courtiers.

"*To be Falkland bred*"

meant to be a courtier.

"*You're queer folk no' to be Falkland folk,*"

was the retaliation of some witty country-bred man to a set

of people he knew quite well hailed from Falkland, and who were giving themselves airs.

"*To go to Freuchie and*," as is sometimes added, "*fry frogs*," was to get into disgrace and be banished from Court. The addition may possibly refer to this fate having befallen a French favourite. It is the Scotch for "*To be sent to Coventry*," like the North Country proverb "*To go to Banff and buff ben' leather*," or the Newcastle malediction, "*Go to Hexham.*"

"*You won't cut the woods of Falkland with a penknife*," is a saying which must be of early date, before its fine trees, which had escaped the demands of the Scottish Navy, had fallen under the axes of the soldiers of Cromwell and of Charles. It is to be found in Ferguson's collection.

"*The king may come the cadger's gate*" is probably a proverb of Falkland origin, and may be taken in more than one sense.

"*Like is an ill mark*" is said to be a proverb of Falkland, a warning against the use of comparisons, parallels, and similes, perhaps because its natives did not care to be compared to those of any other place; but it is sometimes quoted,

"*Like's an ill mark among ither folk's sheep*," which makes it a saying of the shepherds of the Lomonds or the Ochils. When Falkland had fallen from its high estate as the Royal Court it still retained its municipal honours. The

"*Bailie's coo*," if not a proverb, deserves to be one. Her master, when he visited her byre, somewhat elevated after his election as a Falkland Bailie, greeted her, "Ah, Crummie, Crummie, ye're nae common coo now; ye're a Bailie's coo, my man," or, as

it is sometimes told, "*my leddie*"; but "*my man*" appears better suited to her master's condition and mental confusion.

"*Like draws to like*"

is one of the proverbs which is the common property of many places and countries. But the addition,

"*Like an auld horse to a fail* [feal] *dyke*,"

gives it a peculiar Scottish, perhaps Fifish, turn.

"*Blood without suet mak's puir puddins*,"

and

"*Better half an egg than a toom doup*,"

are two proverbs of the kitchen which were current in Fife, and belong to the cottage, not to the palace.

It may be convenient to note the proverbs of the other East Coast towns before crossing to Tayside or making an excursion into the interior of the county. Dysart at one time came next to Kirkcaldy in the currency of its proverbs, though they are for the most part now antiquated.

"*As old as the three trees of Dysart*"

was remembered when there was only one, but now it is gone, and the saying is probably forgotten.

"*Salt to Dysart*,"

the Scotch form of "*Coals to Newcastle*," is at least as old as 1583, when it appears in James Melville's 'Autobiography,' and has lost its meaning now the salt-pans are abandoned.

"*A puir appearance for Dysart!*"

was the exclamation of the drunken sexton when awakened by the side of a grave he ought to have been digging by the mail-guard's horn, which he took for the last trumpet, and himself for the only representative of his town. The humour of this proverb has led to its being borrowed by Kirkintilloch

and perhaps other places. It was recalled to the writer by a Highland shepherd, who told the tale that when wintering his sheep in Fife he found a very well-dressed man asleep by a ditch-side. It was the time of an election, and after the drunkard was roused from his slumbers, he could only mutter, "I am a *Lee*beral, I am a *Lee*beral." Was this *in vino veritas*, or the opposite, like the London medical student who, on a similar occasion, informed the police he was Mr Wilberforce. Whatever way you take it, let us hope it will never become a proverb. Fife has indeed no political proverbs, though Kinross has the celebrated non-political one—

"*Happy is the man who belongs to no party,*
Who sits in his ain house and looks at Benarty."

This declaration is more likely to have been made by Malcolm of Loch Or, an old Kinross laird who lived at the time of the French Revolution, when thrones were shaken and British parties split asunder, than by Sheridan, who has sometimes been credited with it as an impromptu uttered when he was on a visit to Blairadam.

Dysart did not confine itself to salt, and a rhyming proverb runs—

"*Dysart for coal and saut,*
Pathhead for meal and maut,
Kirkcaldy for lasses braw,
Kinghorn for breaking the law."

Kinghorn, for what reason is not clear, perhaps because it was the poorest of the royal burghs of the East Coast, seems to have had a bad name in the days of old proverbs, for another lame rhyme goes—

"*Kinghorn for cursing and swearing,*
Burntisland for curing herring."

But as Burntisland no longer cures, it may be hoped Kinghorn

no longer curses. Nor was the place better thought of than the people. The fishers despised its bay for its poverty in fish, and said of it—

"*Kinghorn Blind* [*i.e.*, an enclosed bay]; *a muckle dish and little in it*,"

or as another prosaic form has it—

"*It's like Kinghorn, nae muckle worth.*"

Its better behaved neighbours declared its sins in the lines—

"*Here stands a kirk without a steeple,*
A drucken priest and a graceless people."

And the passenger seems to have fought shy of its ferry, for it was said,

"*There's mony speir the road for Kinghorn and ken it a' the way to Pettycur.*"

Or was this a jest at the kind of people we all know who go about asking useless questions?

"*They keep open house at Kinghorn*,"

was said when its houses had fallen into decay and let in as guests the wind and the rain. There is nothing, of course, in Kinghorn of the present day to justify these gibes, which its monument to the good King Alexander III. and new golf-course have, we may hope, banished for ever. No one from Kinghorn has for long appeared at the bar of the criminal court for any serious breach of the law.

At Wemyss a caustic saying was in common use—

"*Deil stick pride! my doug deid o't*,"

which was applied to foppish and conceited people. The dog is a favourite character in Scottish proverbs, and in the neighbourhood of Pittenweem it was a common remark—

"*You're a speering dog, like auld Sir Robert.*"

Most proverbs, especially local ones, are, as these examples show, satirical, and often slightly malicious; but they occasionally pay compliments, as in the well-known lines—

"*The canty carls o' Dysart,*
The merry lads o' Buckhaven,
The saucy kimmers o' Largo,
The bonny lasses o' Leven."

The original of this was a boat song which Burns honoured by copying—

"Up wi' the carls o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven."

"Hey ca' thro', ca' thro',
For we hae muckle to do."

The last lines were the refrain of the singers as they kept time to the tune with their oars, which remind us of the finer lines of Hugh Ainslie's song, "The Rover of Loch Ryan"—

"We have roared thro' a heavier sea, my boys,
And we'll roar thro' a heavier yet."

The lads of Buckhaven were perhaps merry because they had little to do with books, and to be bred at the

"*College of Buckhaven*"

was even a byword for an ignorant man. It referred to the old schoolhouse, which still stands, and may have been the school where "Wise Willie" and "Witty Eppie" of the well-known chapbook got their learning. The Buckhaven fishers, however, knew their own business, and prospered in it. It was said in the beginning of last century that there was not a poor man in the village. They have kept up this character now that they are more learned by building their harbour at their own cost without borrowing. Why the Leven lasses were preferred to those of Largo, or why Dysart had only

canty carls and no merry lads, it would be rash to conjecture. There is a longer rhyme which commemorates the young ladies of the East Coast fishing towns :—

"*The lasses o' the Ferry* [Earlsferry],
They busk braw;
The lasses o' the Elie,
They ding a';
The lasses o' St Monan,
They curse and ban;
The lasses o' Pittenweem,
They do the same;
The lasses o' Anster,
They drink strong ale;
There's green grass in Cellardyke
And crabs in till Crail."

Crail still claims to have the best crabs on the coast. It is the last of the sea towns distinguished by many proverbs, though a few others may be gleaned.

St Andrews has apparently no proverbs, unless we may credit it with

"*The reek of Patrick Hamilton infects all it blows on.*"

It was perhaps too learned, and the other towns of the coast are much richer in such sayings.

The quaint burgh of Crail has several to mark its out-of-the-world character.

"*A Crail capon*"

was a haddock smoked in the chimney-lum, the most plentiful kind of food in that remote quarter, of which it is related that one Fife man asked another whether he had been abroad, who replied,

"*Na; but I ance kent a man who had been to Crail.*"

"*Crail play*"

at whist, to lead Ace King in succession, is the same as "*Paisley play*," in like manner looked down upon by Glasgow players. It was a mode which the more skilful new-fashioned players of Anstruther and Pittenweem despised.

"*A Januar' haddock,*
A Februar' bannock,
And a March pint of ale,"

is another saying of the East Coast without specific locality.

Two of the rhymes of the lofts in the old kirk of Crail may here find a place, though the second is too long for a proverb, and neither probably is peculiar to Crail. That of the hammermen runs—

"*With hammer in hand,*
All arts do stand."

While the tailors boast—

"*This ancient trade, since Adam was a rebel,*
Justly deserves the head of all the table;
For first in Paradise it did begin,
Which minds us all of our original sin.
But since that time the case has altered so,
Were it not for tailors we might all naked go."

A better specimen of Crail poetry is the epitaph in the kirk-yard—

"*Of doughty Douglas kind he came,*
And so he did well prove;
He lived always in guid fame,
And died in all men's love."

The sea has its proverbs, mostly sad, as the well-known warnings—

"*Betwixt the Oxcar and the May*
Many a ship has been cast away,"

which is sometimes varied to the form—

"*If a ship miss the Car this year, she'll hit twice the next.*"

The directions for a voyage from Queensferry to the Tay were summed up in the lines—

"*Inchcolm, Inchkeith,*
The twa Mickeries and Craigleith,
The lofty Bass and the Isle of May,
Round the Car and in the Tay."

The fishers of Pittenweem had a mark for finding a place where fish were plenty, which, though scarcely a proverb, may yet be quoted. They had found it when—

"*Kellie Law's tap could be seen in line with the steeple cross,*
and Charlie Nicol's west room window."

Another saying, more like a proverb, well describes the custom of the fisher-wives baiting the hooks and selling the fish—

"*A woman suld na wed*
Till she can win her man's bread."

The saying common round all the coast of "Piscosa Scotia" is often quoted in Fife—

"*Gie your ain fish-guts to your ain sea-maws.*"

The North Coast has fewer small towns, so fewer proverbs, but the neighbourhood of Newburgh has preserved some, which have a more ancient taste than those of the East. Its schoolboys still cry,

"*Gey to Hackle Birnie,*"

from "Hackel-barend," the Norse spirit of the storm (Laing's 'Lindores,' p. 378); and their elders still repeat to each other,

"*The bells of the Abbey will aye be gotten rung.*"

This warning, that every place can be easily filled up, is said to have originated as a reflection on a bumptious bellringer of Lindores who thought himself indispensable. It is remembered now in its transferred meaning when there are neither Abbey nor bells. It is the local counterpart of many similar sayings, as the classic line, "*Uno avulso non deficit alter aureus*"; or the English proverb, "*There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it*," of which the Scottish version is,

"*There are more kale in Kinross than ever came out of it.*"

"*He that can do no better must needs be a monk*,"

is a saying ascribed by tradition to the ninth Earl of Douglas, and probably a proverb before his time, when sent to end his days as a prisoner in the Abbey; and, though the tradition is doubted by modern writers, it seems consistent with the character of the proud baron who had defied the king.

Abernethy has the queer saying—

"*He's no' a wrong man for a' the beast*,"

which we have seen was derived from Mr Matthew Moncrieff, the Seceder minister, hunting a hare on the Sabbath, but has been transferred in its common use to any one who, though subject to some failing, is a good sort of a person on the whole.

There was a scoffing saying about Newport, belonging to the time when its whole population consisted of the ferrymen and their families—

"*Take care what you say about neighbours at Newport,—*
They are all Uncles and Aunties and Cousins."

This is a proverb which applies to other places, but its prudent counsel has seldom been followed.

Passing from town to country, several of the Fife proverbs of other districts are weather prophecies, common signs on

the universal subject that interests every one, but no class more than an agricultural community, which has to win its livelihood in a changeable climate. Such is the rhyme of the East Coast—

"*When Largo Law the mist doth bear,*
Let Kellie Law for storms prepare;"

or another of the central districts—

"*When Falkland Hill puts on his cap,*
The Howe of Fife will get a drap;
And when the Bishop draws his cowl,
Look out for wind and weather foul;"

both of which recall other proverbs of the mist, as

"*Mist on the hills weather spills;*
Mist in the howes, weather grows."

"*When Monimail Hill puts on its hat,*
The Buchan Howes will pay for that."

"*When the mist comes to the hills,*
Ye'll get water for your mills;
When the mist comes from the sea,
Fair weather it will be."

The cold weather of the high ground inland from the East Neuk, and swept by winds both from the Forth and the Sea, has been reflected in proverbs, as in the rhyme—

"*Ladoddie, Radernie, Lathockar, and Lathone,*
Ye may saw wi' gloves aff, and shear wi' mittens on."

It was probably to the soil of this locality that the description refers,

"*It greets a' winter and girns a' simmer.*"

So Carnbee has got the epithet of *cauld* in the saying,

"*Cauld Carnbee, cauld Carnbee,*
Little meal, meikle wark, and ill-paid fee,"

though there are warm houses near it. But the close of it, sometimes varied to

"*Meikle wark and little fee,*"

is now obsolete. Yet even this inclement district has sheltered places, for

"*Blaw the wind where it likes,*
There's bield about Pitmilly dykes."

The floods as well as the winds are the farmer's foes, and a useful warning is given to those whose lands lie along the Ore after it joins the Lothrie in the lines—

"*Colquhally and the Sillerton,*
Pitcairn and Dowhill,
Should clear their haughs ere Lammas spates
The Ore begins to fill."

Those who live lower down the stream are more obscurely admonished of the need of an early harvest by the verse—

"*Lochtie, Lothrie, Leven, and Ore,*
Rin a' through Cameron Brig bore,"

or, as it has been altered to commemorate a local worthy, perhaps the miller at Cameron Bridge,

"*A' meet at Johnny Wishart's door.*"

That worthy deserves to have his name preserved in proverbial folk-lore, for he, as my friend Mr William Christie informs me, refused to sell his napkin of land for a good price, because he did not wish to lose the proverb.

Sometimes such lines become mere jingle without any apparent meaning, but which sing in the head and please by

their quaintness. If any one despises them, those of another opinion have Sir Walter Scott on their side, with whom Chief Commissioner Adam relates that the following Kinross-shire rhyme of the Ochils was a favourite—

"*Locharnie and Locharnie's Moss,*
The Louten Stane and Dodgill's Cross,
Craigencat and Craigencrow,
Craigarnie, King's Seat, and Duncrow."

With which we may match the Fife one—

"*Lundy Mill and Largo,*
The Law and the Loch,
Pittenweem and Anster,
Crail and Arncroach,
Auchindenny, Clackindenny, an' Balmain,
And Pitcarnie stands alane."

This was indeed a common form of boasting at the expense of your neighbours, of which two other specimens may be given—

"*Cauldstream and Cuffabout,*
And Claw the Wa',
Bankhead o' Aithernie
Stands abune them a'."

The other describes the localities in the Cupar neighbourhood—

"*Baldernie and Blebo Hill,*
Callange, Kinninmonth, and Pitscottie Toll,
Talla-bout and Thomas-toun, Tarvit and Whitehill,
Rumgally and Pitscottie, Dura and Newmill."

If they do nothing more, such jingling lines preserve old names and their pronunciation, and ought not to be neglected by students of dialect and etymology.

Some of these place-lines are more plain-spoken than polite, as—

"*Carriston and Preston,*
Kirkforthar and the Drums,
Were four as crabbed gentlemen
As ever spak wi' tongues;"

or, as it was sometimes altered—

"*Were four as greedy farmers.*"

So too—

"*Lundie Mill and Largo, the Kirkton and the Keirs,*
Pittenweem an' Anster are all big leears,"

must have had a temporary personal application.

One variety of saying consists of cracks or flams, humorous exaggerations, or "big lees" as the author of the last lines might have called them, a kind of wit in which our American kinsmen are now the chief masters. Such was the saying of David Lindsay of Wormestoune to an Anglo-Indian, who was drawing the long-bow—

"*When I was in India I swallowed an oyster as big as a Leith smack.*"

Another kind expresses an impossibility, as one on the gold-fields of Fife—

"*If Balmain cock doesna craw,*
And if Tammie Norrie his horn doesna blaw,
I'll show ye the gold mine on Largo Law;"

or the Fife version of the Greek Kalends, a date which never comes—

"*When the Bass and the Isle of May*
Meet together on Mount Sinai,"

which is from Sir David Lyndsay's poems.

There are a few proverbs connected not with places, but with persons, worth quotation and a word of comment.

"*You'll no' find that in Davy Lyndsay,*"

was a proverb of the time when the works of the Lyon King were the secular Bible of the people of Fife.

It is singular that so few proverbs are to be found in Lyndsay's poems, although his own name became proverbial, and many passages of his works were frequently quoted. Such proverbs as are to be found in them are of older date, as one which applies to more than one period of Scottish history, and was verified in his lifetime—

"*I see right well that proverb is full true,*
Wo' to the realm that has owre young ane King."

And another—

"*Hie'st in Court, neist the widdie*"

—*i.e.*, nearest the gallows, of which he says, "This proverb is of the verity the quilk I heard red intill ane letter."

Both he and Dunbar cite the ancient proverb of

"*Blind Alane looking at the moon,*"

the explanation of which is lost. The saying that bishops who did not preach were

"*Dumb dogs,*"

which Knox adopted, was perhaps original, and so probably was the one already quoted of the meeting of the Bass and Isle of May on Mount Sinai.

An older Fife author than Lyndsay, Wyntoun, has preserved some proverbs which may be counted the earliest known sayings of Fife, of which the following may serve as a sample :—

"*Auld men in their proverbe sayis,*
Pryde gays befor and schame alwayis
Folowys this on al sa fast,
And it owre-takis at the last."

This is a proverb which all modern languages have borrowed or copied from the Latin—

"*Ubi fuerit Superbia ibi erit Contumelia.*"

"*Wha labours nocht he sall not eat*"

is translated from the Vulgate.

"*Ane sair saint for the Crown*"

was said by James I. of David I. when he saw Dunfermline, but became current from Lyndsay's quotation of it in "The Satyre of the Three Estates."

The Stuart kings seem to have had a turn for proverb-making, perhaps derived from their residence in Fife. James III. died exclaiming,

"*I was your King this mornin'.*"

James IV. was the author of the inconsistent saying,

"*Do weil and set not by deeming,*
For no man sall undeemit be."

James V. died at Falkland with a proverb in his mouth,

"*It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass.*"

The lass who was to wear the Crown did not make any proverb in the vernacular, though she was to be the occasion, or give the occasion, for the application of more than one, as

"*They never get luck who come to Lochleven,*"

and

"*Better women weep than bearded men.*"

But, as was natural in one bred abroad, she preferred foreign proverbs. She embroidered, probably when a captive at Lochleven, a bed of State, with *impresas* (mottoes) and emblems, wrought with gold and silk, of which Drummond of Hawthornden sent a full description in a letter to Ben Jonson. This is a good precedent for the sport of proverb-

hunters, in which the two poets seem to have taken equal pleasure. These mottoes or devices are Latin, French, or Italian, most of them glancing at her own fate. There are too many for quotation, but one or two may be selected and translated.

"*Hares insult the vanquished lion,*"

alluding to her captivity.

"*She bore ane, but a lion,*"

to her only son.

"*In my end lies my beginning,*"

the motto of her mother, Mary of Guise, which seems to be, as explained by its emblem, a phœnix rising from the flames, a version of the Latin "Mors janua vitæ." The Scottish Solomon did not prove a lion, but, as was fitting, he was the author of many proverbs, of which those relating to Fife have been already quoted.

A few other proverbs of persons less than royal deserve notice.

"*We are a' John Thomson's bairns,*"

referred to some popular individual, a master of the games, the feast, or the hounds. Certainly John Thomson was a Fife man, though not the same as appears in another proverb—"*To be John Thomson's man*"—which Ferguson tells us was said of an effeminate person, and Dunbar, nearly a century before Ferguson, applied to James IV. when he wished he was more under the influence of his wife, Margaret Tudor. John is said in the latter proverb to stand for Joan; but both appear to be sayings whose origin is lost, which has the advantage of allowing us to put our own meaning into them.

There is a good one credited to Miss Wood of Elie, a descendant of the great Admiral of Largo—

"*I like a' things weill,*"

said Maggie Wood of The Elie,

"*But gude things best,*"

a capital summary of optimistic philosophy. Some inveterate bachelor must have been the author of the Fife verdict on matrimony—

"*They say in Fife,*
That next to nae wife,
The best thing is a guid wife."

It is the canny but unsatisfactory verdict of Not proven.

The use of proverbial devices was very common in the middle ages. It probably began with the mottoes associated with the armorial shield or crest devised by the heralds, and expressing the family character or some moral precept. The architect placed them on the walls, chimneypieces, doors, and ceilings of houses; the painter on his pictures; the carpenter on his furniture; the student in the album in which his friends inscribed their names. Some quaint ones from the house of Earls Hall, the seat of the Bruces in the parish of Leuchars, recently restored by Mr R. Lorimer for its present owner, Mr Mackenzie, may serve as samples. They are on the wall of the gallery:—

"*A nice wyf and a back door oft maketh a rich man poor.*"

"*Give liberalie to needful folke.*"

"*Deny nane of them al.*"

"*For little thou knowest now in this lyf quhat chance may befal.*"

"*Try and then trust, after give assurance; but trust not or ye try for fear of repentance.*"

"*Be merry, glad, honest, and virtuous, for that stoppeth the anger of envious.*"

These sayings show how easy it is to miss making a proverb. Only the first can claim the character. The others are too long, too prosy, too moralising. They are maxims, not proverbs, and lack wit. But they are characteristic of one side of the Fife and Scottish character, that prudential morality of the canny Scot at which the cynical Englishman and the happy-go-lucky Irishman are both fond of jesting.

The ploughmen at the hiring fairs had rhymes to denote their likes and dislikes for particular farms or farmers, and the fare they got from their masters, as in the jingle, which had many alterations to suit the case, of which the best known form describes the fares of the Kinross district—

"*Witches in the Watergate,*
Fairies in the Mill,
Brosy lads o' Neviston,
Can never get their fill.
Sma' drink in the Punful,
Crowdie in the kirk,
Grey meal in Boreland
Waur than ony dirt.
Bread and cheese in the Easter Mains,
Cauld sowens in the Wester Mains,
Hard heads in Hardeston,
Quakers in the Pow;
The braw lasses o' Abdie
Canna spin their ain tow."

Or another of the Eastern district—

"*The new toun o' Balchristie,*
Balcarras and the Brough,
Cauldstream and Cuffabout,
Dirt-pat Ha';
Burnhead and Ethernie
Stand abune them a'."

These are places within two miles of Leven, and the rhyme very well describes their relative positions.

The colliers, we may be sure, have many proverbs, but I have only got one—

"*A collier is born a fortnicht before his meat,*"

alluding to the custom of buying provisions on a fortnight's credit till their wages were paid.

The situation of the farms in the western parishes of Dunbog and Moonzie is denoted in the lines—

"*Bambreich stands heich, Higham in a howe,*
Glenduckie in a dub, and Moonzie on a knowe."

Moonzie has another rhyme about its kirk—

"*Gae ye east or gae ye wast,*
Or gae ye ony way ye will,
Ye will not get to Moonzie kirk
Unless ye gallop up the hill."

The neighbouring county of Clackmannan has the prettiest rhyme of places—

"*Oh! Alva woods are bonnie,*
Tillicoultry hills are fair;
But when I think o' the bonnie braes o' Menstrie
It makes my heart aye sair."

The children of the cottagers have many rhymed sayings, a few of which may have a place for the old words they preserve—

"*Curly doddy, do my biddin,*
Soop my hoose and shool my middin."

When they hang up the rowan-berries strung with red thread to frighten the witches, they sing or say—

"*Rowan-berries and red thread*
Put the witches to their speed;"

and when they go about as guisards at Christmas-time they repeat the lines—

"*My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin,*
Gies my cakes and let me rin."

In many parts of Scotland there were sayings, generally satirical, about particular families or clans, but there are few of these connected with Fife, in which the clan system early disappeared, and even great families were often dispersed. The only ones of this kind in Fife, perhaps, relate to the Lyndsays, the Leslies, and the Beatons—

"*The light Lyndsays,*"

which is not a disparaging epithet as might appear, but an allusion to their agile conduct at Otterburn.

"He chose the Gordons and the Grahams,
With them the Lindsays light and gay.
. . . . . .
The Lindsays flew like fire about
Till a' the affray was done."

"*Ask no questions of the Leslies*"

is a darker saying. Does it refer to the question which the ill-fated Cardinal Beaton put to Norman Leslie before he received the answer of the dagger still preserved at Rothes? His own family have an epithet almost proverbial from traits of beauty, which have come down to the present time—

"*The Beatons' blue eyes and golden hair.*"

But these are said to have been derived not from the Beaton blood, but from the marriage of John Beaton, second laird of Creich, with a daughter of John Hay, Provost of Dundee, a cadet of the Hays of Naughton.

The proverbs of Fife, like its poetry, are as a rule comic, satirical, pungent, seldom tender or pathetic. They do not often rise high or go deep. They are rather chance shafts,

which, taking flight at a happy moment, have hit the target and scored a mark. Occasionally, but rarely, they have been more, and express a pathetic or imaginative truth in a form worthy of a poet. Such is the charitable saying,

"*The mouse should not leave the awmry with a tear in her e'e;*"

or the pathetic expression of the proud poverty of an old man whose talk, my informant, the late Dr Laing of Newburgh, told me, was largely made of proverbs. He owned but one cow and had lost his only son—

"*I'll tie mine ain hose wi' mine ain gartans,*"

he said, and added—

"*Sell the coo to bury Tammie.*"

Another, too general for a specific Fife origin, but which is well known in Fife, is—

"*Tak tent in time*
Ere time be tint."

To Fife certainly belongs the well-known proverb which James Ballantine expanded into a song—

"*Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.*"

Miss Stirling Graham of Duntrune, when an old lady, was introduced to Ballantine, and drew him to the light, saying, "I should like to see the man who wrote that line"; but Ballantine modestly disclaimed the authorship, and told her it was a Fife proverb. To appreciate it, an Englishman must remember that *keps* means in the Scottish dialect "catches," as a boy does a ball. Its reverse has also found a proverbial form in the East Neuk, and, like it, has been turned into a song—

"*Ilka door-step has its ain slippy stane.*"

It is no discredit to the song-writer that the proverb is better than the song, carrying a fuller meaning in fewer words. It would spoil a saying as true to nature as to the more cheerful view of life to put the former, the finest of the proverbs of Fife, into a prosaic version. Who does not when he hears it see the dewy lawn on a morning in May, or when the other is quoted recall the haar and the east wind which damp for more than half the year the flags before the cottages of the East Neuk village?

CHAPTER XIV.

DISTINCT CHARACTER OF SONGS AND BALLADS OF FIFE — SOME OF THEM AMONGST THE BEST SCOTTISH SONGS — BLIND HARRY THE MINSTREL AT FALKLAND—WILLIAM DUNBAR IN FIFE—OLDEST BALLADS, "THE WYF OF AUCHTERMUCHTY," "THE WOWING OF JOK AND JENNY," "HOW THE DUMB WYF WAS TAUGHT TO SPEAK," "CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN," "FALKLAND ON THE GREEN"—HENRYSON OF DUNFERMLINE'S MORAL BALLADS, "THE GARNITURE OF GUDE LADYIS," "THE BLUIDY SERK,"—"LAMMIKIN," A TRAGIC BALLAD BY UNKNOWN AUTHOR—THE BANNATYNE, MAITLAND, AND ASLOAN MSS. PRESERVED THE BALLADS DURING THE REFORMATION PERIOD—THE PRESS OF THE REFORMERS PRINTED SATIRES, NOT BALLADS OR SONGS, EXCEPT 'THE GUDE AND GODLIE BALLATES'—JAMES WATSON, 1706, FOLLOWED BY ALLAN RAMSAY, 1724, FIRST PRINTED THE OLDER BALLADS — THE 'ROWSTIE" RHYME OF EDINBURGH CASTLE ATTRIBUTED TO KIRKALDY OF GRANGE—SIR R. AYTON OF KINALDY'S VERSION OF "AULD LANG SYNE" — "SIR PATRICK SPENS," "HARDYKNUTE," "THE LAST DYING WORDS OF BONNY HECK," "MAGGIE LAUDER," "THE AULD MAN'S MARE'S DEID," "JENNY'S BAWBEE," "AULD ROBIN GRAY"—MODERN FIFE BALLADS, ROMANTIC AND PATHETIC, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL—HYMNS AND POEMS OF THE SECESSION KIRK.

THE Border and the Highland or Jacobite minstrelsy, the ballads of Nithsdale and Galloway, of Buchan, Renfrewshire, Ayrshire, and some other districts, have been published in well-known works; but we are not aware of any collection of the ballads or songs of Fife. They have a marked character of their own, and they present examples of some of the earliest and some of the latest which have become classical. They contain several, if not of the best, as to which opinions will always vary, yet certainly of the second best Scottish songs. "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," "Christ's

Kirk on the Green," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Lammikin," "The Bonny Earl of Moray," "Hardyknute," and "Auld Robin Gray," will scarcely be matched by an equal number from any other county. Their styles are probably more various than in any other part of Scotland. While the comic vein predominates, the historical, the pathetic, the tragic is also represented.

Wyntoun was a chronicler in verse, not a poet, and James I. was only a king whom love led to stray amongst the poets. The earliest of the great Scottish poets, Blind Harry, was one of the many ballad-singers at the Court of the Stewart kings. Most of their names have perished. The deeds of Wallace changed his muse from the ballad to the epic, and gave Harry the Minstrel a share in the immortality of his hero. It is more than probable that he had begun by celebrating some of the deeds of Wallace as well as of other heroes in the form of songs. While Fife cannot claim either Blind Harry or Barbour as natives, it is noteworthy that the manuscript in which their works are preserved was written by a Fife man, John Ramsay of Lochmalonie, in the reign of James IV. The hall of Falkland often heard the minstrel's voice. William Dunbar also was a poet of the Court, and several of his poems have a local reference to Dunfermline or to Falkland, and may have been sung at either, though it is curious that the only music preserved is that for the poem in praise of London.

It is not necessary to be precise in the definition of a ballad. It will suit the present purpose not to distinguish it, as has sometimes been rather arbitrarily done, from a song, but to describe both as short poems, capable of being recited or sung. The recitations of the minstrels differed much from the long-sustained monologues or dramatic readings of modern reciters. They were generally delivered by the musical,

not the speaking voice, and frequently accompanied by some simple instrument. The minstrel suggests the harp, though the voice alone was often used, and after the earliest period the bagpipes, the fife, or the fiddle were the common instruments. The best songs had, as well as words, what we express by the indefinable word, an "air," a something which no words can convey, like air invisible, but like air, the atmosphere in which, for the moment, both the singer and his hearers live and move.

The most ancient of the shorter poems we can distinctly trace to a Fife origin is "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," the little inland village whose name is a shibboleth of the lost dialect which was a cross between Celtic and Saxon, and whose industry, first of the plough, afterwards of the hand-loom, was so marked a type of rural Fife. The still older ballads of "Rauf Colzear" and "Johne the Reif" and "their kyn" were natural favourites in a district of coal-mines and farms; but their tone and dialect show they grew in a more southern clime, and were only transplanted to the colder soil of Fife. "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty" must have been written in Fife. It is certainly earlier than 1568, for it appears in the Bannatyne Manuscript. If its ascription in the same manuscript to Sir John Moffat could be trusted, it was probably the composition of a chaplain who said or sung the morning mass at the High Altar of Dunfermline Abbey in 1494. Nor would its comic style have been out of keeping with the taste for mirth the manners of that age allowed the jolly friars to indulge in as a solace from graver cares. It is a tale of rustic life in the middle ages, appropriately attached to the little village near Falkland, at one time part of the estate of the Celtic Earl, which had passed to the Crown by forfeiture, and at the date of the ballad was cultivated by many small tenants. One of these is the chief character in

the ballad. Its theme may be shortly told. A husband and husbandman of this village, disgusted with ploughing on a day of wind and rain, such as still often drenches the Fife field-labourer to the skin, proposes to his wife when he comes home that they should change parts, and that he should keep the house while she should drive the plough. She agrees, but warns him of all he would have to look after: the bedding of the bairns, the kneading of the dough, the herding of the kye, the churning of the butter, the herding of the geese, the kindling of the kiln,—for "we haif," she reminds him, "ane deir ferme on our heid."

All goes well with her ploughing, and as

"Sche lowsit oxin aucht or nine,"

it must have been the common plough of the village she had to drive. But with the goodman all goes ill. The greedy gled licks up five of the seven goslings; an ill-willy cow wounds him when he goes to drive the calves home. He tries spinning, but bends too near the low. He jumbles the milk in the churn for a good long hour until he sweats, but

"The sorow crap of buttir he gatt."

While trying to drive a sow with a club, he kills the two goslings the gled had left. Forgetting to put water into the pot, the fire burns the bottom out. The kiln blazes up, through his putting too much kindling on. The bairns who have been paidling in the burn soil the sheets, and when he tries to wash these, the burn carries them off in a spate. It is plain he has mistaken his vocation. A man cannot do the work of a woman.

The moral is easy to anticipate:—

"Quoth he, quhen I forsuke my pluche,
I trow I bot forsuke my sell;
And I will to my pluche agane,
For I and this hous will never do weill."

Such was the solution of the question of the sexes in fifteenth-century Fife. A few homely touches bring before us, as in a picture of Wilkie or an etching of Geikie, the daily lives of the Scottish husbandman and his wife. It is far superior to "John Grumlie," a modern variation on the same theme.

The "Wowing of Jok and Jenny," attributed by Bannatyne to "Maister John Clerk," is so similar to "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty" in dialect and humour, that we may reasonably conjecture, though we cannot prove, that it belongs to the same locality and the same period. It is a comic inventory of the tocher of a bride and the goods of a bridegroom in the same class of life as the husbandman of Auchtermuchty. The satire turns on poverty, but it is poverty taken kindly rather than felt keenly in the hours of "wowing," and in spite of it,

"Syne gaid togidder bayth Jynny and Jok."

Perhaps there is a covert reproach addressed to the lords of the land that the condition of the poor labourers living on it should be so miserable; though the more common reading is that Jok, like richer wooers, displays his goods and chattels to allure his bride. Another of these early ballads, "How the Dumb Wyf was taught to Speak," while it does not itself bear any distinct trace of a Fife origin, was maliciously allocated to that county by the lines Kirkpatrick Sharpe supplied at its beginning—

"Thair dwelt a laird in Fyffe,
Sic men ar countit madde,
Quha weddit ane gude wyffe,
Ritche, dumb, and wondrous sadde."

The tale is common since or before Boccaccio, but there is something original in its development; which shows how the cure which "ane great grim man" recommended to the

laird, being ignorantly applied, the dumb wife not only spoke, but swore, and without rhyme or reason

"Now deaffis up all the hous."

Meeting the "grim man" a second time, the husband in vain seeks for a remedy to bind the tongue he has unloosed, and gets for his only consolation the advice—

"Gang hame agane,
For it is ill ower all;
Latt thy wyf speik her fill
Sen scho thereto was borne;
For wyffis will have thair will,
Thocht ye and I had sworne."

The best of these old comic songs was "Christ's Kirk on the Green," for the superiority of which over English ballads the Scot used to fight with his southern neighbours. The point of the combat as well as the combatants have changed, as in other ancient battles. English satirists have withdrawn from the field; but it has become a favourite dispute amongst Scottish critics who was the author and what was the scene of the jolly Fair and romping games which set the mode and gave the rhythm for so many later Scottish poems. Certainly earlier than the date of the Bannatyne Manuscript, scarcely by possibility the work of James I., to whom it is ascribed by Bannatyne, but even less likely of James V., to whom it has been transferred by some modern editors, it was probably composed about the same time as, and to rival, the kindred poems of "Peebles to the Play" and "Falkland on the Green" referred to in it. The parish of Leslie in Fife has long claimed it, and Allan Ramsay supported the claim; but this has been stoutly contested by an Aberdeenshire Leslie, which also possesses its "Christ's Kirk." Probably the writer purposely left the locality doubtful, a wise stroke for popularity, as every place with a village

green for games, and a kirk dedicated to Christ, might assert, as the ballad does, its superiority either to Peebles or Falkland. The title of Fife to "Falkland on the Green" —a song unfortunately lost—cannot of course be disputed; nor that Fife had many villages where, from the days of the first to the fifth James, there was dancing and revelry, playing with the ball, and shooting at the butts, which are the sports alluded to or described in "Christ's Kirk on the Green." It is a picture of merry Scotland before the late advent of the Renaissance brought forth a more refined and artificial style, in the pensive sweetness and pure morality of Henryson, and the mingled mirth and melancholy of Dunbar, to be so quickly followed by the tragedies and satires of the Reformation, whose Puritan spirit banished for a time the older strains of Scottish song. One of the poets last named is the finest flower of the poetry of Fife; though Henryson, who chiefly cultivated the narrative style of Chaucer, or, as became the schoolmaster of Dunfermline, the didactic fable, has left two ballads, amongst the best of their class, "The Garniture of Gude Ladyis" and "The Bluidy Serk." Both are allegories, and both reveal the pious student of New Testament Scripture. In the latter respect they were a presage of the coming Reformation. Without the slightest imitation, the former beautiful song recalls St Paul's description of the Christian's armour. We may quote the first and last stanzas:—

"Of Honour hie sould be hir hude,
Upon hir hede to weir;
Garnist with Governance so gude
Nae demyng sould hir deir.

. . . . . .

Hir Shune sould be of sickerness
In tyme that scho nocht slyd;
Hir Hose of Honesty express,
I sould for hir provyde."

The alliterative style of the older poetry still lingers, and forces the conceit in the two closing lines, which are inferior to the rest of the piece.

"The Bluidy Serk" is a ballad of the simple tragic order. The king's daughter, who "of all fairhede bore the flower," is seized by the foul Giant, who was "the loathliest on to look that on the ground might gang," rescued by "a worthy prince that had no peer," who captures the Giant, but is himself so "evil wounded that he behoved to die." The dying lover bequeaths the bluidy sark to his mistress, bidding her

> "First think on it and syne on me,
> When men come you to woo;
> The ladye said, By Mary free,
> Thereto I make a vow."

The Christian moral is almost a surprise, which the reader may be left to discover for himself.

Probably as old as Henryson is the anonymous tragic ballad of "Lammikin," which heightens the gloom of the gaunt ruin of Balwearie, the castle of Michael Scot. Professor Aytoun, no mean authority, was of opinion that no one "has discovered the locality of the castle which Lammikin built and baptised with blood." But failing any other strong competitor for the honour, which a grim ballad like an ancient ghost confers, we do not see why Lord Wearie's castle should not be Balwearie, though the present stones can hardly be those Lammikin laid, nor any of the trees which still stand there be that on whose boughs the birdie sang sweetly:—

> "But little, little cared false Nourice for that,
> For it was her gallows-tree."

There are touches of pathos in this song which surpass

anything in later ballads often preferred to it, as when the lady before her own murder—

> "Lifted up her baby,
> She kist it cheek and chin,
> And kist the lips ance rosy,
> But nae breath was therein."

Nor has the civil war of classes ever found more poignant expression than in the nurse's answer to Lammikin, when he asks her to scour the basin for the lady's blood, as "she cam' of noble kin"—

> "There needs nae basin, Lammikin,
> Let it rin through the floor;
> What better is the heart's blude
> O' the rich than o' the poor?"

Compare this with the vapid and feebly venomous diatribes of the vulgar socialist orator, and you recognise the difference between the voice of the lioness and the hissing of the serpent.

Sir David Lyndsay, who once was the most popular bard of Fife, has, unfortunately for his lasting fame, left no ballads. He was too learned for their simplicity, too interested an actor in the passing politics of his time for their universal humour. The ballad literature of the Reformation period in Fife was, as elsewhere, a new genus, retaining the old name and form, but in substance a different thing. It was either satirical, as in the ballads of Robert Sempill, issued from the press of Lekprevik, which may now be read in the scholarly edition of Dr Cranstoun for the Scottish Text Society, and which had, as James Melville tells us, so wide a circulation in Fife. Or it was religious, as in 'The Gude and Godlie Ballates' of the Wedderburns, which Professor Mitchell of St Andrews is about to issue in the publications of the same Society. It

was indeed one of the avowed intentions of the Reformers to drive the old amatory and romantic ballads out of the field, and to substitute spiritual songs, set to the same tunes, —much as revivalists of the present day have adopted older secular melodies. The Reformers were to a large extent successful. The old ballads lost for a time their widespread popularity; but they were not extinguished. Bannatyne, Maitland, and Asloan were collecting them with assiduous care at the time when the Reformation was in full current. The very effort to suppress them by force or stratagem, by a common law of human nature led to a reaction. The Catholic and Episcopalian minority favoured their preservation, and their spirit passed, as has not been sufficiently noticed, to the Royalists or Cavaliers in the seventeenth century, and to the Jacobites in the eighteenth. For a time the Presbyterians had an almost exclusive command of the Scottish press, and the older ballad literature of Scotland was handed down, not in print but often in corrupt or altered versions, in a few manuscripts, or by oral tradition. It contained too much of the life-blood of the Scottish nation to die. In the 'Annals of Scots Printing, from its Introduction in 1507 to the Beginning of the Seventeenth Century,' for which students of Scottish literature owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Dickson of Carnoustie, and Mr Edmond, formerly of Aberdeen, practically no ballads, except those of Sempill and other satirists, appear after the Reformation. The poetry of this period has a distinctly moral or religious cast, as is seen in the Hymns of Alexander Hume, Montgomerie's "The Cherrie and the Slae," and 'The Gude and Godlie Ballates,' of which the title is significant—'Ane compendious Book of Godlie Psalms and Spiritual Sangis, collected furth of sindrie partis of the Scripture, with diveris utheris Ballatis changed out of Prophane Sangis in Godlie Sangis for avoyding

of Sin and Harlotrie, with augmentation of Sindrie Gude and Godlie Ballates not contenat in the First Edition, 1587.'

The first edition of these Godlie Ballates was published more than a century before James Watson, in 1706-11, followed by Allan Ramsay in 1724, ventured to put in print some of the earlier ballads, fortunately omitting most of those which could be deemed coarse or profane. But as the earlier ballads had all along continued to be occasionally sung, so a few new ones, in the same style, had continued to be written. A ballad which has been included in many collections, though it must be owned it scarcely deserves the name, belongs to Fife because of its reputed author. Richard Bannatyne, the secretary of Knox, makes the earliest reference to it, and speaks somewhat enigmatically as to the authorship of the "Ballate direct, *as it had been* from the captane of the Castle, complaining, as he lay upon the Crag of Edinburgh, and because we never understood the vaine of his poesie of before ye sall reid gif ye pleis that ye may judge out of what arrow bag sic arrowis are shott." The ballad which follows is in the metre of "The Cherrie and the Slae." If it was indeed the work of Kirkaldy of Grange, it is his only poem preserved, and as such has a unique interest, though it would be difficult to defend it from the character of "a rowstie rhyme," which Knox's secretary gives it. Nor could a poem of which the author is the hero come within any recognised class of ballads. Bannatyne's version proves it to be contemporary with Grange's gallant defence of the Castle under the standard of Queen Mary, and the metre makes the conjecture tempting that Montgomerie, not Kirkaldy, was the author. But it is far inferior to Montgomerie's popular poem. Robert Burns mentions he had seen the music to which this very peculiar metre could be set. We should now scarcely con-

ceive it possible that a ballad could have been sung with such a metre, of which the following specimen may suffice :—

"At the Castle of Edinburch,
Upone the bank bath greine and rouch
As myne, alone I lay,
With paper, pen, and inke in hand,
Musing as I could understand
Off the suddan decay
That unto this pure natioune
Apeirantly dois come,
I fand our Congregatioune
Was caus of all, and some
Whois auchthoris instructoris
Hes blindit thame so long,
That blameless and schameless
Both riche and poure they wrong."

In the reign of James VI. the Court was not more favourable than the Kirk to the production of ballads. It was indeed the aim of the Royal Prentice in the art of poetry to introduce new metres and a new style, and the circle of courtier poets, Montgomerie, Hume, Ayton, Alexander, and Drummond, wrote sonnets, odes, lamentations, elegies, epigrams, and epitaphs, but few ballads. Their artificial versification had its merits ; but they were not the natural charms, the simple pathos, the wild woodnotes of the ballad. These poets rarely attempted songs, and few of their poems could be set to music, the appropriate, though not invariable, accompaniment of the ballad. The printing-press had superseded the minstrel. The poet could no longer rely on the voice as his interpreter, or sing with the bold directness and sudden transition which in an earlier age drew laughter or tears. Scotland, too, had no theatre on whose stage, as in England, the drama could provide a frame in which might be set the exquisite jewels of Jonsonian or Shakespearian song. The ballad, though its life was threatened, was fortunately preserved in two separate channels which ran through different

strata of the Scottish nation. The inextinguishable sense of humour, coarse and boisterous at times, but always natural amongst the common people, could not be repressed even by the straitest Calvinism. Its flow, which had its sources in such poems as "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," "Christ's Kirk on the Green," continued, though it often seemed to disappear, till it was revived by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, Allan Ramsay, and Robert Fergusson. It received new strength and ampler volume from the original fountain of the muse of Burns, whose overflowing genius, like the spate which turns a burn into a torrent, almost hid the parent source. The Civil Wars of the seventeenth, and the risings on behalf of the Stuarts in the eighteenth century, produced many striking incidents and a few heroic deeds, and gave birth amongst the nobility and gentry to a new romantic minstrelsy. The Lays of the Cavaliers, followed by those of the Jacobites, struck a more refined vein of poetry, which, at first popular only in a section of the higher classes, conquered by its intrinsic merit the whole nation, just as the popular poetry of the peasants for a similar reason won its way from the cottage to the castle. The Cavalier songs are many of them English, but few express the Cavalier, a later echo of the Chivalric spirit, better than the well-known lines of Montrose :—

"But if no faithless action stain
  Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
  And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
  As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
  And love thee more and more."

The Jacobite songs are almost all of Scottish origin, and, thanks to Scott and Hogg, a Scottish laird and a Scottish

shepherd, became favourites even in Whig drawing-rooms, and might be heard at times in the cottages of the descendants of the Covenanters. The lyre of Burns, responsive to every note of deep passion and true melody, gave utterance alike to Jacobite and Jacobin sentiments. The author of

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that,"

took pleasure in imagining—

> "Haply my sires their blood have shed,
> Fast following where your fathers led."

Rob Donn, the Gaelic Burns, served in the ranks of the Hanoverian Fencibles, yet wrote songs with memories of the Stuarts. In the verses of these and other Scottish poets, but especially in Burns, the two streams of ballad poetry coalesced. Their charms came from and went to the heart which beats in every breast. Though they did not extinguish, they softened the distinction of classes, silenced the rivalry of factions, and almost subdued the bigotry of sects. Scotland had once more a national poetry proud of its origin, and of which all its natives could be proud.

This excursion from Fife may perhaps be pardoned for the sake of the subject, but it is necessary now to return and trace the thread, slender at times but never severed, which connects the more ancient with the more modern ballads of Fife. Sir Robert Ayton of Kinaldy, the friend of Ben Jonson and of Hobbes, deserves a note, though he wrote only in English, and as a Court poet, were it for nothing else than his version of "Auld Lang Syne." There was without doubt an older Scottish song and air, as has been shown in an interesting paper where the history of both words and air are minutely traced by Mr Dick of Newcastle in the Proceedings of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries for 1892. But Ayton's is the

first printed version. He turned the theme to a different purpose, to express the woes of a forgotten lover recalling past pleasure, when expostulating with his mistress. His poem, "Old Long Syne," has the credit of preserving the opening words and the motive of the air which Burns made the national song of Scotland. We may quote for comparison Ayton's first stanza—

"Should old acquaintance be forgot,
And never thought upon;
The flames of love extinguished,
And freely past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold,
In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
On old long syne?"

The reader may recall Mr Ruskin's acute criticism and appreciation of broad Scotch as one of the best dialects for song. "No heart," he says, "would be touched by the phrase, 'Old long since,' while every one is sensible of the pathos of the words, 'Auld lang syne.'" Ayton preserved, it will be seen, the last, though he rejected the two first words of his vernacular. There is also a version by Allan Ramsay. Burns told Thomson he took his far superior verses from an old man's singing

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?"

but we cannot doubt he added the chorus, as well as the succeeding verses, and is as much entitled to be deemed the true author of the national song of Scotland, which has since travelled with his countrymen round the world, as Shakespeare is of the plays whose plot is taken from old romances.

Two other ballads, which play even a more important part

than "Auld Lang Syne" in the transition from the Ancient to the Modern Minstrelsy, and may even be said to have formed, through their publication in Percy's 'Reliques,' the landmark of the revival of the romantic Scottish ballad, are intimately connected with Fife. Though it is not possible to fix with certainty the date and authorship of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Hardyknute," Mr Robert Chambers certainly pushed theory to an extreme when he contended that most of the best ancient romantic Scottish ballads were the work of Elizabeth Halket, Lady Wardlaw of Pitreavie, who was born in April 1677, and died in 1727. Still his suggestion that she could claim the original authorship of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Hardyknute" is dismissed too superciliously in Professor Child's note. "I have not felt called upon," he remarks, "to say anything of the attempt of the late Mr Robert Chambers to prove 'Sir Patrick Spens' a literary work of the last century. . . . The flimsy plea of Mr Chambers has been effectually disposed of by Mr Norval Clyne, 'The Romantic Scottish Ballads and the Lady Wardlaw,' Aberdeen, 1859; and by Mr James Hutton Walker, 'Early Scottish Ballads,' Glasgow, 1867."

The material facts seem to be that "Hardyknute" was first printed during the life of this lady in 1719, and "Sir Patrick Spens" in the first edition of Percy's 'Reliques' in 1765; that her claim to the former was stated by Percy in the second edition of the 'Reliques,' on the authority of Lord Hailes, who yet was of opinion that "part of the ballad might be ancient, but retouched and much enlarged by the lady above mentioned." Her claim to the latter poem, "Sir Patrick Spens," first broached in 1839 by Mr David Laing, whose opinion always deserves consideration, and afterwards asserted on the ground of the identity of some expressions to those in "Hardy-

knute," by Chambers in 1859, has no sufficient basis of proof; while the fact that it was never before, like "Hardyknute," attributed to her, is strong evidence on the negative side. Apart from Lady Wardlaw's alleged authorship, the Fife locality of "Sir Patrick Spens" is proved by his name, so common in Fife, the king's order given in Dunfermline, and the loss of the ship—

"Hauf ower, hauf ower to Aberdour."

The attempt to transfer this to the Aberdeenshire Aberdour is far-fetched. Whether the historical basis of the ballad was the voyage of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., to marry Eric of Norway, or the return of her daughter, or a mixture of the two; or even whether it is without historical basis, and the mere echo in song of some unknown shipwreck to which the Norway lines were afterwards attached, matters little. Its excellence as a ballad, vouched for by two such poets as Coleridge and Scott, is incontestable, and is proved by the great variety of its versions, one of which brings to view the scene of so many shipwrecks on the Fife coast.

"It was late, late on a Saturday night,
And early on a Sunday morn,
That robes of silk and feather-beds
Came floating to Kean-gorn" (Kinghorn).

To the same period, towards the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, belongs a humorous ballad, "The last dying words of Bonny Heck," first published by Watson in 1706. Its writer is believed to have been a West-country man, William Hamilton of Gilbertfield (1665-1751), a friend of Allan Ramsay, and the author of "Willie was a Wanton Wag." But for this song he has chosen a Fife scene and a Fife hero, "A famous Greyhound in the Shire of

Fife," who recounts his exploits at well-known places in the county :—

" What great feats I have done my sell,
Within clink of *Kilrenny bell*,
When I was souple, young, and fell,
But fear or dread,
John Ness and Paterson can tell,
Whose hearts may bleid.
They'll witness that I was the vier
Of all the dogs within the shire.
. . . . . .
I ran alike on a' kind grounds ;
Yea, in the midst of *Airdry Whins*,
I grip't the mawkins by the bunns,
Or be the neck,
Where naething could slay them but guns,
Save bonny Heck.

At the *King's Muir* and *Kelly Law*,
Where good stout hares gang fast awa',
So cliverly I did it claw
With pith and speid ;
I bure the bell before them a',
As clear's a beid."

Ramsay recalls his friend's ballad in one of his rhyming epistles to Hamilton :—

" When I begoud to cun in verse,
And could your 'Airdry Whins' rehearse,
Where bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
It warmed my breast ;
Then Emulation did me pierce,
Quilk ne'er since ceased."

Three other humorous songs of the same, or nearly the same, period belong to Fife, by different links of scene, association, or authorship. "Maggie Lauder" is usually attributed, but on no very certain evidence, to Francis Semple of Beltrees in Renfrewshire, who died in 1685. But the heroine was, or became, a Fifer, as she declares in the last stanza :—

"I've lived in Fife baith maid and wife
This ten years and a quarter;
Gin ye should come to Anster Fair,
Speer ye for Maggie Lauder."

So intimately had she become one of the traditions of her adopted county, that Tennant founded on her story his well-known comic heroic poem of "Anster Fair," the best piece in that vein which Scottish poetry has to boast of; and Captain Charles Gray, a native of Anstruther, wrote a sequel to the earlier song, of which, as little known, a verse may be quoted:—

"Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
And to the kirk they ranted;
He played the 'Auld East Neuk o' Fife,'
And bonnie Maggie vaunted."

"The Auld Man's Mare's Deid" is still more closely connected with Fife by its subject and author, Patie Birnie, the Fiddler of Kinghorn. Allan Ramsay in his mock elegy on the Fiddler, which ends with the surprise line,

"For to a' Britain be it kend,
He is not deid,"

credits Patie with being at Bothwell Brig, where he left the field, and

"Scoured o'er moss and moor amain
To Reeky straught,
And tald how many Whigs were slain
Before they faught."

But the best lines of the elegy praise him with better reason for his own songs:—

"*O wiltu, wiltu do't again,*
This sang he made frae his ain head,
And eke, *The Auld Man's Mare she's dead,*
The Peets and Tares and a's to lead,
O fy upon her,
A bonny auld thing this indeed,
An't like ye'r honour."

His other song has, it is feared, been lost; but the "Auld Man's Mare," though it has ceased to be played to the passengers crossing the Ferry of the Forth, will be always remembered for its racy vernacular. One stanza is so good an example that we give it for the sake of English readers whose taste for recent Scots novels shows they no longer require a translation of what is in truth only an older form of their own dialect—

"The auld man's mare's deid,
The puir man's mare's deid,
The auld man's mare's deid,
A mile aboon Dundee.

She was cut luggit, painch lippit,
Steel waimit, staincher fittit,
Chanler chaftit, lang neckit,
And yet the brute did dee."

What has become of our old familiars, the blind player and his faithful comrade the fiddler (who played it by request when we last heard it), since the bridge has crossed the Forth? They have found no Allan Ramsay to write their elegy and assure us they are not dead.

Of a more primitive type is the song of "Jenny's Bawbee," a simple rant, as Chambers calls it, yet whose jingling words and air catch the memory.

"And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae bawbee.

There's your plack and my plack,
And your plack and my plack,
And my plack and your plack,
And Jenny's bawbee.

We'll put it in the pint stoup,
The pint stoup, the pint stoup,
We'll put it in the pint stoup,
And birl 't a' three."

We have given it at length, as the words seem to prove it referred to a children's game with small coins, of which Jenny's was the smallest, and had no metaphorical Jacobite or other allusion, as Chambers surmises. Sir Alexander Boswell elaborated it into a comic, and another writer into a sentimental song; but such merit as it has was lost when the childish words were departed from.

A song altogether of Fife origin and authorship marks the commencement of the period of modern ballads. It will be acknowledged that "Auld Robin Gray" has few superiors, either amongst its predecessors or successors, though to call it the "King of Scottish Ballads," as Chambers does, is to raise it to a dangerous eminence. It is more to the point to observe its modern character and sentiment. This cannot be better shown than by an extract from the letter Lady Anne Barnard wrote in 1823 to the author of 'Waverley,' who had referred in the 'Pirate' to "Jeannie Gray, the village heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay's beautiful ballad":—

"Robin Gray" [Lady Anne, then an old lady, writes], so called from its being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres, was *born* soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; Sophy Johnstone used to sing it to us at Balcarres. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tone some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, which might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our

fireside, amongst our neighbours, "Auld Robin Gray" was always called for. I was pleased with the approbation it met with.

Surely never has the origin of a ballad and the birth of a poem been more charmingly told. Scott's answer is as delightful—

I wish to heaven I could obtain an equally authentic copy of "Hardyknute," and I think old Fife might cock her crest in honour of her two poetesses.

Lady Anne concealed her authorship through shyness, and she mentions to Scott—

Little as this matter seems to have been worthy of dispute, it afterwards became almost a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. "Robin Gray" was either a very, very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very, very modern matter, and no curiosity at all.

While this shows how much of the tone of the old ballads its gifted authoress had caught, the dispute does not say much for the criticism of last century. The spirit of this fine ballad is derived from modern sentiment. No one who compares it with the ancient songs of Fife, of which we have given specimens, can fail to see how different is the source of its pathos. Had it been written in the sixteenth century, Jamie would have killed either himself or Auld Robin, or perhaps his love would have fled with him and left Auld Robin to a solitary fate. A second part was afterwards written, in which, acting upon an unhappy suggestion of the Laird of Dalyell, Auld Robin confesses that he stole the cow to secure Jeannie, who had vowed while it lived not to leave her father and mother. Even a third version or fragment exists, which, no doubt, is the one Lady Anne says to Scott "shall remain in the corners of my portfolio." But the fame of the ballad and its authoress rests on the first version, composed in a happy moment of melancholy, and the fresh inspiration of poetry.

From the end of the last century down to almost the present day Fife has produced an abundant harvest of ballads in all the styles of its ancient minstrelsy—the Romantic, the Pathetic, the Humorous, and the Historical. Though none of these modern compositions have attained or deserved the popularity of the ancient, enough of good poetry may be culled to make a pretty variegated and sweet garland of Fife songs of the present century. We can only glance at this part of the subject, and crave pardon of the reader who misses any of his favourites.

The Romantic class of songs is represented by "The Witch of Fife," in Hogg's 'Queen's Wake,' and her more gruesome sister, "The Witch of Pittenweem," by David Vedder. The Pathetic has good examples in the songs of Captain Charles Gray of Anstruther, "Gloomy Winter's now awa'," and the same writer's "Blythe, blythe, and merry are we," and his son Lieutenant Gray's song, "When first I saw the witching smiles"; "Hame is aye hamely," by Robert Malone of Anstruther; "Mary Macneil," by Erskine Conolly of Crail, of whom his brother writes, "Unambitious of fame as a poet, though he frequently wrote verses, he never ventured on publication"; the "Emigrant's Lament" or "Why left I my hame," of Robert Gilfillan of Dunfermline; the Weaver's song of Henry Syme of the same town, to the tune of "The Boatie Rows"; "The Herring Drave," a cheery fisher's song, by Margaret Bell; the "Woods of Aberdour," by James Ballantine; the version of "Where Gadie rins," one of the sweetest worded of all Scotch songs, by Dr John Park of St Andrews; the more highly cultivated but true-hearted poems of Principal Shairp and Sir Noël Paton, and the spirited hunting-songs of Whyte-Melville. One of the best known modern songs of a pathetic cast connected with Fife is that of Jenny Nettles, who is said to have been buried between

the lands of two lairds near the Lomonds, and the song made on her, though its allusions to her sad story are slight, has always been popular in Fife. Two songs of Fife, which grew from the seed of two Fife proverbs, give the two sides of life—its sunshine and its shower, better perhaps than any others of recent date: Ballantine's "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew," and "There's aye a slippy stane at ilka body's door," recovered by Lady Lindsay from the recitation of a young girl in one of the small coast burghs. Lady Lindsay's graceful songs, one of which gives a picture of the landscape of the East Neuk, as well as others probably written in Fife, like the poems of the late Lord Rosslyn, prove that the poetic spirit still lives in some of the old castles and mansions of Fife. The cottage has also continued to produce its minstrels, of whom the best known in the county was William Thomson, postmaster of Kennoway, the Theta of the 'Fife Herald.' The poetic spirit knows no distinction of classes, and is more indifferent than even the philosophic temper to outward wealth or station when possessed by inward poverty or dulness.

More numerous and more famous than the Romantic or Pathetic are the Humorous songs of modern Fife, which has retained through all changes an original vein of wit, as might be expected from the original character of its natives. Like all wit, it comes nearest home to those to the manner born. But even a Southron who has heard them well sung can appreciate the comic tunes and choruses of such songs as—

"There cam' a Fiddler out o' Fife,
A blink beyond Balwearie, O;"

or—

"There was a wee Cooper that lived in Fife—
Hey, knickety, knackety, noo, noo, noo;"

or the older song of "The East Neuk o' Fife," and the more

recent one of "The Auld Scottish Brugh" or burgh. Anstruther is probably intended, but the census is kept at a conveniently low figure, to allow other towns to contend for or decline the honour.

"In Scotland stands an ancient brugh wi' some twal hundred people,
A lang and narrow strip o' street and ae high-shouldered steeple;
Ilk grocer i' the brugh is a bailie or has been,
But the Provost was perpetual, and drave the hale machine.
At twal o'clock the Provost cam' and stoud upo' the street,
And waggit to his right-hand man i' the public-house to meet;
The Bailie threw his apron by, and o'er their gill they sat,
And they managed a' the toun's affairs in a bit quiet chat.
The Deacon, wi' a face half-washed, gaed consequential by,
But the Deacon as a'body kent had nae finger in the pie:
The Deacon made the Provost's breeks and a' his laddies' claes,
And the Provost, tho' the best o' friends, was yet the warst o' faes.
And when the canvassin' cam' round the member walked about,
And linkit i' the Provost's arm, they sought the Deacon out.
The bodies threw their night-caps by, or wi' them cleared a chair,
And the member sat i' the ben house wi' a condescendin' air."

We have given this extract, as the song is not so well known as it deserves to be. It is clear and faithful, like a drawing on a Dutch tile, of a scene in the burgh, as with slight alterations it might till the other day, if not to-day, be seen. Who has not known one of these perpetual Provosts; sat, if he is a frequenter of inns, with one of these Bailies over a gill; watched the half-washed consequential Deacon with no finger in the pie; and laughed at the condescending member from London, only to be seen in the burgh when the canvassing comes round? The rural life of Fife is preserved in the simpler songs of "The Harvest Field," "The Washing Green," and "The Miller of Fife." The last of these was often sung by itinerant singers down to recent times, but as this class is passing away a stanza may be given as an example:—

"When I was a Miller in Fife,
Losh I thought that the sound o' the happer
Said—Tak hame a wee flow to your wife,
To help to be brose to your supper.
Then my conscience was narrow and pure,
But someway by random it racket,
For I lifted twa neivefu' or mair,
While the happer said—Tak it, man, tak it.
Hey for the mill and the kill,
The garland and geer for my cogie;
Hey for the whisky or yill
That washes the dust owre my craigie."

Of another strain is Thomas Latto's popular song, "The Kiss Ahint the Door"; and of yet another, the famous rhyming *tour de force*, "The Annuity" of George Outram, whose heroine, like "Maggie Lauder," attaches it to the county, though the writer came from Edinburgh.

"I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be,
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell,
And—I was sae left to mysel'—
I sell't her an annuity."

The well-known comic song of "Kate Dalrymple" found its heroine as well as its hero, Willie Speediespool, though the names are fictitious, at Kinaldy near St Andrews. "The Fife Laird" describes the eccentricities of two well-known lairds of Fife of former times, Sir Robert Anstruther of Balcaskie, and Thomas, Earl of Kelly.

It is more difficult to give samples of modern Historical songs connected with Fife. For, to speak plainly, neither Fife nor Scotland has, during the last hundred years, been making history. It has been too busy making money. Even the Jacobite movement of last century left fewer echoes in Fife than in the rest of Scotland, though we have always

fancied that "The Piper o' Dundee," generally identified with Carnegie of Finhaven in Angus, had something to do with the Kingdom. The writer took at least the well-known Fife air of "Aiken Drum," and the piper played a part perhaps as natural to a Fife burgher as to an Angus laird when he played by turns the Jacobite and Whig tunes. "The March of the Cameron Men," both words and air, was composed by a lady of Fife, Miss Mary Maxwell Campbell of Pitlour.

Fife can certainly claim by a poetical, which is not a historical licence, if its ancient boundaries are restored, the ballad of "Sir James the Ross" by Michael Bruce, which contains at least one fine stanza—

> "His growth was as the tufted fir
> That crowns the mountain brow;
> And waving on his shoulders broad
> His locks of yellow flew."

Other historical ballads connected with Fife of modern authorship are,—"The Laird of Ochiltree," who was no other than James Wemyss, younger of Bogie, a Groom of the Chamber to James VI., whose escape, described in the poem, was due to the wit of one of the Queen's maids of honour who loved him; and "The Master of Wemyss," by William Motherwell.

The Secession Kirk nurtured a distinct strain of melody, which, as might be expected, took a religious direction in "The Hymns of Ralph Erskine," "Weaving Spiritualised" of Michael Bruce of Kinnesswood, and the hymns of the "Untaught Muse" of James Syme of Dunfermline. The last writer is remarkable for the variety of subjects he essayed; and though his political songs never reached high, those on "Jamaica," "Slavery," "Free Trade," "The Ten-Pound Renter," and "Canada," to which country he emigrated, like more than one of the later singers of Scotland of humble birth,

deserve to be mentioned. One verse from an "Epistle to a Rhyming Friend" expresses a common form of ambition in the peasantry of Scotland in modest terms:—

> "Weil, then, may Scotland never want
> Some bard sublime her praise to chant;
> Wi' routh like us to rhyme and rant
> In ilka toun;
> Till ilka village proudly vaunt
> Its rhyming loon."

Should some cynic suggest this prayer has been too liberally granted, and that Fife, like the rest of Scotland, has produced too many rhymesters, a more lenient and perhaps more just critic might plead that such rhymes solace the hours of toil, refine the feelings, elicit the humour of the people, and create the atmosphere in which on some happy day a sublime bard is born.

CHAPTER XV.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF FIFE CHARACTER IN THE PROFESSIONS. FIFE GENERALS: SIR WILLIAM KIRKALDY OF GRANGE—ALEXANDER LESLIE OF BALGONIE, EARL OF LEVEN—DAVID LESLIE OF PITCAIRLIE, LORD NEWARK. FIFE ADMIRALS: SIR MICHAEL OF WEMYSS—ANDREW WOOD OF LARGO—SAMUEL GREIG OF INVERKEITHING—PHILIP DURHAM WOOD OF LARGO—ALEXANDER SELKIRK OF LOWER LARGO, ORIGINAL OF ROBINSON CRUSOE. FIFE DOCTORS: JOHN OF KINGHORN—SIR ANDREW BALFOUR—SIR ROBERT SIBBALD—JAMES SYME THE SURGEON—JOHN GOODSIR THE ANATOMIST, AND HIS FATHER THE ANSTRUTHER DOCTOR. FIFE LAWYERS: SIR JAMES BALFOUR—HENRY BALNAVES OF HALHILL—JOHN WOOD OF TILLIEDAVY—ALEXANDER SETON, EARL OF DUNFERMLINE—JAMES ELPHINSTONE, LORD BALMERINO—SIR ALEXANDER GIBSON OF DURIE—SIR THOMAS HOPE OF CRAIGHALL—SIR JAMES LEARMONT OF BALCARRES—SIR JOHN WEMYSS OF WEMYSS—BOSWELL OF BALMUTO—MONYPENNY OF PITMILLY—MONCREIFF OF TULLIBOLE. FIFE ARCHITECTURE: CELTIC CROSSES—CHURCHES AND TOWERS—NORMAN ABBEYS AND CATHEDRALS—FEUDAL CASTLES. MODERN ARCHITECTS: SIR WILLIAM BRUCE OF CULROSS—THE BROTHERS ADAM—JOHN PLAYFAIR—THE COTTAGES OF FIFE. FIFE PAINTERS: DAVID MARTIN—SIR DAVID WILKIE—CHARLES LEES—SIR NOËL PATON. THE POETS OF FIFE: HENRYSON—LYNDSAY—SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER, AND SIR ROBERT AYTON—MICHAEL BRUCE OF KINNESSWOOD—HUGH HALIBURTON, THE POET OF THE OCHILS. THE SONGS OF FIFE, ITS BEST POEMS—PHILOSOPHY CULTIVATED—THEOLOGY NEGLECTED—MEN OF SCIENCE—HISTORIANS—ANTIQUARIES—GENERAL CHARACTER OF NATIVES OF KINROSS AND OF FIFE.

Besides the names which have been taken as representatives of different aspects of character in Fife, the county has contributed probably more than any other in Scotland to the pages of biographical history. Mr Conolly, in his 'Dictionary of Eminent Men of Fife,' includes no fewer than 547 in the list. But he has extended the claims of Fife citizenship with

a patriotic liberality, not merely to its natives, but to those "connected with it by property, residence, marriage, *or otherwise.*" No one is more anxious to prove a man of eminence his countryman than a Scotsman. It is the modern substitute for the boast at which the French laughed in their saying, "Long Scot is cousin of the King." Perhaps the present writer may be thought not to have erred in exclusiveness. Yet an endeavour has been made to keep in view what is the chief aim of this work, to illustrate from the History of Fife not only the characters of the county and its natives, but also their influence on the history and character of Scotland.

Before quitting the field of biography and attempting to take a general view of the art and literature of Fife, there are still some illustrations of Fife character in other walks of life which can scarcely be passed over, though it will be necessary to retrace our steps a little as regards time.

Fife has long boasted of the peaceful pursuits of its inhabitants, and in the last and present centuries it was not so good a recruiting-ground as the Highlands. But in earlier times it did at least its share of fighting, and in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it produced three famous soldiers who occupy a distinct place in the military annals of Scotland, Sir William Kirkaldy of Grange and the two Leslies.

William, son of Sir James Kirkaldy of Grange, near Kinghorn, Treasurer of James V., "a stout man, who always offered by single combat and at point of sword to maintain whatever he said," was when a boy a page of James V. In early youth, like his father he was one of the Scotsmen who saw that the future of Scotland lay with England and Protestantism, not with France or Ultramontane Rome. Born about 1530, he was present when only sixteen at the death of Beaton, was with Knox first in the castle, afterwards in the galleys, and was sent in 1547 a prisoner to Mount St Michael. Taking

advantage of the festivities of the Eve of the Epiphany 1549, Kirkaldy and several of his comrades — the brave Norman Leslie, and "the stout gentleman," Carmichael of Balmaddie, amongst the number—disarmed their keepers and escaped to England. Deprived of a pension by the death of Edward VI., he returned to France and entered the service of Henry II., whose war with the Emperor led him, as the war with England had its predecessors, to secure the aid of Scottish swords.

Kirkaldy led a hundred light horse under Anne de Montmorency, the Constable of France, in the desultory wars of Picardy. Of this mode of warfare, more than of great campaigns, he became an accomplished master. He was present on 31st August 1554 at the victory of Renti, in which Norman Leslie, called by the French king another Hector, fell. Sir James Melville, then a page of the Constable, heard the king, as he pointed to Kirkaldy, say, "Yonder is one of the most valiant men of our time." He took part three years later in the battle of St Quentin, when the French were routed, and the Constable, with Melville and many knights and soldiers, taken prisoners. Soon after the death of Henry II., Kirkaldy returned by way of England to Scotland, and married Margaret, daughter of Sir James Learmonth of Dairsie, Provost of St Andrews, a strong supporter of the Reformation. His single combat and defeat on Halidon Hill of Sir Ralph Evers, whose brother, Lord Evers, declined the challenge, was one of the last encounters of chivalry in Scotland. Though, like Murray, he for a time sided with Mary of Guise, he soon joined the Lords of the Congregation, and was with them at Cupar Muir. In the guerilla war which followed in Fife, D'Osell and his French troops spoiled with special animosity Kirkaldy's lands and castles, Grange, Wester Kinghorn, and Hallyards; but the spirited leadership of the cavalry, his favourite force, by Kirkaldy, at last drove them from the

county. After Mary's marriage with Darnley his services were again in request, and he rode with Murray in the Roundabout Raid, in describing which the author of "Randolph's Phantasy" appears to exaggerate his age though not his experience in the line—

"His hoary head expert in war did breed the courtiers' fears."

The failure of the Raid drove its leaders, including Kirkaldy, to England, and during his absence he was attainted. On the death of Rizzio he returned with Murray and the other refugees to Edinburgh. From the first he was Bothwell's enemy, and wrote to Bedford from his own house in Edinburgh, on 26th April 1567, a letter, which is one of the most damaging items in the case against Mary of complicity in Darnley's murder: "The Queen will never cease until such time as she hath wrecked all the honest men of this realm. She was minded to cause Bothwell seize her, to the end that she may the sooner end the marriage whilk she promised before she caused Bothwell murder her husband."

At Carberry Hill, Bothwell refused Kirkaldy's challenge, as Lord Evers had done, on the ground of inequality of rank, yet it was to Kirkaldy that Mary surrendered when it was seen that fighting was hopeless. Although his sentiments towards Bothwell were well known to her, a woman's insight told her Kirkaldy was not one of her irreconcilable adversaries. A soldier's heart is more easily touched by the sight of a woman in distress than by the recollection of the death of a man.

When Bothwell fled to Orkney, Kirkaldy, with Sir William Murray, pursued him in the Unicorn of Leith and three other ships. The Unicorn was wrecked in the Sound between the mainland of Shetland and Bressay, but Kirkaldy with the other vessels continued the chase to the coast of Norway, where Bothwell's stranded vessel and some of his agents in Darnley's

murder were captured, but Bothwell himself escaped. At Langside, Kirkaldy at the head of the cavalry played an important part in deciding the victory, and was made by Murray, Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh. After Murray's death, Maitland of Lethington's persuasive tongue brought him back to the Queen's side, and he held the castle under her flag till 29th May 1573, when he surrendered to the English general, the Marshal of Berwick. On 3d August he was tried, and condemned for treason, in spite of the efforts of Lord Ruthven and his old friend David Lindsay, the minister of Leith. A bond of manrent by which one hundred of his kin agreed to serve the house of Angus and Morton, and to pay 3000 merks a-year for his ransom, and his own offer to go into exile, were proffered in vain. The Regent Morton cruelly replied that the people would not be satisfied without blood. He was hanged the same day at the Cross in the High Street. His brother was hung in the evening on the same scaffold. Superstition remarked that Kirkaldy's corpse, which had its face set towards the east, within a "bonny quhile" (short space) turned to the west against the sun, and so remained. Knox, shortly before his own death, had prophesied that the castle would be taken, and Kirkaldy "brought over the walls of it with shame, and hing against the sun." Was this a survival of the old Celtic superstition that to go widershins—that is, against the course of the sun—boded ill-luck? It may be feared that Knox's prediction helped to work its own fulfilment.

The bravery and military skill of the Laird of Grange, as he was commonly called, have never been questioned. He had a soldier's straightforwardness and veracity, valuable at a time when duplicity was almost universal and truth the rarest virtue. He stands free of the plots and murders of his time. But the honour of a soldier in those days was not deemed incompatible with a change of side as frequent as that of a

politician. Though a soldier of fortune, Kirkaldy had the interest of his country as he saw it as his chief aim, and this plea, more doubtfully put forward for Lethington, explains the inconsistencies of his life.

The principles on which such a soldier acted have never been better explained than in the 'Legend of Montrose' by Sir Dugald Dalgetty, whose name Scott appears to have taken from the Fife parish.

Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven, another soldier of fortune, was of a different school from Kirkaldy. He was bred, not in the last wars of French chivalry, but in the campaigns of the great Gustavus, the first master of modern war who trained many Scottish pupils. Born before the commencement of the seventeenth century, the younger son of George Leslie of Balgonie, sometimes called Captain of Blair-Athole, he fought first with the Dutch against the Spaniards, then with the Swedes against the Emperor. Under Gustavus he distinguished himself by the defence of Stralsund against Wallenstein and the capture of the isle of Rugen. He was made a field-marshal, and reckoned the best general after the King. An original portrait of his royal master, now in the house of Melville in Fife, was presented to him in recognition of his services. When Gustavus fell at Lutzen, he continued to serve his daughter, Queen Christina; but the Covenanters, especially his chief, the Earl of Rothes, early had their eye on Leslie. He had induced several of the Scotch officers in the Swedish service to take the Covenant and prepare munitions of war before his return to Scotland in 1639. He was at once given the command of the army of the Covenant, into which he brought many of his old comrades. His first exploit was the daring assault of the Castle of Edinburgh, which he effected by placing a petard under the outer gate, and in the confusion caused

by its explosion carried the inner fortifications with a force of a thousand musketeers and without the loss of a man. The victory at Dunse Law in May 1639 was equally bloodless. Baillie the Covenanter gives a striking picture of Leslie's influence as a commander: "His skill and fortune made them all so resolute for battell as could be wished. We were feared that emulation among our nobles might have done harm when they should be mett in the fields, but such was the wisdom and authoritie of that old little crooked souldier that all with ane incredible submission from the beginning to the end gave over themselves to be guided by him as if he had been Great Solymane himself. Yet that was the man's understanding of our Scots humours that he gave out not onlie to the nobles but to verie mean gentlemen his directions in a very homely and simple form as if they had been the advyces of their neighbour and companion; for, as he rightly observed, a difference should be used in commanding sojours of fortune and sojours voluntars, of which kind the most part of our camp did stand."

Next year Leslie led the army which marched to England, took Newcastle, Tynemouth, Shields, and Durham, and forced Charles to conclude the Treaty of Ripon, when he was created Earl of Leven. In 1643 he was sent to Ireland, but was recalled to assist the Parliamentary army. He held the command of the central division at Marston Moor on 2d July 1644, but had no share in that victory, for the troops under his immediate command fled before the day was won. He again occupied Newcastle, and Charles came to his camp when engaged in the siege of Newark. Leslie received him respectfully and tendered his sword, but when Charles showed some inclination to keep it, told the King, "I am the older soldier, sir; your Majesty had better leave the command to me." Like most of his countrymen, he was, however,

a royalist by nature, disapproved of the death of the King, and served as a volunteer under the younger Leslie against Cromwell at Dunbar. In August 1651 he was taken and sent prisoner to the Tower, and only released at the intercession of the Queen of Sweden in 1654. He did not again engage in active service, but, after a visit to Sweden to thank Christina, lived in retirement, improving his estate at Balgonie, where he died on 4th April 1661. Some of the beeches which still overhang the Leven were planted by him. He took as his motto *Pro Rege et pro Patriâ.*

Another Leslie, David, was a younger son of Patrick Leslie of Pitcairlie, near Auchtermuchty, where he was born. He served his apprenticeship in the army of Gustavus and became a colonel of horse. He does not appear in Scotland till 1644, when he accompanied his kinsman Leven as a major-general in the Scots army to England. At Marston Moor, the regiments under his command stood their ground better than most of their countrymen, and aided in turning what might have been a defeat into a victory. Suddenly recalled from England to oppose Montrose, he terminated the short but brilliant career of that gallant general by the rout of Philiphaugh on 13th September 1645. This victory was tarnished by the cruelty shown to the Irish, both men and women, which was justified in the eyes of Leslie and the Presbyterian ministers by the savage mode of warfare which had placed the Irish outside of the pale of the laws of war. The Scottish Estates voted him a gold chain and a large sum of money for the victory, but the Royalists nicknamed him the executioner.

He afterwards again served under Leven in England, and was at Newark when Charles I. surrendered, but was soon after recalled to Scotland to suppress the rising of the North and West Highlands. He declined to be a party to the engagement for the rescue of Charles I., but in 1650, when

Charles II. accepted the Covenant, he became General-in-Chief of the Scottish army. His signal defeat by Cromwell at Dunbar, in part due to interference of the ministers in military affairs, did not lose him the confidence of the Scottish Estates, and he continued Lieutenant-General of their forces in England till the still more decisive defeat of Worcester on 3d September 1651. Soon after it he was taken prisoner and kept in the Tower till 1660. After the Restoration he was created Lord Newark, but retiring from service, lived at Newark, near St Monans, which he had bought in 1649 from Sandilands, Lord Abercrombie, "a riotous youth," who spent an old estate in the space of four or five years. Though Philiphaugh was his only brilliant success, David Leslie was recognised as a general of capacity, but he was beaten by the superior military genius of Cromwell. There was, too, an inherent weakness in a cause which attempted to reconcile Charles II. and the Covenant, and tried unwisely to direct campaigns by a combination of military and ecclesiastical leaders.

As became a maritime county, Fife has been represented on sea as well as on land. One or two of the notable sailors of Fife have already come within view: Sir Michael of Wemyss, the first Scottish admiral; Sir Patrick Spens, the hero of the ballad; Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, the admiral of James III. and IV. The daring Bartons and other merchant cruisers came from the other side of the Forth, but knew well the havens and seaports of Fife. Of Wood the characteristic anecdote is told that after the Great St Michael had been sold and old age prevented him from going to sea, he cut a canal from his house of Largo to the parish kirk, along which he was rowed every Sunday to the parish church in an eight-oared barge, like the old tars in whose villa gardens on the coast of Fife we may

still see a mast turned into a flagstaff, or a boat into an arbour.

Two later admirals of Fife deserve commemoration—Sir Samuel Greig and Sir Philip Durham of Largo, on the maternal side a descendant of Wood, to whose estate of Largo he succeeded. Greig, born at Inverkeithing in 1735, the son of the master of the Thistle, a small craft which traded with Russia, passed from the merchant service into the Royal Navy, and from that into the Russian Navy in 1763. He designed the fortifications of Cronstadt, and his services in the wars of Russia with Turkey and Sweden gained him the highest honours of his adopted country and the name of Father of the Russian Navy, in which his descendants have continued to serve almost to the present time. The Scot abroad had in him a worthy representative.

Durham was one of the lieutenants of the Royal George, and happily escaped its fate to do good service in the French war. At Trafalgar his gallantry in trying to save the L'Aigle, a French frigate of 74 guns, from going down, was mentioned in the despatch of Collingwood; and till the end of the war he continued to maintain the honour of the British flag, closing a long list of successful exploits by the capture of Guadaloupe in the autumn of 1815.

Largo sent another sailor to the sea, of humbler origin, but whose singular fate gained him a wider renown than the admirals of Fife, through the accident which made his life the basis for the romance of Defoe. It may have been when travelling in Fife that Defoe first heard of Alexander Selkirk, though his book was founded on the account published in 'The Englishman' by Steele from the narrative of Captain Rogers, who rescued Selkirk from his four years' solitude at Juan de Fernandez. He was born in 1676, the son of John Selcraig or Selkirk, a shoemaker in the village of Lower

Largo, where the house of his father may still be seen. The only record of his youth in Fife is the account of the proceedings against him before the Kirk-session of Largo for a boyish quarrel with his brothers, when he confessed "that having taken a drink of salt water out of a can, his younger brother Andrew laughing at him, he did beat him twice with a staffe, and that he challenged his eldest brother, John, to a combate, as he called it, of dry neiffits [fisticuffs], which afterwards he did regret." For this "he was solemnly admonished before the congregation." A patriotic Fife biographer says he became a changed character, but it may be suspected that his going to sea was not unconnected with his drinking salt and getting into hot water.

The Crusoe of Defoe is not a Fife but a Yorkshire man, and there is in his character a good deal of the morality and preaching of Defoe himself, which come still more strongly out in the less popular sequel he published, 'Serious Reflections during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelick World.' In the plain sailor-like narrative of Captain Rogers there is more of the real Selkirk and the native of Largo. "He had been on the island of Juan Fernandez," Rogers writes, "four years and four months, being left there by Captain Stradling of the Cinque Ports, a ship that came here last with Captain Dampier, who told me that he was the best man on her." Selkirk informed Rogers when he rescued him "that he was born in Scotland and was bred a sailor from his youth. The reason of his being left there was a difference between him and his captain. . . . He had with him his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a Bible, some practical pieces [religious tracts?], and his mathematical instruments and books. He diverted and provided for himself as well as he could, but for the first eight months had much ado to bear up against

melancholy. He built two huts with pimento-trees, covered them with long grass, and protected them with the skins of goats. . . . In the lesser hut he dressed his victuals, and in the larger he slept, and employed himself in reading, singing psalms, and praying, so that he said he was a better Christian while in this solitude than ever he was before, or ever he was afraid he should be again. At first he never ate anything till hunger constrained him, partly for grief and partly for want of bread and salt. Nor did he go to bed till he could watch no longer. . . . After he had conquered melancholy he diverted himself sometimes with cutting his name on the trees, and the time of his being left, and his continuance there. He likewise tamed some kids, and to divert himself would now and then sing and dance with them and his cats; so that by the favour of Providence and vigour of his youth, being now but thirty years old, he came at last to conquer all the inconveniences of his solitude and to be very easy."

Captain Rogers took Selkirk into the service as mate, and it was four more years before he returned home with £800 of prize-money. On his return to Largo in the uniform of the Royal Navy no one but his mother recognised him. Some relics of Selkirk—his firelock, seaman's chest, now in the Scottish Antiquarian Museum, and the cup he used on the island—are still preserved. He seems to have inherited enough, or perhaps used his prize-money, for the purchase of a house and garden there. But the passion for the sea clung to him, and in 1717 he rejoined the navy, and died abroad a lieutenant of The Weymouth in 1728. A monument has recently been erected to his memory at Largo, but Defoe's masterpiece is more likely to hand down his name to future times.

As was natural in a county so near the capital, the profession of medicine, and still more that of law, have attracted some of the talent of Fife. In the former, John of Kinghorn,

who became Court Surgeon of the King of Denmark in the reign of James V., is one of the earliest members of his profession known by name in Scotland. Sir Robert Sibbald and Sir Andrew Balfour have been always numbered amongst the founders of the Scottish branch of the profession; and the more recent names may be added of James Syme the surgeon and John Goodsir the anatomist, two of the most brilliant representatives of the Scottish School. Goodsir was the son of a well-known and much-respected country doctor at Anstruther, whose "medicines, mixed with prayer," it was said, always did his patients good. He is described in a footnote to a poem on Largo Bay, published in 'The Bee' for 1792 and signed Nauta, as a gentleman eminent in his profession and every Christian virtue. His fame seems to have spread the fame of Fife as a health resort:—

> "If spleen oppress thy soul, or bod'ly pain
> Racks every joint, and cramps thy ev'ry vein,
> Here breathe the air which will thy health restore,
> Cheer all thy soul, and open ev'ry pore;
> Or if by slow consumption you decay,
> Come here and live—there's life in Largo Bay;
> Bathe in the stream which braces every nerve,
> Goodsir declares this will thy life preserve.
> And who can doubt what Goodsir doth declare,
> Whose medicines are always mixed with prayer?"

It adds to the interest of the poem that the tradition of the Goodsir family attributes its authorship to Lady Anne Lindsay, the writer of "Auld Robin Gray," as it was reported to me by the late Dr Joseph Goodsir, another worthy son of the good doctor, to whose reminiscences of Fife I am much indebted.

In the legal profession, many men of Fife, as of other counties in Scotland, have been entered on the long and quickly changing roll of the Senators of the College of Justice. Leaving out of view the Churchmen who sat in court almost

ex officio before the Reformation, Sir James Balfour was the first of these. He became Lord President in 1567, and his ill fame as a politician is somewhat relieved by the care which he took in collecting decisions, and by the first of several attempts to codify the law so often made in Scotland before the Union, though never yet attempted since, and which have in consequence been without permanent result. After him came Henry Balnaves of Halhill, the reformer, and John Wood of Tilliedavy, the friend and agent of the Regent Murray, who was killed by the Laird of Reres a few days after Murray's assassination. Alexander Seton, Lord President and Chancellor under James VI., was connected with the county, not by birth but by his title of Earl of Dunfermline. His successor, James Elphinstone, was in like manner associated with it by the grant of the Abbey lands, which gave him the title of Lord Balmerino, and descended through several generations until forfeited by the Jacobite lord. Sir Alexander Gibson of Durie and Sir Thomas Hope of Craighall were, after Johnston of Warriston, the leading lawyers of the Covenant. Hope became Charles I.'s Lord Advocate. Sir James Learmont of Balcomie and Sir John Wemyss of Wemyss served as judges under Cromwell. After the Restoration the connection of Fife with the College of Justice was for a time less intimate. The appointment of Archbishop Spottiswoode to the office of Chancellor, a return to the practice of conferring it on a Churchman, was never repeated, though Sharp is said to have coveted it. After the Revolution, Fife names reappear, as Sir William Anstruther, who was said in Fife to have chosen a judgeship in preference to a troop of dragoons, of which he had the choice; Archibald Hope of Rankeillor, and James Elphinston, Lord Coupar, brother of the Jacobite Lord Balmerino. After another considerable interval, Fife was again represented

on the Bench by Boswell of Balmuto and Monypenny of Pitmilly; and within living memory, by Lord Moncreiff of Tullibole, his son, the Lord Justice-Clerk, and Lord Deas, a native of Falkland. It has been a singular but probably accidental distinction that Fife produced two, and educated the third, of the only Scotsmen who have become Lord Chancellors of England,—Erskine, Loughborough, and Campbell.

Leaving sketches of individuals, let us now take a general view of what has been done within the county in art and literature, and try to estimate the character of its natives, aided by the preceding outlines of the history of the county and of the biography of its chief worthies.

Architecture is one of the earliest developments of art, and one of the earliest records of history. Silent yet expressive, it cannot lie, and if we could read it as truthfully as it was written, we might recover more than one lost chapter of the past. But the imperfections which belong to all the works of man impede the vision. Time and change render the architectural, like the geological record, fragmentary, and we can use it only as one, though one of the best side-lights of history.

Even after men ceased to write annals on stone, they chronicled them in the homes they lived in and the temples in which they worshipped. Their original form, as well as their additions and alterations, destruction or decay, mark the character and changes of manners, customs, and thought. So in the ecclesiastical architecture of Fife, we follow step by step the religious history of Scotland. The standing stones at Largo, without a cross or other symbol, are dumb witnesses to the heathen burial of unknown heroes. Inchcolm still preserves the cell of a Celtic hermit. The caves at Wemyss bear the rude symbols of primitive Christian art. In that

of the den at Dunfermline, we are admitted to the secret oratory where Queen Margaret prayed. At St Serf's Inch and the Kirkheugh of St Andrews we see the scarcely ampler outlines of the first churches of the Culdees, and in the round tower of Abernethy the loftiest and latest memorial of the Irish Church in Scotland. The square tower of St Regulus may be the work of Italian monks, a sign of the commencement of the conquest of the Celtic by the Roman Church. The Early Norman Abbey of Dunfermline, the Early English Cathedral and Priory of St Andrews, the monasteries of Balmerino and Lindores, the parish churches of Leuchars, St Monans, and Crail, are palimpsests from which may be deciphered underneath the history of the decline and fall, the record of the rise and progress, of the ecclesiastical power.

The church of Dairsie is the first and almost the last monument of restored Episcopacy on a purely Anglican model. The kirks of St Andrews, Cupar, Crail, and Dunfermline show how the Presbyterian Reformation used and abused that part of the heritage of the Church which it rescued from the grasp of the nobles.

The Dutch church of Burntisland marks the close but brief connection of the Presbyterians of Scotland and of Holland.

The barn-like and roomy churches of the Seceders recall the time when the children of the conventicles in the fields and on the hillside were at last allowed to build plain but spacious houses of God in the towns of which they had become thriving citizens.

The gradual and slow revival of a better style of architecture is marked by the churches of all the denominations which divide the Church in the present day, as yet aiming imperfectly to copy or to restore what had been destroyed or allowed to perish.

Not less significant are the monuments of domestic architecture. The Celtic Duns have left only a few scattered stones, or are buried in mounds overgrown with trees or grass, as the yet unexplored Maiden Castle of the den of Kennoway, which Sir Walter Scott supposed to have been the Castle of Macduff, the Earl who slew Macbeth. Norman's Law and the Laws of Largo and Kellie may have been the sites either of Celtic or of Scandinavian forts.

The Feudal Castles still survive in every variety of size and type, some total ruins, many roofless,—a few, like Kellie and Earlshall, preserved by wise possessors, who did not forget the past in the present, and had an eye to the future. The palaces and castles of Fife are a constant theme for the pencil and the pen of the artist, the architect, and the antiquary. Every change illustrated in the comprehensive work of MacGibbon and Ross on the 'Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland' has examples in the two counties. There are good specimens of the solitary tower, the simple keep, the angle flanked by towers, the open and the enclosed courtyard, the decorated castle or palace of the Renaissance. Sometimes in one building or on one site, as at Dunfermline, Falkland, or Wemyss, we may note the additions which mark the changes from the hunting-tower of Canmore or Macduff to the palaces or castles of the kings, earls, or barons.

The age of the Lords was succeeded by the age of the Lairds, and the castle gave place to the mansion or country-house. Civil war had ceased. Thick walls were no longer needed for safety, nor dungeons for captives, nor towers for observation. When Charles II. visited the Laird of Anstruther at his Castle of Dreel he parted with a jest, "You have given me a fine dinner in your old craw's nest." Kings' saws become the laws of fashion, and soon after the house of Anstruther Place was built.

A stroke of good fortune gave the county gentlemen of Fife native architects of the new style,—Sir William Bruce, William Adam, and his more celebrated sons. Bruce, the architect or master-mason of Charles I., who finished Holyrood, built the new house of Kinross, as well as the great quadrangle of the house of Leslie, which vied with royal palaces during its short life, perishing by fire as so many country-houses have done. The fine mansion of Hopetoun House, which has been called, with exaggeration, a Scottish Versailles, was commenced by him, though completed by Adam.

The elder Adam, born in Kirkcaldy, afterwards of Maryburgh near Kinross, published the 'Vitruvius Scoticus,' and the classic style was the copy from which he worked in Hopetoun and other country-houses. His four sons, of whom Robert and James are the best known, followed his example. Charlotte Square and some of the best parts of the New Town of Edinburgh, the Register House, College, and Old Infirmary, the Adelphi and other streets in London, as well as many country-houses in England, are their work. William, the son of John, one of the brothers, who was Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, without practising their art, inherited some of their taste. The plantations and parks of Blair Adam are good examples of landscape-gardening, the natural ornament of domestic architecture when a peaceful life had become possible. Fife was preserved from the poor imitations of the Baronial style with which the ill-called Modern Gothic has disfigured parts of Scotland, by the possession and maintenance of good specimens of the old style, by the poverty of some of its lairds, and by the preference given by the wealthier to the new style of Bruce and the Adams. Yet another Fife name enters into the record of the progress of architecture in Scotland—Playfair, the nephew of the Natural Philosopher, to whom we owe the Royal

Institution and Picture-Galleries of Edinburgh, and also the National Monument and other modern Grecian buildings which, unfortunately erected on the Calton Hill without due regard to the nature of the site and climate, gained for Edinburgh the nickname of the Modern Athens.

Some examples of the town houses of the merchants of the burghs in Fife, to which the Stewarts so lavishly gave charters and the sea brought wealth, may still be seen, notably in St Andrews, Cupar, Dunfermline, Crail, and Inverkeithing. But their solid walls and picturesque though dark windows, high roofs, and quaint gables, have almost everywhere been crowded out or hidden by the less beautiful, more commodious, perhaps more comfortable, houses and villas of the prosperous manufacturer, lawyer, and tradesman.

Another change is pleasant to note. Who can tell how or where the labourers of the ground were housed when the lord was rearing his castle to be entailed on a long line of unknown heirs; or the Prelate, childless, or with children whose mother could not be called a wife, was building a stately tomb to adorn his cathedral and perpetuate his name? It may be doubted whether many cottages are now standing older than the Union of the Kingdoms, and certainly few or none older than the Union of the Crowns. But some houses of the noble and the rich have become, as in the old town of Edinburgh, tenements of the poor. The house in which Anabella Drummond, the mother of James I., at Inverkeithing, is said to have lived, was let as lodgings to navvies working at the Forth Bridge.

In the villages and small towns are still to be picked out by the curious eye narrow and unhealthy cottages or small houses, yet at their ingles and round their door-steps families of bairns have been brought up in habits of thrift and honesty. From such homes came, in the last and this century, Michael Bruce

of Kinnesswood, and Thomas Chalmers, and the Goodsirs of Anstruther, who have done honour to their birthplace. Such cottages, and the bothies of the farms, but not, let us hope, such habits, will soon be things of the past. Once the necessary conditions for healthy life have been secured, the hand of art is beginning to refine and beautify humble homes.

A great architecture requires time, large room, a fine site, and unstinted cost. Its elevating influence on those who see as well as those who inhabit its masterpieces is, however, dearly purchased if the urgent needs of the poor are forgotten. Yet a country which is beginning openly to style itself democratic and imperial should recall the examples of republican Greece as well as of imperial Rome. The church, the hospital, the town-hall, the college, and the school, afford scope for the highest genius of the future architect. May it be his fortune to bequeath to Fife beautiful buildings more lasting than the castle and the abbey. He may at least avoid destroying its landscape, as the suburbs of our great towns are being destroyed by the works of the speculative builder.

Architecture might, with only a slight exaggeration, be described as the chief fine art of the middle ages. The painter and the sculptor were at first almost exclusively employed to adorn the work of the architect, to colour the blank spaces of the ceiling and the walls, to decorate the church and the castle, to erect tombs or to fill niches. No portrait of any merit was probably painted in Scotland till the sixteenth century. Probably no statue, with perhaps one exception, that of Charles II. in the Parliament Square of Edinburgh, other than the recumbent figure or the effigy of the tomb, was erected till late in the eighteenth century. But once painting and sculpture had taken possession of their independent though kindred kingdoms, and the Scottish eye had opened to the beauty of the painted landscape, the

domestic or the historic scene, and of the human form in marble or in bronze, there was no want of Scottish hands to use either the brush or the chisel.

Fife has furnished its contingent to the as yet short but distinguished annals of Scottish painting. David Martin of Anstruther, the pupil of Allan Ramsay, the younger, and precursor of Sir Henry Raeburn, holds an early and recognised place in the succession of portrait-painters of which Scotland is proud. Sir David Wilkie first breathed the inspiration for the scenes of rural life he immortalised from the peasants and villagers of Pitlessie, in the parish of Cults. Though too young and too original to have been directly influenced by Martin, it is an interesting link in the chain of art that he was presented by that artist's brother, the minister of Monimail, a co-presbyter of his father, with lay figures Martin had used. Another name worthy of being mentioned is Charles Lees of Cupar, a painter of more than one style, who felt the influence both of Raeburn and Wilkie, and who, though surpassed by these great masters, has left two pictures of country scenes which had escaped the pencil of Wilkie. His "Curling Match," and "The Golfers: a Grand Match played over St Andrews Links," are still popular favourites, and excellent representations of the two national games of Scotland. A younger artist, Nicolson, also a native of Cupar, was too early cut off by a sad fate. His sympathetic eye for the life of the agricultural labourer made his friends hope that Fife might have a Scottish Millet. The brilliant imagination and inventive power of Sir Noël Paton, the eldest of a family of artists, were perhaps prompted by familiarity with the designs of his father for the looms of Dunfermline. The painter of "The Ordination of the Elders" is a faithful student of the character of Fife and its natives. In landscape, it may be because of the fascination of less familiar scenes, the artists of Fife have

too much left the rare variety of its coasts and the modest beauty of its hills and plains to the artists of other counties, who have found, especially in the East Neuk, a perennial charm.

It would be difficult as yet to name a sculptor of Fife origin. Native Scottish sculpture is indeed almost a blank till the present century. There is enough of beauty and still more of character in the women and men of Fife to create or stimulate a genius in this department. But specimens of carving in wood and working in iron recently produced by the village carpenter and blacksmith, and of the Wemyss Pottery at Gallatown, where, as at Dunmore, a wise patronage introduced Italian patterns, show that plastic art only requires opportunity and training to call forth its latent talent.

Scotland and Fife came late into the field of the fine arts after the splendid triumphs of Greece and Rome had been buried in the wreck of the Roman empire, and the no less splendid periods of Italy and the Low Countries had passed. Jamesone, the first Scottish portrait-painter, was a fellow-pupil in the school of Rubens, of Vandyck, the latest of the Continental classic artists. But Scotland has now an equal opportunity with the rest of Europe. Its climate, the one unfavourable condition to artistic production, may be made, in this as in other things, a discipline and not an obstacle to genius and perseverance. The cold air of Aberdeen has been the birthplace of some of the best Scottish painters. The misty atmosphere and dingy streets of Glasgow have produced a younger and vigorous school which has made new experiments in Scottish art. It would almost seem as if the artistic spirit, by a happy compensation, may be provoked by adverse as well as evoked by favourable surroundings to manifest its talents.

If we turn from art to literature, Fife has contributed a

fair share of the works which have given Scotland a distinct place amongst the literary countries of the world. To think, to read, and to write, are natural to Scotsmen—thanks to the good schools and colleges the Monks commenced, the Reformers remodelled, and the present age desires to improve, but also to the instinct of a nation which has always recognised the value of ideas as well as of facts.

Fife cannot claim in poetry, the highest manifestation of literature, any of the greatest names, but it has many worthy of record, all marked by distinctive traits. Robert Henryson, the schoolmaster of Dunfermline, holds an honourable place as the sweetest and the purest of the early Scottish poets. Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount struck a stronger though a coarser vein, and as long as the vernacular dialect was familiar, bore the bell of popularity amongst the poets of Scotland. "Christ's Kirk on the Green," one of the many older springs from which Burns drew some of his rhythms, whether or not it had a royal author, almost certainly had its birthplace in Fife. It represents, with older and later ballads, the boisterous merriment of the Comic Muse. Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, afterwards Earl of Stirling, and Sir Robert Ayton of that Ilk, the friend of Ben Jonson and of Hobbes, were members of the poetic circle of which Drummond of Hawthornden was chief, who regarded poetry as one of the ornaments of a gentleman at the Court or in the Country in the days of James VI. Fife can only claim a passing share in the high merit of the Latin verses of Buchanan, or the English love-sonnets of Drummond of Hawthornden; but the 'Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum,' the latest blossoms of Latinity in Scotland, found several contributors in Fife.

Kinnesswood, on Lochleven, was the birthplace of Michael Bruce, whose too brief life was long enough to sing the praises

of Lochleven, and the "Elegy on Spring," common themes, with a delicacy not so common. His title to the "Ode to the Cuckoo" is still contested, and the controversy between his claims and those of Logan cannot be deemed settled. The neighbouring braes of the Ochils have produced in this generation the Doric lays of Hugh Haliburton. The East Neuk was the birthplace of Professor Tennant, whose "Anster Fair" has spread the fame of Maggie Lauder. The Scottish universities, unlike the English, do not as yet seem to have been a favourable soil for poetry. The "Epigoniad" of Professor Wilkie is forgotten, and even the more original poems of Professor Tennant are now seldom read. Yet one of the Principals of St Andrews was the writer of one of the best of modern Scottish songs, "The Bush aboon Traquair"; and three of its students, Robert Fergusson in last century, and in the present, Andrew Lang and Kenneth Murray, have expressed in sympathetic verse the ancient honours and the modern humours of the city of the Scarlet Gown.

The brightest and the best poetry of Fife has been its songs, already treated,—not the comic strains of "Jenny's Bawbee," by Sir Alexander Boswell, founded on an older ballad, or "The Auld Man's Mare's Deid" of the piper of Kinghorn, or "There cam' a Fiddler out o' Fife, a blink beyond Balweary," although all these are good in their way; but the grand old ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens," a rival of "Chevy Chase," the patriotic lines of "Hardyknute," by Lady Anne Wardlaw, and the pathetic "Auld Robin Gray" of Lady Anne Barnard, a daughter of the house of Balcarres. Poets, like artists, from the other side of the Forth have often come to Fife for themes, as William Hamilton for the spirited sketch of "Bonny Heck"; Robert Fergusson, who did not sing its praises; the Ettrick Shepherd, who made it the scene of one

of the best parts of the "Queen's Wake"; Lady Nairne, in "The Auld Fife Laird"; and David Vedder, in "The Witch of Pittenweem."

In philosophy Fife has had few representatives, but claims as especially its own one name, itself a host, Adam Smith, whose works have been already noticed. The small University of St Andrews has taken part, along with Glasgow and Edinburgh, in keeping alive this favourite Scottish study, when in the rich universities of England it threatened to become extinct, and few professors have explained its abstruse problems with more lucidity than William Ferrier and Robert Flint.

In the highest walks of theology, neither Fife nor Scotland can fairly claim a considerable place. Its theology has been too polemical to reach the serene air in which Hooke and Butler were able to live even amid the storms of controversy. Few counties, or indeed countries, can, however, boast of more devout and eloquent preachers than Alexander Henderson, George Gillespie, the two Erskines, and Thomas Chalmers. Nor has Fife ever lacked, any more than other parts of Scotland, the self-denying labours of the pastoral office.

Natural science has been a later growth, but amongst its first representatives, the founders of the Royal Society of Edinburgh and Professors of its chair in the University, were John Playfair, who, though born in Forfarshire, was educated at St Andrews, and whose name is closely associated with that town; and Sir John Leslie, his successor, a native of Largo. Mrs Somerville, long a resident in Burntisland, has been claimed by a liberal interpretation for the county, anxious to secure amongst its natives almost the only Scotswoman who has yet distinguished herself as a mathematician.

Her name recalls that of another lady born and bred in Fife, Margaret Oliphant, whose rapid and graceful pen has illustrated three separate branches of the literature of the Victorian age,—romance, biography, and history. In the 'Tales of Peasant Life of the Brothers Bethune,' Fife has a good specimen of the literary taste of the poorest class in Scotland, who had no teachers but nature and the parish schoolmaster. The humorous history of 'Tammas Bodkin,' the successor of Mansie Wauch, the more famous tailor of Dalkeith, deserves notice for its good representation of the modern vernacular of the county. Nor in these days of the local novel has Fife failed to find capable pens to draw in accurate colours passages of its recent life, as 'The Story of Margrédel,' by David Meldrum, and 'Mona Maclean,' by a writer who still modestly conceals her name.

The subject of this sketch, and the large part taken in Scottish history by authors born in or chiefly connected with Fife, entitle the Fife historians to special recognition.

Scottish history first touched solid ground in the Metrical Chronicle of Andrew of Wyntoun, the Prior of St Serf's. The prose of Bower, the Prior of Inchcolm, continued the 'Scotichronicon' of John of Fordoun. The brief but pregnant history of John Major, Provost of St Salvator's, represents the view a candid, thoughtful, Roman schoolman took of Scottish progress down to the reign of James IV. Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie's quaint and pithy narrative depicts the reigns of the Jameses as they appeared to the eye of a Reforming layman or laymen, for the work which bears his name had probably more than one author. John Knox found, and probably wrote, some of the most graphic passages of the earlier history of the Reformation in Fife, and James Melville of Anstruther has recorded the later in a style only inferior to

that of his master. George Buchanan was by birth a Highlander, but his education at St Andrews under Major, and his return for a few years as Principal, gives Fife a claim to some part of the credit of his 'History of Scotland,' though its too late attempt to be a Latin classic, and the strong prejudices of its author, have prevented it from being a classic history. Sir James Balfour of Denmyln and Kinnaird will be remembered for the materials he collected rather than for the history he wrote, yet we could ill dispense with his contemporary annals of King Charles. The Diary of John Lamont of Lundy is one of the first examples of the Domestic Annals which chronicle the facts that Court and Church historians neglect, but which are necessary to a complete view of the life of a nation. Perhaps the fairest of the ecclesiastical histories of Scotland are the works of Archbishop Spottiswoode of St Andrews, and the more recent history of Dr Cunningham, the late Principal of St Mary's College. His immediate predecessor, Dr Tulloch, wrote with an impartial pen an outline of the lives of the Leaders of the Reformation; while his colleague, Principal Shairp, was sketching, with a poet's prose, the early history of St Andrews and other scenes of Scottish story.

It would be impossible to name all the learned antiquaries, from Sir Robert Sibbald of Gibliston, the father of the race, to Sir Arthur Mitchell, an Aberdonian by origin, but, like Dr William Skene, the historian of Celtic Scotland, a summer resident in Fife, who have illustrated the antiquities of Scotland or the local history of Fife. But Dr Hew Scott of Anstruther, the indefatigable compiler of the "Fasti" of the Scottish Presbyterian Established Church; Chalmers and Henderson, the painstaking annalists of Dunfermline; Lyon, the zealous historian of Episcopal St Andrews; the Rev. Mr

Wood of Elie, who has traced the lands and families of the East Neuk; Dr Laing of Newburgh, who has restored Lindores, as Dr Campbell of Balmerino has restored Balmerino; Mr Burns-Begg, who has made the story of Lochleven more intelligible; Mr Erskine Beveridge, who has collected 'The Memorials of Crail'; and Dr James Taylor of Flisk, who gathered up the fragments of history scattered over many parishes, should at least be remembered by one who has used their labours.

Other districts and other counties probably have as good though a different record. It is easy to exaggerate local fame and magnify local worthies, but the attempt has been made to resist this bias, and to keep within just proportion.

It may at least be claimed for Fife and for Aberdeenshire that they have together contributed more than any other districts to the history of Scotland. They have been favoured by historic memories, and by the presence of universities, which, too long left without chairs, have never been without students of history. Perhaps the climate of the east and north is more bracing than the softer breezes of the west for the strenuous labours of history, though less favourable to the more delicate flowers of poetry than the milder Lowlands and the wilder scenery of the Highlands and the Borders. History does not require the poetic vision, and has not the prophetic gift. It forbids its servants, who know that even the greatest masters catch only glimpses of the past through the veil which time weaves and rends, to draw the thicker curtain that hides the future.

But the historical student is allowed to hope. The hope of one attached to Fife by ties not of birth, but of office and the kindness of its natives, is, that with increasing prosperity its tranquil landscape may lose none of its homely beauty,

and that neither the growth of wealth nor the diffusion of knowledge may impair the character which has given its children a place in the front ranks of Scottish progress, as their forefathers had a place in the vanguard of the armies of Scotland.

That character is difficult fully and fairly to express. If the Aberdonian is more Scotch than the Scotch, the Fife man, or Fifer as he is sometimes ironically, more often kindly, called, has something in his nature, as in his county, which belongs to, yet lies outside of, the ordinary Scotch character. Many sayings turn on what his countrymen deem his eccentricity. This is not, as has been supposed, confined to the lairds, though the old Fife laird was perhaps the most strongly marked and widely known example of the quality. The bonnet with the bee is to be found amongst the burghers of the small towns, both on the coast and inland. All classes have been known to wear it with pride, and a Fife laird lately flattered a miscellaneous Fife audience by telling them it was not a bee in their bonnets, but a feather in their caps.

The "Folk of Fife" appear as a distinct section of the Scottish people in Scott's forgotten dedication of the Waverley Novels. They stand in it by themselves, alongside of, but apart from, "the Men of the South," "the Gentlemen of the North," and "the People of the West."

They in fact combined, for much of this has passed away, the Highland Celtic character drawn from their remoter ancestors, and the Lowland Saxon, from their nearer neighbours the commons of the Lothians, with the Norman polish spread by the nobles and men of gentle blood throughout Scotland. They are a marked contrast from "the People of the West," who have produced, if a paradox may be pardoned, greater numbers but fewer individuals. They blend

the fervid spirit of the Celt with the cautious temper of the Saxon, which in its Lowland Scottish variety is called pawky and canny. Their share of Norman blood, though not quite extinct, has diminished since the Court left. In few districts is there now less of the habits and manners of the courtier. Acute rather than subtle, critical as well as argumentative, more observant than inventive, they are, above all,—and here they reflect their county,—independent and self-sufficing, a different thing from self-sufficient. Each man is himself, and not merely a copy of another, or a sample of a class. Variety of occupations, of locality, of fortune, of political opinion, of religious creed, has produced variety of character. The natives are not cast in a single mould, and even this outline of their history has shown how diverse have been their talents. Something of the same kind may be observed in the natives of all districts remote from the assimilating and levelling influence of great towns. What is peculiar to Fife is, that its inhabitants have so long preserved their characteristics though in close proximity to the Scottish political capital, at no great distance from the commercial centre, and with the old ecclesiastical metropolis of Scotland within its own bounds. Nor do the arms of the sea which enclose, and, till the other day, separated the peninsula, completely, although they partly, account for this. Formerly a short day's, and now an hour's, journey may be sufficient to pass from the remotest corner of Fife to the centres of Scottish Life.

A curious parallel might be drawn between Kent and Fife. Their physical situation is similar. In both a few Celtic customs and some Celtic blood survived Saxon and Norman civilisation. In both an apparent accident made an extremity of the kingdom the ecclesiastical centre. In both varied in-

dustry and thrifty habits produced prosperity. But the men of Kent are no longer so distinct a class in the English as the men of Fife in the Scottish nation.

Though Fife is one of the large counties and Kinross the second smallest county in Scotland, Kinross is still proud of its independence and distinct character. Its relation to Fife is like that of Fife to the rest of the Lowlands, half united and half apart. It is an inland county, with no sea-coast to vary its occupations or bring in foreign customs. Its coal-mines are a mere fringe on those of Fife, and its industries are connected with the surface of the soil, part agricultural and part pastoral,—for it has, like Scotland, Highlands and Lowlands of its own.

Lochleven is the centre of its geography and of its history, so that the charm of association is linked with the charm of scenery. Though its county town was on the great north road, and the railway to the north runs close to it, Kinross-shire lies apart from these channels of intercourse with the outer world, and has preserved the tranquillity of character which in a rapid age is deemed slowness, and some of the old habits and customs of the agricultural class, more than almost any other part of the Scottish Lowlands.

These characteristics are now disappearing, but have been fortunately sketched, before they vanish, by Hugh Haliburton (J. Logie Robertson), a native of the Ochils, in whose verse and prose the working year and the holiday pastimes of the shepherds and ploughmen have been faithfully depicted. It is difficult to believe that the epithet of "Gay Kinross," bestowed on it by its poet, Michael Bruce, can ever have been true in the modern somewhat degraded sense of gaiety. Bruce perhaps meant only that Kinross was gay in comparison with Kinnesswood. Still the natives of the little shire take

the business of life easily, and keenly enjoy its pleasures. It deserves remark that the eccentricity which is deemed a note of the Fife character is absent from, or at least is not so conspicuous in, that of Kinross. The independent spirit and shrewd observant eye are common to both the shires of the ancient Kingdom.

The differentiation of character also to be found in both counties is largely due to the subdivision of property held by a series of independent resident owners, from earls to bonnet lairds. Its soil has been cultivated by men of different gradations of wealth from those who for generations tilled the same acres, or plied the same trades, like the family which made parchment at Kinnesswood for three centuries, to the cottars with only a small garden or the "scrappies," now almost extinct, who sent a single horse or cow, their whole stock, to the Lomonds to snatch a precarious living, or the still poorer vagrants who sleep, as one of them said the other day with sad humour, "when the wind is west in front of the stove, and when it is east in front of the kiln" of the bare brick-field.

This variety of character has been increased by the multiplicity of little burghs, with dignified yet homely provosts and bailies, shrewd lawyers, skilful doctors, substantial merchants, well-to-do tradesmen, and sturdy labourers and fishers, and the still greater number of villages, each an independent community. Inequality of outward condition and of rank and talent correspond better with the facts of human nature and better secure the stability of society than the dull monotone of the socialists' paradise, even when imagined by the poet or coloured by the painter to suit his own tastes.

Nor, of course, has it been without some influence that Fife, like Attica of old, includes in its population men of the hills

and of the plains, and dwellers on the sea and its coast, or that probably to a greater extent than elsewhere the different classes have intermarried within their own class, and often within their own locality. Yet any one who follows the history of the county from remote times cannot but suspect an original difference of stock, which has not been lost either by the large emigration of natives or the comparatively small immigration of strangers.

It is to this diversity and tenacity of local character, combined with a common national sentiment, that Scotland, and indeed Great Britain itself, the little island of the Northern Seas, now the mother country of wide continents, owes much of the strength which has gained for it the place it holds amongst the nations of the World.

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[1] I have been much indebted, in the preparation of this List, to Mr Erskine Beveridge of Dunfermline and Mr D. Hay Fleming of St Andrews, and in the section on Genealogy to Mr J. H. Stevenson, Advocate.

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1806. The Economy of Human Life. By R. Dodsley.
1807. Sallustii Opera curâ Jo. Hunter; also 1818.[2]
1807. Rowe's (Eliz.) Friendship in Death.

[1] I have been much assisted by Mr A. Westwood, junior, in the compilation of this List.

[2] Professor Hunter published an earlier edition in 1796, printed by "Jacobus Morison, Academiæ-typographus. Impressis R. Morison, Perth."

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INDEX.

'Aaron's Rod Blossoming,' by George Gillespie, 129.
Abbeys. See Balmerino, Dunfermline, Lindores.
Abbotshall parish, Mr Nairn, minister of, one of Seceders, 163—Mr Martin, minister of, father-in-law of Edward Irving, 171.
Abercromby, Celtic name of St Monans, 16.
Aberdeen and Fife contribute more to Scottish history than other districts, 354.
Aberdour, ballad of "Sir Patrick Spens" refers to, 315.
Abernethy, founded by Nectan in honour of St Bridget, 14—the tower of, similar to Irish round towers, 17—the see of the Bishop of, 18—three bishops of, when only one in Scotland, *ib.*—College of Seceders at, 177.
Action sermon, 160.
Adam, Robert, architect, 344.
Adam, William, architect, 344.
Adam, William, Commissioner of Jury Court, plantations at Blairadam, 344.
Adamnan, St, meets St Serf at Inchkeith, 10.
Adamson, Bishop, his lecture when James VI. at St Andrews, 97.
Admirals of Fife. See Durham, Greig, Spens, Wemyss, Wood.
Adrian, St, martyred by Danes at Isle of May, 16—Lindores and Flisk dedicated to, *ib.*—Magridin perhaps corruption of, *ib.*
Adventure, Fife, to the Lewes, story of, 105—a cause of decline of Fife, 155.
Agatha, mother of Queen Margaret, 23.
Agricola, fleet of, sailed round Fife, 7.
Agriculture, Board of, encourages cultivation of flax, 201, 212.
Agriculture, monks first farmers, 106—improvement in, after Union, 191—societies for improvement of, *ib.*—Dr Thomson's report on Fife, *ib.*
Albany, Duke of, murders Duke of Rothesay at Falkland, 38.
Alexander I., founds monastery at Inchcolm, 10—buried at Dunfermline, 26—presents Arab charger to St Andrews, 32.
Alexander III., buried at Dunfermline, 26—death at Kinghorn, 33—character, 34.
Alexander, bastard son of James IV., Bishop of St Andrews, 44.
Alexander, son of Alexander III., dies at Cupar, 33.
Alva, St Serf preaches at, 12.
Andrew, St, relics of, 21.
Andrews, St. See St Andrews.
Anglo-Saxons, few own land in Fife, 29—dialect early adopted in Fife, *ib.*
Angus or Hungus, Pictish king, legendary founder of St Andrews, 15.
Angus, one of four nations of St Andrews University, 42.
"Anster Fair," poem by Tennant, 317.
Anstruther, Sir James, one of the Lewes Adventurers, 107.
Anstruther, Sir William, preferred judgeship to troop of dragoons, 340.
Anstruther, Knox preaches at, 2d June 1559, 70—James Melville minister of, 97—ships of Armada at, 98—fishers of, 224.
Anstruther Place, cause of building, 343.
Antiquaries, Fife, 353.

Arbuckle, Friar, Knox disputes with, in St Leonard's Yard, 69.
Archery match at St Andrews, 51.
Architects of Fife, 344. See also Adam, Bruce, Playfair.
Architecture, an historical record, 341—ecclesiastical, 343—castellated, *ib.*—domestic, 345—requirements of great, 346.
Area of Fife, 5.
Armada, the, Jan Gomez de Medina and Spanish Captains at Anstruther, 98—tradition of Spanish blood in Scotland, 100.
Arminian doctrine of Scottish professors, 159.
Art, influence of, on manufactures, 218.
Assemblies, General, of Glasgow, 1638, 116—of Edinburgh, 1639, 120—of Edinburgh, 1641, 122—sends Commission to England, 1642, 123—of 1643 drafts Solemn League and Covenant, *ib.* — of St Andrews, 1651, 134—of Dundee, 1651, *ib.*—of 1720, 159—of 1733 condemns Ebenezer Erskine, 161—of 1734 offers to reinstate him, 162.
Associate Presbytery, 162, 165.
Atlas, Blaeu's, map of Scotland in, 137.
Auchmore, Ethelred gives lands of, to St Serf, 12.
Auchterderran, parish of, 12.
Auchtermuchty, weaving trade, 215—proverb of, 269—"The Wyf of," 301.
"Auld Lang Syne," Sir R. Ayton's version of, 313.
Ayton, Mr James, of Kirkcaldy, 217.
Ayton of that Ilk, Royalist laird, murdered, 152.

Baillie, Alexander, a piper, 51.
Baillie, Rev. Robert, character of Alexander Henderson by, 125—historian of the Covenant, 126.
Balcarres, Lindsay of. See Lindsay.
Balcarres, Lord, Lindsay of Menmuir, advises Fife Adventure to the Lewes, 105.
Balcomie, Mary of Guise lands at, 51. See Learmont.
Balfour, Sir Andrew, M.D., father of Scottish botany, 141.
Balfour, Sir David, judge of Court of Session, 141.
Balfour, James, of Montquhanie, in the galleys with Knox, 70.
Balfour, Sir James, of Denmyln, Lyon King, 141—character as historian, 353.
Ballads of Fife, 299 *et seq.*
Ballantyne, James, song of "Ilka Blade o' Grass," 297.
'Ballates, The Gude and Godlie,' 307, 308.
Ballinbreich, or Bambreich, rhyme as to, 295.
Balmerino, Abbey of, Cistercian, 190—proverb as to, 284.
Balmerino, James, Lord, one of Fife Adventurers to the Lewes, 109—president of Court of Session, 340.
Balnaves, Henry, of Halhill, judge of Court of Session, 340.
Balwearie Castle, Sir Michael Scot, 33—ballad of "Lammikin," 306.
Bannatyne, Richard, secretary of Knox, 87, 309.
Bannatyne MS., why compiled, 308—"Wyf of Auchtermuchty," 301—"Wowing of Jok and Jenny" in, 303—"Christ's Kirk on the Green" in, 304.
Barley, cultivation of, in Fife, 201.
Barnard, Lady Anne, authoress of "Robin Gray," 319.
Baronies of Fife formerly shires, 3.
Barry, Ostlere, & Co., oilcloth manufacturers, Kirkcaldy, 219.
Bartas, Du, French poet, visits St Andrews, 96.
Barton, Sir Andrew, of Leith, Scottish admiral, 48, 225—English ballad on his death, 48.
Barton, John, skipper, of Leith, 48.
Barton, Robert, comptroller of exchequer, 49.
Bass, battle of the, 47—saying as to, 289.
Beans, cultivation of, 201.
Beaton, David, the Cardinal, persecutes heresy, 60—murder at St Andrews of, 61—Knox's approval of, 63—Sir David Lyndsay's verdict on, *ib.*
Beaton, James, Archbishop of St Andrews, 44.
Beaton family proverb, 296.
Begg, Mr Burns, memoir on life of Queen Mary at Lochleven by, 83.
Benarty, proverb as to, 279.
Bereans, sect of, in Fife, 121.
Bernham, David, Bishop of St Andrews, dedication of churches by, 12.
Bethune, the brothers Alexander and John, 352.
Beveridge, Mr Erskine, of Dunfermline, 'History of Crail' by, 354.
Beveridge & Co., linen manufacturers in Dunfermline, 215.
Beveridge, Shepherd, & Co., oilcloth manufacturers, Kirkcaldy, 219.
Birnie, Patie, fiddler of Kinghorn, songs of, 317.

Bishop, the Boy, at Dunfermline, 36.
Bishopry, the weed so called, 145.
Bishops of St Andrews, Celtic, 18—Anglo-Saxon, 29, 30—Norman, 30. See also Adamson, Beaton, Bernham, Cumyn, Foreman, Fraser, Graham, Kennedy, Lamberton, Schevez, Sharp, Spottiswoode, Traill, Wardlaw.
Bishopshire of Kinross, 3.
Black, Mr David, minister of St Andrews, preaches against James VI., 103.
Black Ironside or Earnside, the forest of the alders, Wallace's victory at, 35.
Blaeu, John, map of Scotland in Atlas of, 137.
Blair, Arnold or John, chaplain of Wallace, 35.
Blair, Mr Homer, student of St Salvator's, 87.
Blairadam landscape-gardening and forestry, 344.
Blebo, the bandsters of, 269—proverb as to, 288.
Boar Chase (*Cursus Apri*), grant of, by Hungus, 32.
Bodkin, Tammas, novel of, witchcraft in, 163—in Fife dialect, 352.
Boston, Thomas, the 'Fourfold State,' 159.
Boswell, James, of Auchinleck, 183.
Boswell of Balmuto, judge of Court of Session, 341.
Bougie or Bogie, formerly Bolgyn, granted to Culdees, 12—saying of native of, 187.
Bower, Prior of Inchcolm, historian, 352.
Brand's, Johnny, house, or Cupar jail, 268.
Brantome on Queen Mary and Chastellard, 76.
Brewing in Fife, 227.
Bridget, St, Abbess of Kildare, her connection with Abernethy, 14.
Briggs, General, of Strathairlie, improves Fife roads, 205.
British Linen Bank, origin of, 212.
Brown, John, of Haddington, a herd-boy and author of Self-Interpreting Bible, 160, 166, 177.
Brown, Dr John, humorist of Secession Kirk, 178.
Brown, Sir John, Royalist general at battle of Pitreavie, 131.
Bruce, Sir George, of Culross, James VI. visits his submarine mine, 220.
Bruce, Michael, poet of Kinnesswood, 325, 357.
Bruce, Rev. Robert, minister of Edinburgh, banished beyond Tay, 116—sermon by, at Leuchars, *ib.*—marries James VI. to Anne of Denmark, 203.
Bruce, Robert the, Countess of Buchan as representative of Macduffs at coronation of, 36—at dedication of St Andrews Cathedral, *ib.*—tomb at Dunfermline of, *ib.*
Bruce, Sir William, of Kinross, architect, 344.
Bruce, Mrs, a poor widow at St Andrews, 183.
Bruces of Symbister in Shetland come from Fife, 105.
Buchanan, George, on Kinross and small shires, 5—Dr Johnson praises Latin of, 182—on Cupar, 267—connection of, with Fife, 352.
Buckhaven, the "College" of, 281.
Buildings in Fife, 193.
Bull, Stephen, English admiral, captured by Sir A. Wood, 47.
Burghers and Antiburghers, 165.
Burghs, exception from feudal system of, 30—first, in Fife, 32—favour Seceders, 165—poem on Fife burgh, 323.
Burns, Robert, on Robert the Bruce, 37—knighted by Mrs Bruce of Clackmannan, 156—rhyme on east coast towns, 281—both Jacobite and Jacobin, 312.
Burntisland, formerly called Kingorn Parva, 13—Cromwell on, 133—Defoe on, 175—distillery at, 227—harbour of, improved, 326.

Cainnech, St, patron of Kennoway, 3, 13.
Caiplie or Caplauchy, St Adrian at, 16.
Calvinism of Scottish Reformation, 64.
Cameron parish, proverb of, 270.
Cameron, John, Bishop of Glasgow, 40.
Cameron, Richard, of Falkland, leader of Cameronians, sketch of life, 151.
Campbell, Dr, of Balmerino, 253.
Campbell, John, Lord, son of minister of Cupar, 240—sketch of life of, 251.
Canmore, Malcolm. See Malcolm.
Carlyle, Thomas, schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, 185—his opinion of Fife character, 186.
Carmichael, Peter, of Balmaddie, 62.
Carnbee, proverb on, 287.
Castles in Fife, variety of, 50.
Cattle, black, original Fife breed, 203.
Caves of Fife, at Caiplie, 16—early missionaries lived in, 20—St Serf's, at Dysart, *ib.*—St Rule's, at St Andrews, *ib.*—at Kincraig, Black Cave,

ib.—at Wemyss, *ib.*, 79—St Margaret's, at Dunfermline, 24.
Cellach, Pictish bishop at Scone, 18.
Cellardyke, fishers of, 225.
Chalmers, Dr Thomas, born at Anstruther-Easter, 245—sketch of his life, *ib. et seq.*
Character, Highland, in Fife, 265—Scottish, 355—of Aberdonians, *ib.*—of Fife natives, *ib.*—of Kinross natives, 357.
Charles I., birth of, at Dunfermline, 110—visits Fife, 112—Alexander Henderson visits, at Uxbridge, 124.
Charles II. in Fife, 1650, 112—Sharpe flatters, 142—at Anstruther, 343.
Chastelereau, Lieut.-General of Mary of Guise in Fife, 56, 57.
Chastellard and Queen Mary at Burntisland, 76—his execution at St Andrews, 77.
"Christ's Kirk on the Green," ballad of, 304.
Church, Scottish, history of Celtic, 8 *et seq.*—medieval Roman Catholic, 43, 91—heretics, 60—Calvinist Reformation, 64 (see Knox)—secessions from Presbyterian Established, 157 *et seq.*—Episcopal, 256.
Clackmannan, Gille-serfs of, 12—rhymes of places in, 295.
Clans disappear early in Fife, 28.
Cleish, parish of, united with Kinrossshire, 1685, 4—tower of, 83.
Cockburn, Mr, Pittenweem, bookseller, 257.
Collieries and colliers in Fife, 219 *et seq.*
Columba, St, patron of Inchcolm, 10—no other dedications in Fife, *ib.*—relics of, 18.
Colvin, Mr, play at St Andrews on his marriage, 92.
Comedy, rare in history, 37—of Fife poets, 301 *et seq.*—modern humorous songs, 324.
Conolly, Mr Erskine, as a song-writer, 321.
Conolly, Mr M. F., 'Life of Bishop Low' by, 258—'Dictionary of Eminent Men of Fife' by, 327.
Constantine, Celtic king, killed by Danes in East Fife, 20.
Cottages in Fife, 345.
Covenant, the, drafted by Alexander Henderson, 115.
Covenanters, the, 114 *et seq.*
Craik, William, schoolmaster of Kennoway, 229.
Crail, St Maelrubha, patron saint of, 13—first charter of, 32—proverbs of, 282.
Creich, St Serf, patron of, 13—Alexander Henderson born in, 115.
Cromwell, Oliver, modern political history of Scotland dates from, 129—speech of, to Presbyterian ministers, 130—watches battle of Pitreavie from Barnbougle, 132—at Burntisland, *ib.*—speech of, on the "meaner sort" in Scotland, 135.
Cross of Clan Macduff, St Adrian perhaps connected with, 16—a sanctuary, 31.
Cross of Markinch, the, 3.
Cruithne, Fibh or Fife, son of, 8.
Crusoe, Robinson, his original in Fife, 336.
Culdees in Fife, 11, 14.
Culross, St Serf's day (1st July) at, 11.
Cults, parish of, boundary between Fife and Fothrif, 2—Sir D. Wilkie, son of minister of, 240—proverb of the beadle of, 270.
Cumyn, Bishop of St Andrews, 35.
Cunningham of Barns, Alexander, places beacon light on the May, 140.
Cupar, an old shire, afterwards a parish, 2—capital or county town after Markinch, 3—first charter of, 32—proverbs of, 267—why it should remain capital of Fife, 269.
Cuthbert, St, relics of, at Durham, 23.

Dairsie, an old thanage, 5—parliament at, 1335, 37—kirk of, represents Anglican parish church, 342.
Dalgety, parish of, gives name to Sir Dugald, type of soldiers of fortune, 332.
Dalginch, old name of Markinch, 3—perhaps chief seat of the Celtic kings of Fife, *ib.*
Danes' Dyke, 20—at Tent Muir, 223.
Danish raids on coasts, effect of, 20.
Darlugdach, Abbess of Kildare, 14.
Darnley, Henry, Lord, comes to Scotland, 78—meets Mary at Wemyss, 79—his opinion of Regent Murray, 80—Sir J. Melville's description of, *ib.*
David I., buried at Dunfermline, 26—introduces feudalism, 30.
Davidson, John, on Knox, 93.
Deas, George, of Falkland, judge of Court of Session, 341.
Defoe, Daniel, description of Fife by, 174—'Robinson Crusoe' by, 337.
'Delitiæ Poetarum Scotorum,' 137.
Democracy, the Scottish religious, and Knox, 89—Cromwell and Scottish,

135—Ebenezer Erskine appeals to Scottish, 161.
Denmyln, castle of Sir J. Balfour, 141.
De Quincey family, settlers in Fife, 30.
"Diddler, the," in Fife, 196.
Disruption, the Free Church. See Campbell, Chalmers.
Dissent, causes of, in Scotland, 157.
Doctors of Fife, John of Kinghorn, 338—Sir R. Sibbald of Gibliston, 339—Balfour, *ib.*—Syme, *ib.*—Goodsir, *ib.*
Donibristle, castle of, murder of Earl of Moray at, 101—picture of Charles I. at, 180.
D'Osell, general of Mary of Guise, in Fife, 72.
Douglas, Alexander, of Strathmiglo, poet, 196.
Douglas, Earl of, dies at Lindores, 46.
Douglas, Francis, of Abbots Inch, description of St Andrews at end of eighteenth century by, 184.
Douglas, George, assists Mary to escape, 83.
Douglas, John, tulchan bishop, 90.
Douglas, Lady, of Lochleven, 81.
Douglas, Robert, leader of the Resolutioners, 134.
Douglas, Willie, his mystifications, 83.
Dovecots, excessive number of, in Fife, 203.
Drummond, Annabella, wife of Robert III., 27—buried at Dunfermline, *ib.*—her house at Inverkeithing, 345.
Drummond, William, of Hawthornden, at Scotstarvit, 139—writes "Polemo-Middinia," *ib.*
Drysdale, James, keeper of the guard at Lochleven, 84.
Du Bartas, with James VI. at St Andrews, 96.
Duke, title of, introduced in Scotland, 38.
Dunbar, William, the poet, at Falkland, 52—"The Droichis Part of the Play," by, 54.
Dunfermline, one of the quarters of Fife, 2—the Scottish Durham, 24—Queen Margaret married at, *ib.*—Malcolm's Tower at, *ib.*—Royal burials at, 26—first charter of, 32—Edward I. at, 35—Blair, Wallace's chaplain, monk of, *ib.*—Robert the Bruce buried at, *ib.*—birthplace of Scottish princes, 110—visit of James VI. to, 111—Defoe notices decay of, 174—linen trade of, 210—D. Paton's poem on, 214—monks of, first coalmasters, 220. See also Beveridge, Henryson, Matthewson, Paton.
Dunkeld, relics of Columba removed to, 23.
Dunning, St Serf and the dragon at, 13.
Dunse Law, Fife Covenanters at, 119.
Durham, connection of Malcolm Canmore with, 25.
Durham, Sir Philip, of Largo, admiral in French war, his exploits, 336.
Dysart, St Serf and the devil at, 13—its etymology, 19—called Little Holland, 139—Defoe's description of, 175—proverbs of, 278.

Earl of Fife, first use of title, 31—Macduff becomes, *ib.*—forfeiture of earldom to Crown, 45.
Earlsferry, why so called, 24—rhyme of lasses of, 282.
Earls Hall, mottoes in house of, 293.
Earnside, Black, near Newburgh, victory of Wallace at, 35.
Eden, the, one of the quarters of Fife, 2.
Education, an industry of Scotland, 227—influence of St Andrews on Fife, 228—parish schools of Fife, 229—academies or high schools, *ib.*—high school for girls at St Andrews, *ib.*
Edward I. burns monastery of Dunfermline, 36.
Elie, the rhyme as to, 282.
Enclosures of land in Fife, 200.
Endowments, Dunfermline, 23—St Andrews, 40—St Salvator's and St Leonard's, 42—parish schools by Alexander Henderson, 116—Professor of Humanity by Scot of Scotstarvit, 137—Dr Johnson on alienation of, of St Andrews, 184—Mr Carnegie in Dunfermline, 218—Madras College by Bell, 229—Anstruther Academy by Waid, *ib.*—Mr Berry in St Andrews, *ib.*
Episcopal Church, Sharp deserts Presbytery for, 143—its bishops in eighteenth century, 256—David Low of Pittenweem, Bishop of Moray and Ross, 257.
Erskine, Ebenezer, of Portmoak, sketch of life of, 159.
Erskine, Ralph, of Dunfermline, 163.
Erskine, Thomas, Lord, educated at St Andrews, 341.
Ethelred, King, gift to St Serf's by, 12.
Ethernan, St, 13.

Falkland, thanage of, 5—murder of Duke of Rothesay at, 38—hunting tower of Earl of Fife at, a favourite residence of Stuart kings, 46—converted into palace of, 50—James

V. escapes from, 51—Lyndsay's description of, 52—"Falkland on the green," *ib.*, 305—Mary Stuart at, 74—James VI. and Andrew Melville at, 103—Hackston of Rathillet's house at, 150—Richard Cameron born at, 151—Defoe at, 174—Carlyle's description of, 186—proverbs of, 276.
Farming, the monks first farmers, 188, 190—feu-farm tenure creates small holdings, 189—Rev. Dr Thomson's report on, 191—establishment on farms of 100 acres in 1792, 195—holidays of labourers, 196—large *versus* small farms, 197—rents, 198—implements, 199—crops, 200—wages and budget of small farms, 204—obstacles to improvement, 206—remedies, 207.
Ferguson, Rev. David, of Dunfermline, collection of proverbs by, 260.
Ferrier, James, Professor of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews, 351.
Feudalism, feudal division of Fife into quarters, 2—growth of Scottish, 30—Macduff becomes feudal Earl, 31—feudal castles superseded, 343.
Feu-farm tenure, 197.
Fibh, one of the sons of Cruithne, 8.
Fife, boundaries of, 1—divisions of, 2—area and population of, 5—valuation of, 6—travellers in, in eighteenth century, 173—proverbs of, 259—lairds of, 266—songs of, 299—illustrations of Fife character, 327—churches of, 341—castles of, 343—character of natives of, 355 *passim*.
Fillan, St, traces of, in Fife, 17.
Fisheries of Fife, 222—character of fishermen, 223—course of fishing, 224—improvement in, 225—use of steam in, *ib.*
Flax, Henryson's description of manufacture of, 49—progress of manufacture of, 208—introduction of machinery, 213.
Flint, Rev. Robert, 351.
Foreman, Andrew, Bishop of St Andrews, 44.
Forgan (Forgund), old shire, afterwards parish, 2.
Forsyth, Laird, of Nydie, comment on Knox's sermon by, 69.
Forth, the, commerce of, 46—cradle of Scottish navy, 47—sea-battle in, *ib.*—bridge over the, 205.
Fothad, Celtic Bishop of St Andrews, 12.
Fothrif, old name for West Fife, 2—deanery of, *ib.*
Foy, the ploughman's farewell supper, 196.
Fraser, Bishop of St Andrews under Edward I., 35.
Freuchie, proverbs as to, 277.

Gaelic, disuse of, in Fife, 28.
Gairneybridge, testimony of Seceders at, 162.
Gaitmilk and Gelland, old shires in Fife, 2.
Gallatown, Wemyss pottery made at, 348.
Geddie, Mr, 'The Fringes of Fife' by, 189.
Generals of Fife. See Kirkaldy, Sir William; Leslie, Sir Alexander, Lord Leven; Leslie, Sir David, Lord Newark.
Gib, Adam, leader of Antiburghers, 165, 166.
Gibson of Durie, Sir Alexander, Covenanting lawyer at Dunse Law, 119.
Gilfillan, Robert, of Dunfermline, "Emigrant's Lament" by, 321.
Gillespie, Rev. George, of Kirkcaldy, the Covenanter, 129.
Gillespie, Patrick, Principal of Glasgow University, appointed by Cromwell, 129.
Gillespie, Rev. Thomas, of Carnock, founder of Relief Church, 166.
Gilmour, Mr, of Montrave, Clydesdale stud of, 203.
Glas, Rev. John, founder of the Glassites, born at Auchermuchty, 169.
Glasgow, the Assembly of, in 1638, counterpart of the Long Parliament, 118.
Glass first made in Scotland at Wemyss, 227.
Glenelg granted to Fife Adventurers, 106.
Golf in Fife, 231—picture of a grand match by Lees, 347.
Goodsir, John, the anatomist, 339.
Goodsir, Dr Joseph, 339.
Goodsir, Dr Thomas, of Anstruther, 339.
Gordon, Robert, of Straloch, sketches for Blaeu's Atlas by, 184.
Gosmans of Anstruther, 100.
Gospel Book of St Margaret, 26.
Graham, Patrick, first Archbishop of St Andrews, 43—dies at St Serf's Inch, Lochleven, 44.
Grampians, battle of, alleged site of, in Fife, 7.
Grange, Laird of. See Kirkaldy.
Grasses, artificial, introduced into Fife, 202.
"Gray, Auld Robin," 319.

Gray, Captain Charles, and his son, song-writers, 321.
Greig, Sir Samuel, of Inverkeithing, Russian admiral, 336.
Guardbridge paper-mill, 179.
Guise, Mary of, marriage at St Andrews, 51—her pretty speech, *ib.*—conflict with Reformers, 71—her God stronger than Knox's, 73—at siege of Leith, 74—death in Edinburgh Castle, *ib.*

Hackston, David, of Rathillet, at murder of Sharp, 146—sketch of life, 149—monument at Cupar, 150—Helenas, a Jacobite, 156.
Haliburton, Provost of Dundee, at Cupar Muir, 72.
Halket, Elizabeth, Lady Wardlaw, authoress of "Hardyknute," 314.
Halkett of Pitfirran, Provost of Dunfermline, 168.
Hall, Rev. James, observations of, on Fife, 158, 167.
Hamilton, Archibald, and Knox, 87.
Hamilton, minister of Newbarns, letters of horning against, in 1637, 117.
Hamilton, Rev. Robert, minister of St Andrews, 87.
"Hardyknute," ballad of, 314.
Headship of Christ, Presbyterian doctrine of, 157.
"Heck, The last dying Words of Bonny," 315.
Heckling in politics, 212, 216.
Henderson, Rev. Alexander, the Covenanter, sketch of his life, 115.
Henderson, Ebenezer, historian of Dunfermline, 353.
Henryson, Robert, the poet schoolmaster of Dunfermline, ballads by, 305.
Heresy, persecution of, 60—Erastian, 156.
Herring fishery, 224—song of "The Herring Drave," 321.
"Heuk ale," 196.
Highland character and customs in Fife, 264.
History, contrast between archæology and, 7—and between medieval and modern, 113.
Holborn, Royalist general, at battle of Pitreavie, 131.
Holland, Dysart called Little, 139—connection of Fife with, 342.
Hope, Sir Archibald, of Rankeillor, judge of Court of Session, 340.
Hope, Sir Thomas, of Craighall, at Dunse Law, 119.
Horning, letters of, to force use of Service-Book, 117.
Horse, the Fife Light, annals of, by Colonel Anstruther Thomson, 233.
Howard, Sir Edward, defeats and kills Andrew Barton, 48.
Hume, Sir P., a court poet of James VI., 302.
Humour of Fife poetry, 53, 301, 304, 306.
Hungary, legend of St Adrian calls him a native of, 16—Queen Margaret came from, 23.
Hymns of Secession Kirk, 325. See also 'Gude and Godlie Ballates.'

Inch, St Serf's, Archbishop Graham's skeleton found at, 44.
Inchcolm, only dedication to St Columba in Fife, 10—Alexander I. founds monastery of, *ib.*
Inchkeith, Adamnan lands at, 11—Dr Johnson visits, 182—Carlyle visits, 186.
Inchrye, origin of name, 2.
Independents, Alexander Henderson debates with Nye, one of the, at Westminster, 124—in Cromwell's army, 131.
Industries of Fife, 188 *et seq.*—of Kinross, 357.
Inverkeithing, one of the quarters of Fife, 2—first charter of, 32—battle of Pitreavie near, 132—objection to presentee at, origin of Relief Church, 166.
Iona, relics of Columba brought from, to Dunkeld, 18.
Irving, Edward, schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy, 170—the Catholic and Apostolic Church, 171—with Carlyle in Fife, 185.

Jacobites, Seceders oppose, 147—few, in Fife, 156—songs, 311.
Jaffray, Quaker, Director of Chancery, 137.
James I., the spaewife's warning to, 45—placed on Coronation Stone by Murdoch, Duke of Albany, as Earl of Fife, *ib.*—statute of, against heretics, 60—saying on David I. by, 291.
James II. prohibits adulteration of lint, 209.
James III., Fife men fought for, at Sauchie, 50—saying by, 291.
James IV., pilgrimages of, to Isle of May, 16—mistakes Sir Andrew Wood for his father, 47—the Scottish navy of, 48—rhyme by, 291.
James V., escapes from Angus at Falkland, 51—lives in Fife more than his ancestors, *ib.*—marries Mary of Guise at St Andrews, *ib.*—

dies at Falkland, 52—and the reform of the Church, 59—saying of, on his deathbed, 291.
James VI., with Du Bartas at St Andrews, 96—and murder of Bonnie Earl of Moray, 101—interview with Andrew Melville at Falkland, 103—"God's silly vassal," *ib.*—plantation of the Lewes, 105—banishes Robert Bruce beyond Tay, 116.
James Stewart, Lord, the Regent Murray. See Murray.
Jamieson, Dr, the lexicographer, a Seceder, 178.
"Jenny's Bawbee," jingling song, 318.
Johnson, Dr Samuel, in Fife, 181 *et seq.*

Karel, old name of Crail, 2—an old shire, now a parish, *ib.*
Kellie, an old shire, 3—a thanage, 5—Jacobite Earl of, 156—castle restored, 345.
Kennedy, James, Bishop of St Andrews, 43.
Kenneth MacAlpine unites Picts and Scots, 18.
Kenneth, St. See Cainnech.
Kennoway (Kennachim), an old shire, now a parish, 3—Archbishop Sharp at, 145—Grisel Robertson, an Auld Light, at, 165—school of, 229—William Thomson, postmaster and poet, 322.
Kilmany, parish of Hackston of Rathillet, 149—Chalmers, minister of, 246.
Kilrymont, origin of name, 2—Culdees at, 14.
Kilsyth, losses of Fife at battle of, 156.
Kinaldy, Sir Robert Ayton of, the poet, 313.
Kingdom, The, why Fife called, 3.
Kinghorn or Kingorn, burgh charter of, 32—death of Alexander III. near, 33—manufacture of thread at, 175, —proverbs of, 279 *et seq.*
Kinglassie, old shire, now parish, 3.
Kingorn Parva, old name for Burntisland, 13—St Serf patron of, *ib.*
Kinneir, a thanage, 5.
Kinnesswood, Michael Bruce born at, 349—compared with Kinross, 357—parchment made at, 358.
Kinross, formerly included in Fife, 1—old and modern shires, 4—thanage and forest of, 5—area, population, and valuation of, 6—Queen Mary at, 85—map of Kinross by Gordon of Straloch, 138—mother country of Seceders, 158—Defoe at, 174—proverb as to, 285—Michael Bruce, poet of, 350—Hugh Haliburton, poet of, *ib.*—character of shire and natives, 357. See Cleish, Gairneybridge, Lochleven, the Ochils, Orwell, and Portmoak.
Kirkaldy, Sir James, Treasurer of James V., 328.
Kirkaldy, Sir Robert, executed with his brother Sir William, 331.
Kirkaldy, Sir William, of Grange, ballad attributed to, 309 — sketch of life and character of, 328 *et seq.*
Kirkcaldy, an old shire, now a parish, 3—George Gillespie, "the thundering preacher" of, 129—Robert Shirra, Secession minister of, 166—Edward Irving, schoolmaster at, 171—Carlyle, schoolmaster at, 184—description of, 185—centre of Fife trade, 213—first introduces powerloom in Scotland, 215—its linen trade, 216—its oil-cloth trade, 218—other trades, 219—shipping of, 226—Adam Smith a native of, 235—proverbs of, 271 *et seq.*—why called the Lang Toon, 272.
Kirkforthar estate given to Patrick Lindsay for defence of his brother, 47.
Kirkheugh, Culdee church on, 21—crosses of, used to build St Andrews Cathedral, 22.
Knox, John, description of Beaton's murder by, 61—burnt in effigy in 1560, 65—comes to St Andrews in 1547, 66—catechises in the Cardinal's Chapel, 67—preaches in the Trinity Church, *ib.*—disputes with Wynram in St Leonard's Yard, 69—in the galleys off St Andrews, 70—preaches again in Fife, *ib.*—Mary of Guise says her God is stronger than Knox's, even in Fife, 73—his account of Chastellard, 77—meets Queen Mary at Turfhills, 82—his life at St Andrews, 1572, 85—his opponents and friends, 87—his protest against the universities, 88—Melville's description of, 90—his prophecies against Lethington and Kirkaldy of Grange, 91—his return to Edinburgh, 92—his influence in Fife, 93.

Laing, Dr J., of Newburgh, 353.
Lairds, will by eccentric Fife laird, 142—"Speech of Fife Laird newly come from the Grave," 154—few sup-

port Jacobite risings, 155—proverbs as to, 266—"The Auld Fife Laird," by Lady Nairne, 267—succeed lords and build mansions instead of castles, 343—represent Fife character, 355.
Lambert, Major-General, wins battle of Pitreavie, 131.
Lamberton, William of, Bishop of St Andrews, begins Cathedral, 36.
"Lammikin," ballad of, 306.
Lamont, John, of Lundy, Diary of, 353.
Largo Bay, rhyme as to, 281—Alexander Selkirk, sailor of, 336—poem on, 339—Standing Stones at, 341. See also Durham, Wood.
Largo Law weather rhyme, 286.
"Lauder, Maggie," song, 316—sequel to, 317.
Lawyers of Fife, at Dunse Law, 119—in College of Justice, 340.
Learmont, James, younger of Balcomie, one of the Lewes Adventurers, 107.
Learmont, Sir James, one of Cromwell's judges, 340.
Leases, duration of, in Fife, 199.
Lees, Charles, a Fife painter, 347.
Legends, earliest history of Fife, 1—character of, 8—interpretation of, 9—of St Serf, 10 *et seq.*—St Bridget, 14—St Andrew, 15—St Adrian, 16—St Monan, *ib.*—St Fillan, 17—of Dr Chalmers, 247.
Leighton, Bishop, refuses title of Lord, 145.
Lekprevick, the printer, brings his press to St Andrews when Knox there, 93—his publications, *ib.*
Leonard's, St, College of, foundation of, 44—Knox counsels the students of, 92.
Leslie, Earl of Rothes' palace at, 174, 179.
Leslie, Sir Alexander, Lord Leven, 332.
Leslie, Sir David, Lord Newark, 334.
Leslie, Sir John, of Largo, 351.
Leslies, the, family saying of, 296.
Leuchars, Alexander Henderson, minister of, 115—Robert Bruce's sermon at, 116—parish church of, 342.
Leuchars, Duke of Rothesay buried at, 39—ninth Earl of Douglas, monk of, 46—monks introduce pear-trees to, 188.
Leven, the, quarter of Fife so called, 2—proverbs as to, 287.
Lindores, Abbey of, 263, 342—proverb on, 285.
Lindsay, Lady Anne, or Barnard, authoress of "Auld Robin Gray," describes its composition, 319.
Lindsay, Lord Balcarres, at Dunse Law, 119.
Lindsay, Lord Menmuir, projects Lewes Adventure, 106.
Lindsay, Robert, of Pitscottie, Chronicles of Scotland by, 352.
Lindsay or Lyndsay, Sir David, of the Mount, Masque for Mary of Guise at St Andrews by, 51—plays on lute for James V., 52—his description of Falkland, *ib.*—account of his drama of "The Three Estates," 56—his verdict on Cardinal Beaton's death, 63—his books burnt in 1560, 65—calls Knox to preach, 67—in the castle with Knox, 69—character of his poetry, 307, 349.
Linen, early weaving of, in Fife, 49.
Literature, stock of, in farm, 196—read aloud in weaver's shop, 209—Cockburn's shop at Anstruther, 230, 257—local press, 230—Seceders' controversial, 167—they alter popular, 168—of Fife, 349 *et seq.*
Loch Lands, 180.
Lochleven, St Serf's Island in, 12—proverb of, 81—Queen Mary visits, *ib.*—her captivity in castle island, 83—her escape from, 85.
Lochore, old shire, 3.
Low, David, Episcopal minister of Pittenweem, Bishop of Moray, Ross, and Argyle, sketch of his life, 256.

Macalpine, Kenneth, 18.
Macduff Cross, 32, 178.
Macduff, Earl of Fife, called Thane by Wyntoun, 31—privileges of his clan, *ib.*
Mackenzie of Kintail, a wily Celtic chief, 109.
MacLean of Duart, "Another for Hector," 131.
Macleods, the, of Lewes, 108 *et seq.*
Maelrubha, St, at Crail, 13.
Maiden, the, festival of, 196.
Mair or Maor, Celtic Serjeant, 3.
Maitland, William, of Lethington, Darnley visits, 79.
Major, John, believes in same relics of saints of different places, 26—condemns extravagance of Bishop Kennedy, 41—suggests foundation of University, *ib.*—history by, 352.
Malcolm Canmore, grants to Culdees by, 12—his tower at Dunfermline, 23—builds the abbey there, *ib.*—connection of, with Durham, *ib.*—news

of his death, 25—portrait of, at Escurial, *ib.*—buried at Dunfermline, 26.
Malcolm IV., or the Maiden, buried at Dunfermline, 26.
Malone, Robert, song-writer, Anstruther, 321.
Manufactures of Fife, 209 *et seq.*—of flax, 209—linen, 210—oil-cloth, 218—salt, 226—glass, 227.
Margaret the Atheling comes to Fife, 23—marries Malcolm Canmore, *ib.*—sketch of her life, 24—fate of her relics, 25—recovery of her Gospel Book, 26—last Scottish saint, 27.
Markinch, perhaps old capital, 3—Culdees at, *ib.*—antiquities of, *ib.*
Martin, a Fife painter, 347.
Mary of Guise, masque by Lindsay at marriage of, 51—at Falkland with French troops, 71—her troops at Cupar Muir, 72—declares her God stronger than Knox's God, 73—her death, 74.
Mary, Queen, and Knox in Fife contrasted, 66—Mary returns to Scotland, 74—Mary and Chastellard first meet, 75—Mary receives Chastellard at Montrose, 76—Mary and Chastellard at Burntisland, 77—Mary and Elizabeth, 78—Darnley meets Mary at Wemyss, 79—Mary a prisoner at Lochleven, 81 — her escape from Lochleven, 84—devices on bed of State by, 291.
Matthewson, Mr, of Dunfermline, linen manufacturer, 215.
May, Isle of, holy wells at, 16—sea-battle near, 47.
Maynard, the Fleming, Provost of St Andrews, 32.
M'Crie, Dr, historian, a Seceder minister, 178.
Meldrum, David, Fife novelist, 352.
Melville, Andrew, lesson to James VI. at St Andrews by, 96—preaches on James's marriage, 103—interview of, with James VI. at Falkland, 104.
Melville, James, minister of Anstruther, diary of, 53—at St Andrews when James VI. visits it, 97—meets Spanish captain at Anstruther, *ib.*
Melville, Sir James, of Halhill, 53.
Melville, Sir Robert, visits Queen Mary at Lochleven, 84.
Melvin, James, of Carnbee, at Beaton's murder, 61.
Memma, St, at Scoonie, 13.
Mercantile system, Adam Smith condemns, 211.
Merlsford, near Strathmiglo, fictitious site of battle of Grampians, 7.
Michael, Great St, built by James IV., 49.
Middle classes, rise of the, 135.
"Miller, The, of Fife," song of, 323.
Miracles of the Saints, 8—contrast between the, in Columba's Life by Adamnan and Turgot's Life of Queen Margaret, 25.
Moak or Mollock, St, patron of Portmoak, 13.
Modrust, St, patron of Markinch, 13.
Monan, St, patron of Kilconquhar, 13—legend of, 16—patron of St Monans, *ib.*
Monans, St, church of, 17.
Moncreiff, Sir James, of Tullibole, Justice-Clerk, 341.
Moncrieff, Matthew, Seceder minister, proverb as to, 166.
Monks, early Scottish Church monastic, 19—the first gardeners in Fife, 188—the first fishers, *ib.*—the first farmers, 190—the first coal-miners, 220.
Montrave, Clydesdale stud at, 203.
Moray, Bonnie Earl of, murder at Donibristle of, 101—ballad of, 102.
Muckle Ben, the Seceders' Commission at, 158.
Muckross, Celtic name for Fifeness, 7.
Murders in Fife: Duke of Rothesay, 38—Cardinal Beaton, 61—Earl of Moray, 101—Archbishop Sharp, 147—Ayton of Ayton, 152.
Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Earl of Fife, at coronation of James I., 45.
Murray, Earl of, Regent, prevents English landing in Fife, 70—at Cupar Muir, 72—Darnley on, 80.

Nairn, Mr Michael, introduces oil-cloth manufacture into Kirkcaldy, 219.
Naughton herd of polled Angus cattle, 203.
Navy, Scottish, early battles in the Forth, 47. See Barton and Wood.
Nectan, Pictish king, 14.
"Nettles, Jenny," song of, 321.
Newark, Lord. See Leslie, Sir D.
Newburgh, proverb of, 284.
Newburn, an old shire, now a parish, 3.
Newport, proverb as to, 285.
Nicolson, a Fife painter, 347.
Ninian, St, did not visit Fife, 9.
Nonjuror minister at St Andrews, a, 184.
Normans, descendants of Malcolm Canmore introduce customs of, 29—Norman settlers in Fife become landowners, 30.

Northern Lights, the first, a beacon-fire on Isle of May, 140.
Novelists, Fife, 351.

Ochils, the, northern boundary of Fife, 2—Adamnan tells St Serf to occupy Fife, 11—a lady from the Ochils described, 197—rhyme of, a favourite of Sir Walter Scott, 288—Hugh Haliburton, their poet, 357.
Oil-cloth manufacture at Kirkcaldy, 218.
Oliphant, Mrs, Fife novelist, 351.
Orchards of the monks of Lindores, 188.
"Ordination of the Elders," picture of, represents Fife character, 347.
Ore, the, weather rhymes, 287.
Orwell, parish, 4—chapel of, Kinross, 5.
Overton, Colonel, a Cromwellian officer, in Fife, 131.
Oxcar, rhymes on, 283, 284.
Oxen used for ploughing, 191—eight to the plough mentioned in "The Wyf of Auchtermuchty," 302.

Painting and painters of Fife, 347. See also Lees, Martin, Nicolson, Paton, Wilkie.
Palaces of Fife. See Dunfermline, Falkland, Leslie.
Park, Dr John, of St Andrews, version of song "Where Gadie rins," 321.
Pathhead, proverbs as to, 276.
Paton, David, verses by, on Dunfermline linen trade, 214.
Paton, Joseph, pattern designer and antiquary, 347.
Paton, Sir Noël, 347.
Patronage, cause of Secession, 168.
Pauli, a German historian, recalls Kirkcaldy proverb, 272.
Peace in Fife after the Union, 154.
Picts, Fife originally Pictish kingdom, 8, 14—Picts in Fife converted by St Serf and other saints, 10.
Pigeon-houses in Fife, 203.
Pilgrims to Isle of May, 16—to Queen Margaret's tomb, Dunfermline, 27.
Pirie, Mr, the Seceder, has controversy with Lord Kames, 177.
Pitmilly, proverb as to, 287.
Pitreavie, battle of, 131.
Pitscottie. See Lindsay, Robert.
Pittenweem, David Low, Episcopal minister of, 256—Cockburn's bookshop at, 257.
Plantations of trees in Fife, 202—at Blair Adam, 344.
Playfair, the architect, 344.
Plays by Scots authors, 55.
Plough, old Scottish, 199—oxen used for, 203, 304 — Thomson recommends disuse of, 203.
Ploughmen, praised by Thomson, in report on Fife agriculture, 200—rhymes by, 294.
Pococke, Richard, travels in Scotland, 177 *et seq.*
"Polemo-Middinia," by Drummond, 139.
Politics, stagnant state of, in eighteenth century, 168.
Pont, Robert, the geographer, born near Culross, 138.
Population of Fife, 5—of Kinross, 6.
Portmoak, parish of, Kinross, 4—foundation of St Serf at, 13.
Potatoes, introduction of, in Fife, 207.
Presbyterian Church, relation of, to James VI., 95—Henderson tries to reconcile, with the monarchy, 120—Cromwell quarrels with, 130—Cromwell cause of disruptions in, 134—division between Protesters and Resolutioners, *ib.*—Sharp deserts from, 143—Cameronian dissent from, 150 *et seq.*—Original Seceders, history of, 157 — the Relief Secession, 166 — Free Church Disruption, 168. See also Secession and United Presbyterian Church.
Press, of Lekprevick at St Andrews, 93 —of Tullis at Cupar, 230, 384—of Westwood at Cupar, 230, 387.
Property, valuation of, in Fife, 2—subdivision of, in Fife, 192—old valuation of, in Fife, *ib.*
Prose, Scottish, rare, 53—Fife writers of, *ib.*
Protesters, the, make their Protest at St Andrews, 134—names of signatories, *ib.*
Proverbs of Fife and Kinross, 259 *et seq.*

Queensferry, origin of name, 24—bridge over Forth at, 205.

Railways of Fife, a byword for inconvenient arrangements, 205.
Ramornie, Sir John of, takes Duke of Rothesay to Falkland, 38.
Ramsay, John, of Lochmalonie, manuscripts of Blind Harry and "The Bruce" written by, 300.
Rathillet, a shire, now a parish, 3. See also Hackston.
Reformation, the, at St Andrews after Beaton's death, 69—Knox preaches

in favour of, 67-69—Knox's lodgings at St Andrews its centre, 86.
Reformers, early Scottish, 60.
Regulus, St, or St Rule, at St Andrews, 15.
Relics, of St Andrew at St Andrews, 15—of St Monan at Invery, 16—of St Columba brought to Dunkeld, 18—of St Margaret at Dunfermline, 25—at the Escurial, *ib.*—of St Aidan and St Cuthbert at Durham, 26.
Relief Church, Secession under Thomas Gillespie of Carnock, 160.
Rent of lands in 1517, 1800, and 1890, 192.
Rents of farms, 198.
Ritchie, William, description of small farm near Largo by, 195—budget of small farm, 204.
Roads in Fife, Acts relating to, 205—good management of, *ib.*
Rogers, Captain, account of Alexander Selkirk by, 336.
Romance, contrasted with history, 112.
Romans, did not conquer Fife, 7—antiquities of, in east of Fife imaginary, in west doubtful, *ib.*
Rossend Castle, 77.
Rosyth Castle, 133.
Rotation of crops, 200.
Rothesay, David, Duke of, starved to death at Falkland, 38.
Ruins of Fife, Defoe's description of, at St Andrews, 174—Dr Johnson on, 184—Francis Douglas on, *ib.*—Thomson moralises on, 194.
Rutherford, Samuel, Principal of St Mary's, sketch of life of, 126—his works, 127—his letters, 128.

Saints. See Adamnan, Adrian, Andrew, Bridget, Columba, Cuthbert, Ethernan, Fillan, Kenneth or Cainnech, Maelrubha, Margaret, Memma, Moak, Modrust, Monan, Ninian, Regulus, Salvator, Serf.
St Andrew. See Andrew.
St Andrews, legend of St Andrew at, 15—Culdees of, *ib.*—becomes metropolis of Scottish Church, 21—first charter and provost of, 32—dedication of Cathedral at, 36—foundation of University, 40—of the College, 42—Bishops and Archbishops of, 43 *et seq.*—martyrdom of Wishart at, 60—murder of Cardinal Beaton at, 61—Knox at, in 1547, 67—again in 1559, 70—Queen Mary at, 74—Knox's last visit, 1571, 85—James VI. with Du Bartas at, 96—again visits, 111—Alexander Henderson, Regent of, 115—Samuel Rutherford, Principal of St Mary's, 126—General Assembly of 1652 at, 134—plan of, in Blaeu's Atlas, 138—Timothy Pont educated at, *ib.*—Archbishop Sharp's triumphal progress to, 144—Defoe on decay of, 176—Bishop Pococke at, 178—Dr Johnson at, 182—revival of, 185—Dr Wilkie, professor of, 200—principals and professors of, 228—Dr Chalmers student at, 244—and Professor of Moral Philosophy at, 246—the student poets of, 350—philosophy taught at, 351.
St Salvator, Bishop Kennedy's barge and college called after, 43, 46.
Saxons. See Anglo-Saxons.
Scheves, John, Official of St Andrews, 42.
Schevez, William, Archbishop of St Andrews, 44.
Scone, capital of Scottish monarchy of Kenneth Macalpine, 18.
Scot, Sir John, of Scotstarvit, 139.
Scot, Michael, of Balwearie, 33—predicts death of Alexander III., 34.
Scott, Dr Hew, of Anstruther, 353.
Scott, Sir Walter, Queen Mary's life at Lochleven described in 'The Abbot,' by, 83—on Cromwell, 135—on murder of Sharp, 145—on "Auld Robin Gray," 319—on "Folk of Fife," 355.
"Scrappies," the, of the Lomonds, 358.
Sculptors, few Scottish, 348.
Secession and the Seceders, Fife and Kinross the mother-country of the, 158—Ebenezer Erskine at Portmoak, 159—Ralph Erskine of Dunfermline, 160—testimony of, at Gairneybridge, 162—open-air preaching, 164—quarrel with Whitfield, 165—the Relief Secession, 166—split on burghers' oath, 167—split of Auld and New Lichts, *ib.*—reunions, 169—deposition of Glas, 170—of Irving, 250—literature of, 299.
Selkirk, Alexander, original of Robinson Crusoe, 336.
Sempill, Robert, ballads of, circulate largely in Fife, 307.
Serf, St, converts Picts of Fife, 10—sketch of his legends, 11—his Inch at Lochleven, 12—protects Scots in Lochleven Castle against English, 37.
Sermons: Knox's first sermon at St Andrews, 66—Knox's, at Crail and St Andrews, 70—Bruce's, at Leuchars, 116—Henderson's, at Glas-

gow Assembly, 118—Henderson's, at Edinburgh Assembly, 120—Covenanters', at St Antholins's, London, 121—Ebenezer Erskine's, at Perth Synod, 161—Shirra's, at Fife Synod, 166—Dr Chalmers's, in Fife, Glasgow, and London, 248 *et seq.*
Seton, Lord, aids Mary's escape from Lochleven, 85.
Seton, Lord Dunfermline, Chancellor, 340.
Shairp, Principal, poems of, 353.
Shan-trews danced at Strathmiglo in this century, 266.
Sharp, James, Archbishop of St Andrews, Cromwell calls him "Sharp of that Ilk," 142—sketch of his life, *ib. et seq.*—his murder, *ib.*
Shipbuilding in Fife, 225.
Shirra, Mr R., Secession minister, Kirkcaldy, 166, 273.
Sibbald, Sir Robert, of Gibliston, father of Scottish antiquaries, 353.
Sinclair, Sir John, 'Statistical Account of Scotland,' 161.
Smith, Adam, born at Kirkcaldy, 235—sketch of his life, *ib. et seq.*—'Wealth of Nations' written at, 237.
Somerville, Mrs, Fife mathematician, 351.
"Spens, Sir Patrick," ballad of, 314.
Spens of Wormiston, one of Lewes Adventurers, 109.
Spinning in early times in Fife, 208, 210—machinery introduced, 213.
Spottiswoode, Archbishop of St Andrews, 353—his Church history, *ib.*
Statistics of Fife, 5.
Statistics of Scotland Sir John Scot's project for, 138—S. John Sinclair's Statistical Account, *ib.*, 191.
Steam-power introduced for spinning and weaving, 215—for fishing-boats, 225.
Strathmiglo, an old shire, now a parish, 3.
Stuart. See Mary, Queen.
Stuart, Alexander, Archbishop of St Andrews, killed at Flodden, 44.
Stuart, James, Duke of Ross, Archbishop of St Andrews, 44.
Stuart, Sir William, commendator of Pittenweem, one of Fife Adventurers to the Lewes, 106.
Syme, James, of Dunfermline, poems by, 325.
Syme, James, the surgeon, 339.

Tarvit Hill, truce of, 72—proverb as to, 270.
Taylor, Rev. W., of Flisk, Fife antiquarian, 354.
Theatre, why Scotland has no native, 54.
Thomas the Rhymer prophesies death of Alexander III., 33.
Thomson, James, the poet, 191.
Thomson, Rev. John, minister of Markinch, 191—Report on Agriculture of Fife by, 192.
Tillicoultry, St Serf at, 12.
Torryburn, proverbs as to, 276.
Toshach, Celtic baron, 3.
Traill, Bishop, 44.
Trails of Blebo went to Shetland, 105.
"Tuath," Celtic district so called, 3.
Tuathal, Celtic Bishop of St Andrews, 12.
Tucker's Report on Fife customs in time of the Commonwealth, 226.
Tullibody, St Serf at, 12.
Tullis, press of, at Cupar, 230, 384.
Tulloch, Principal of St Mary's, sketches of the Reformers by, 353.
Turnips introduced in Fife, 201.

Union, the, effect of personal Union of Crowns on Fife, centres Scottish interest on ecclesiastical affairs, 157.
United Presbyterian Church, 166, 178.
University, a development of the monastery, 39—John Knox protests against the Universities, 88—Alexander Henderson favours, 121.

Vagrant, saying by Fife, 358.
Vipont, Allan D., storms English forts at Kinross, 37.

Wages of farm-labourers, 204—of linen trade, 216—of colliers, 221.
Wallace, Sir William, in Fife, 35.
War of Independence in Fife, 35 *et seq.*—change from chronic war to peace, 136.
Wardlaw, Bishop, of St Andrews, founds the University, 41—his liberality, 42.
Wardlaw, Laird of Pitreavie, 131.
Warranty of Scottish bonds, 95.
Watson, Dr, Professor at St Andrews, 182.
Weavers and weaving in Fife, 209.
Wedderburn, James, plays by, 55.
Wells, holy, on Isle of May, 16.
Wemyss, an old shire, now a parish, 3—Castle, 79—proverbs as to, 281.

Wemyss, Sir John, one of Cromwell's judges, 340.
Wemyss, Sir Michael, first Scotch Admiral, 46.
Westminster Assembly, 124.
Westwood, press of, at Cupar, 230, 387.
Whale-fishers of Kirkcaldy, 218.
Wheat, cultivation of, 201.
Whitfield, quarrels of Seceders with, 165.
Wilkie, Sir David, 240.
Wilson robs custom-house at Pittenweem, 164.
Wishart, George, burning of, at St Andrews, 61.
Witches, the Seceders' testimony against, 162—of Fife, 163—at Kennoway, *ib.*—at Keil's Den, *ib.*—"Witch of Pittenweem," poem by Vedder, 351.
Wood, Sir Andrew, of Largo, captures Stephen Bull at the May, 47.
Wood, Dr, of Elie, 353.
Wood, John, of Tilliedavy, judge of Court of Session, 340.
Wyntoun, Andrew of, prior of Portmoak, Fife historian, 352.

THE END.

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